

Dean of American Critics Wrote for Tribune 43 Years

C. TRIBUNE
MARCH 21, 1923

Henry Edward Krehbiel, Son of Pioneer Preacher,
Won High Place in Literature and Music by
His Tireless Study and Industry

Henry Edward Krehbiel, dean of American musical critics and of the staff of The Tribune, was of German ancestry, but of the sturdiest American nativity, springing from pioneer stock of the Western frontier. His paternal grandparents came to America more than a century ago, bringing with them a five-year-old son. The child grew up to be widely known throughout the West as the Rev. J. Krehbiel, a "circuit rider" of the Methodist Episcopal Church. His circuit was a considerable part of the State of Michigan.

Making his home at St. Clair, he "rode circuit" on his white mare, Nancy, along the Detroit River and through the adjacent regions, where bears and deer were plentiful and Indians were frequently met. The circuit was so extensive that it took about three weeks to cover it. Generally the devoted apostle rode alone, but sometimes, in winter, a sleigh replaced the saddle, and he took along with him his wife, who had been Miss Anna Maria Elizabeth Haake, and their three boys.

Born March 10, 1854

The youngest of the boys, the subject of this article, was born at Ann Arbor, Mich., on March 10, 1854. In his boyhood the family removed from Michigan to Ohio, and his academic education was acquired in the public schools of that state. A strong natural love of and aptitude for music led him to study that art privately, with the purpose of being not only a performer but, still more, an authoritative critic, both of compositions and of performances.

Such was his proficiency that at the age of twenty, in 1874, he was amply qualified to become the musical editor and critic of "The Cincinnati Gazette," a journal which then easily ranked among the foremost in the West, not alone for news enterprise, but also for literary, artistic and critical culture.

It was as a member of the staff of "The Gazette" that Whitelaw Reid first attained eminence as a journalist, and from it that he came to The Tribune, and though he had left that paper several years before Mr. Krehbiel became connected with it his interest in it had by no means waned. When, therefore, in 1879, The Tribune's musical critic, John R. G. Hassard, failed in health and was compelled to relinquish most

of his work, Mr. Reid was glad to summon to his assistance the young man whose work in Cincinnati was already attracting favorable attention among musicians and journalists throughout the country.

It was in the winter of 1879-'80 that Krehbiel came to The Tribune; tall, stalwart, handsome as a minnesinger's dream of Siegfried; with a personal geniality and charm which made to know him mean to love him. For a few months he merely assisted Hassard and did other miscellaneous work as a reporter, in which he was highly competent. Then, at the beginning of the musical season, in the fall of 1880, he was installed as musical critic of The Tribune, replacing Hassard, who devoted the remainder of his life to travel, correspondence and literary criticism.

Thereafter, for more than twoscore years, Mr. Krehbiel was able to say of the musical life of America "All of which I saw and a great part of which I was." Opera, oratorio, festival, concert, all commanded his masterfully informed interest and engaged the powers of his luminous mind and his facile pen. New York was, of course, the center of his activities, but it by no means monopolized them. The choir at South Bethlehem, the festivals at Cincinnati and Worcester and elsewhere and the high Wagnerian mysteries at Bayreuth were all within his ken, and his expert and eloquent comments upon them enriched the columns of The Tribune.

Active to the End

Nor did the inexorable advance of years cause perceptible decline in either the volume or the virtue of his work. Down to within ten days of the end he was still conducting his department and giving to the columns of The Tribune his illuminating and instructive comments upon the music of the day.

Veteran as he was, he never for a moment lagged superfluous on the stage. "His eye was not dim, nor his natural force abated." A fitting tribute was paid to him less than a year ago when, on the evening of May 6, 1922, a testimonial dinner was given at the Harvard Club in this city in honor of his fiftieth anniversary in newspaper work. More than a hundred of his friends were present, including many of the most prominent members of the journalistic, musical and dramatic professions, while appreciative messages came from Marcella Sembrich, Ignace Jan Paderewski and others who were unavoidably absent, and addresses were made by William J. Henderson, the musical critic; Daniel Frohman, Rubin Goldmark and Walter Damrosch, and, of course, by Mr. Krehbiel himself.

A flood of congratulatory letters

came to Mr. Krehbiel following this commemoration, and also to the editor of The Tribune, not the least noteworthy and grateful being some from representative members of the negro race on account of Krehbiel's unrivaled work for the recognition and interpretation of negro folksongs—in his book "Afro-American Songs"—as native American music.

Wrote Many Works on Music

Extended as was the scope of his observations, even more comprehensive was the scope of his knowledge of all that pertained to musical art. All manner of musical instruments, ancient and modern, were familiar to him. Musical compositions of all kinds, vocal and instrumental, were known by him, while the great singers, pianists, violinists, conductors as well as composers were as his familiar friends. To many musical topics he gave special attention, to none more, perhaps, than to the fascinating subject of folk-music. His researches into American folk-song, both Indian and negro, as well as compositions of other origin, were the most intelligent and authoritative that have been made. He also made a careful study of the national and patriotic songs of all important nations, and contributed to the columns of The Tribune a series of articles thereon.

Commensurate with the range of his work and knowledge were the catholicity of his taste and the integrity of his judgment. He appreciated all good music, no matter what its origin—Italian, German, French or Russian—and abhorred as a sacrilege upon art all unworthy compositions. His admiration of the genius of Richard Wagner did not blind him to the genius of Giuseppe Verdi; his reverence for the sublimities of Beethoven did not interfere with his delight in Sullivan's "Savoy" operas. Nor could any ingenuitry or glamour of art abate his daughter, Miss Helen Krehbiel, and wrath at that which was meretricious, second, in 1896, to Miss Marie Van, an accomplished singer, of Brooklyn.

An Untiring Worker

His industry was enormous. In his early years on The Tribune, during the months when the opera house was closed and concerts and other musical performances were few and far between, he busied himself with reportorial and editorial work, in all of which he was expert. He taught music to private pupils for some years, and did much lecturing on musical topics, in New York and elsewhere. He was a stated lecturer on musical appreciation at the Institute of Musical Art ever since its foundation, in 1904. He was a voluminous writer in addition to his criticisms in The Tribune. He was the author of the following published works:

"An Account of the Fourth Musical Festival Held in Cincinnati in 1880."
"Notes on the Cultivation of Choral Music and the Oratorio Society of New York," 1884.
"Review of the New York Musical Season" (five volumes, 1885-'90).
"Studies in the Wagnerian Drama," 1891.
"The Philharmonic Society of New York: a Memorial," 1890.
"How to Listen to Music," 1897.
"Music and Manners in the Classical Period," 1898.
"Chapters of Opera," 1909.
"A Book of Operas," 1909.

"The Pianoforte and Its Music," 1911.
"Afro-American Folksongs," 1914.
"A Second Book of Operas," 1917.
"More Chapters of Opera," 1919.

Did Much as Editor

In addition to these works he was the American editor of Grove's "Dictionary of Music," second edition, 1904-'10; the reviser and continuator of Lavignac's "Music and Musicians"; the translator of Courvoisier's "Techniques of Violin Playing"; the editor, reviser and continuator of Thayer's "Life of Beethoven," three volumes; the editor, with R. Sturgis, of "The Bibliography of Fine Arts—Music Section"; translator and annotator of Kerst's "Beethoven—the Man and Musician" and Kerst's "Mozart—the Man and Musician," and consulting editor of "The Music of the Modern World."

He also was the author of English stage versions of Nicolai's opera, "The Merry Wives of Windsor" (American Opera Company, 1886); Paderewski's opera, "Manru" (Metropolitan Opera House, New York, 1902); Berlioz's "The Trojans in Carthage" (Cincinnati Music Festival, 1910); Mozart's "The Impresario" (American Singers, New York, 1917 and 1918), and Wagner's "Parsifal" (Metropolitan Opera House, New York, 1920).

He was a member of the international jury, music section, at the Paris International Exposition of 1900; a member of the Beethoven-Haus Verein, the society which bought and preserves the birthplace of Beethoven, at Bonn, as a museum; a member of the American Folk Lore Society and a member of the National Society of Social Science. He received the honorary degree of M. A. from Yale University in 1909, and was made by the French government in 1901 a Chevalier of the Legion of Honor. He was twice married—first, in 1877, to Miss Helen Virginia Osborne, of Birmingham, Conn., who died some years later, leaving him a daughter, Miss Helen Krehbiel, and a son, who was meretricious, second, in 1896, to Miss Marie Van, an accomplished singer, of Brooklyn.

NEW YORK HERALD

MARCH 14, 1923

BRITISH FAIL TO BAR

U. S. NEGRO ACTORS

Musicians Union Fighting to
Keep Out Jazz Bands.

Special Cable to THE NEW YORK HERALD.
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New York Herald Bureau,
London, March 13.

The Actors Association lost the first round of its fight to prevent negroes from America appearing at the Empire Theater here when the London County Council to-day granted a license for a cabaret entertainment there. But the actors are continuing their agitation against the importation of other negro artists from America and the musicians' union is fighting to prevent any more jazz bands from coming to this country.

While the musicians have not been successful in holding off Paul Whiteman's band they hope they have the shutters put up against two others. The Minister of Labor has made the condition that if Whiteman's band plays at any other theater than the one where he has an eight weeks' engagement 50 per cent. of his personnel will have to be British musicians.

DETROIT MICH. FREE PRESS
MARCH 21, 1923

A UNIQUE QUALITY.

An orchestra consisting of Negro musicians which was engaged recently for performances in a prominent London theater was made the occasion for an attack upon the government by the opposition in the house of commons. It was charged that these performers had been permitted to come into the country from a foreign land and take the places of British workers at a time when unemployment is causing serious suffering.

The home secretary replied that the members of the orchestra gave an entertainment of such a character that no substitutes could be found among native musicians, whereupon, it is reported, the secretary's voice was drowned in derisive laughter. But the home secretary was right. There is something in the humor and in the experience of the colored brother which gets into his songs, his dances or his hymns, and gives them a quality that no white man can reproduce. Your Caucasian may imitate the Negro, but what he does will be imitation or burlesque. The essence of the thing will not be there.

MELVILLE CHARLTON
IN FRONT RANK OF
AMERICAN ORGANISTS

Brooklynite Has Attained
Distinctive Place—Ten
Years at Union Theol.

The Seminary

Melville Charlton, organist, composer, teacher and coach, has made a musical career unique and distinctive. Few musicians of any race are better equipped, intellectually or technically, and few are so modest. He lives with his mother and sisters at 405 Cumberland street, Brooklyn, N. Y. 4/20/23.

He has recently completed ten years of service as organist for the Sunday services held at the Union Theological Seminary, Broadway and 120th street, and on this occasion he was publicly complimented and congratulated by the Seminary president, the Rev. Dr. McGiffert, and members of the faculty, who expressed the greatest satisfaction with Mr. Charlton's work. The Union Seminary is one of the leading theological institutions in the world.

A feature of the occasion was the statement by George A. Coe, professor in the Department of Psychology and Religion, that Mr. Charlton's organ playing had been a distinct contribution to the religious atmosphere of the school. Prof. Hume of the Department of Philosophy of Religion, presented Mr. Charlton an autographed copy of his translation from the Sanscrit of the "Upanishads."

Services at Union Seminary are conducted by scholars from the leading universities of America, and the congregations are composed of representatives of the aristocracy of brain.

It is another notable attainment by Mr. Charlton that for more than fifteen years he has been organist and director in one of New York's leading Jewish Synagogues. By special invitation, Mr. Charlton has conducted the musical service and played the organ in some of America's most prominent churches, among the number being the Brick Church in New York City, known familiarly as the Carnegie church. By request of the Music Teachers' Association of the State of New York, composed of the leading white instructors, Mr. Charlton played an organ recital on the unusually fine instrument in the Great Hall of the City College of New York, and he is the only Negro organist who enjoys this distinction.

The late Samuel Coleridge-Taylor, the great Afro-English composer, paid a high personal compliment to Mr. Charlton's musicianship and ability, and this has been echoed by some of the leading musical journals of the country. Then it was Mr. Charlton who was the first member of his race to be made an academic member of the American Guild of Organists, with the right to attach A. A. G. O. to his name.

In addition to his work as an organist, Mr. Charlton is in great demand as a teacher of the pianoforte and organ, and he is eminent also as a coach for the concert stage. Many of the leading white artists are glad to be able to secure his services, and he frequently conducts and directs operatic concerts at the Biltmore, Waldorf Astoria, and other leading concert rooms of New York City. Other cities frequently hear him in recitals, and he enjoys a well-won place in the front ranks of Musical celebrities.

Another characteristic of Mr. Charlton is his willingness to aid all worthy movements of uplift and race development. In this direction, however, he is very modest, and although there are few efforts that are helped by him in a substantial manner, his contributions are always made modestly and without any blaring of trumpets.

One sister, Dr. Emily Charlton, is one of the best equipped podiatrists in Greater New York, with handsome offices at the Cumberland street address, and another sister, Mrs. Florence Charlton Woodson, is a beauty expert, with a large clientele.

MR. ROLAND HAYES' RECITAL

A very large and appreciative audience gathered last Tuesday evening at the Wigmore Hall to enjoy the exceptionally well-selected programme, presented by the famous African tenor, Mr. Roland Hayes. It need hardly be said by those who have heard this splendid negro singer before, that the evening throughout was a musical treat of the first rank. The singer's highly accented efforts were accentuated in their fine presentation by Mr. Harold Craxton—one of England's leading pianists—contributing the accompaniments. In Mozart's "Das Bildnis der Bezaubernd Schoen," from the "Zauberflöte," Mr. Hayes sang beautifully, giving every regard to the melodious line and fine diction.

In Blow's "Self Banished" (Amphion Anglicus) he realised the old English style perfectly, whilst in Purcell's "When I Am Laid to Earth," a wonderful atmosphere of tenderness and resignation was shown; but it was in the fourth item of the first part of the programme—Handel's famous "Would You Gain the Tender Creature"—Roland Hayes displayed his soft, delightful singing, yet with



MR. ROLAND HAYES.

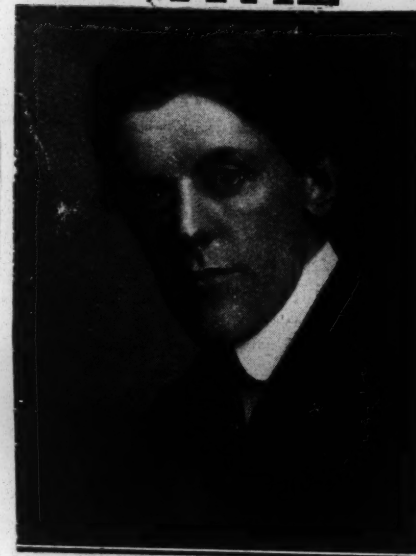
every word telling with right emphasis. No wonder the applause was whole-hearted, and the hall contained many eminent critics. In the second part of the programme was Berlioz' highly devotional "Le repos de la Sainte Famille." The charm and colour of this most difficult song were given with splendid effect by the gifted singer and his equally highly artistic accompanist. It is not too much to say that a perfect tone picture was created, sustained throughout with marvellous delicacy, and the final refrain "Alleluia" softly dying away will be long remembered by those privileged to listen. The same fine example of sustained singing and beautiful colour phrasing was given in "Les Cloches," by Boujet, whilst the highly dramatic, weird

intonations of "Chanson Cerises," by the Japanese composer Matsuyama, were indeed an eye-opener in direct contrast to the previous old-world sweet chants of the old French school.

Some curiosity was evinced as to Mr. Hayes' treatment of German music, as represented in the third section of the programme, but there was not only no disappointment, but a delightful surprise in the manner Schubert's well known two gems of the "milcycle," "Ich Kenne Keine Blume" and "Die Forelle" ("The Trout"), was handled by the artist. In the former he phrased his pure notes like a fine violinist in words and expression—the German accent being incidentally noticed to be perfect—and again proved himself to be a very fine interpreter of this famous com-

poser's work. In Hugo Wolf's "Verborgeneheit" and "Auch Kleine Dinge" he proved even greater capacity of excessive restraint than before. There is no doubt that in Roland Hayes, the greatest singer of his race, the power and art of restraint is demonstrated as an example to most other singers, never attempting an effect out of place, never making even the slightest attempt to show excessive display of his voice for a cheap effect. It is a pity space exigencies forbid a further detailed report of the final part of the programme. Roger Quilter's "Over the Mountains," and particularly "Herbert Hughes' "The Bard of Armagh," a dramatically sad chant of Erin, the beautifully sung melody "Down by the Sarry Garden," and finally "O, Rock Me, Julie," "Scandalise My Name," two famous negro secular folk songs, sung with rare feeling, followed by an impressive encore, "The Crucifixion."

The audience was simply delighted, and not a sound could be heard in the hall during the songs. At the conclusion of each item or encore—several of which, despite the great strain of twenty songs, were willingly and kindly given by the artist—loud applause was given, and subsequent to the concert a crowded reception took place in the artist's room. The review of this most enjoyable evening and really great artistic treat would be incomplete if the warmest appreciation were not expressed for the exceptionally artistic accompaniments by Mr. Harold Craxton, who is also so popularly known by his recent recitals to many of our readers in South Africa. Mr. Craxton, whom we remember first with Miss Ada Forrest, then for years with Madame Clara Butt—has recently come to the front rank on London concert platforms, and as a pianist is acknowledged to be one of the leaders of the English musical world. It is almost a pity he could not always accompany Mr. Roland Hayes, who is just leaving for the Continent, as these two artists seem to really work in a sympathetic unison seldom met with, and perform, therefore, with the highest satisfactory results to their audiences.



MR. HAROLD CRAXTON.
BOSTON OFFICIAL HYMN
BY COLORED POET

5-5-23
DEAR OLD BOSTON TO BE SUNG
AT ALL OFFICIAL OR PATRIOTIC AFFAIRS

When the twilight shadows steal
across the pathway,
And the air is filled with fragrance
of the rose, *Mary*,
Just when birds are winging slowly
on their rest way
And the day is spent and turning
to its close,
Then my mem'ry flashes back to old
New England,
To the river Charles whose banks
I used to roam,
Where its sparkling wavelets with
the sunbeams playing
Flashed gladness up to Beacon Hill,
my home.

CHORUS.
Dear old Boston, dear old Boston
With your Common, and your shining
golden dome,
Quaint old Boston, my old Boston,
May you always be to me my Home
Sweet Home.
—New Official Hymn of the City
Boston.

Boston now has an "official hymn." The city council yesterday voted unanimously that "Dear Old Boston," words by Joshua H. Jones, Jr., music by Jack Caddigan and Chick Story, and dedicated to Mayor Curley, shall be the official song of the city, to be sung and played on public occasions, "until otherwise ordered." The last clause was added in an amendment offered by Councilman Lane.

The order as passed by the council provides that the official hymn "shall be ordered sung and played at all patriotic occasions or celebrations in which the City of Boston is taking part."

Councilman Lane's first amendment offering "Sweet Adeline" in substitution, was rejected, and on the acceptance of his second amendment "until otherwise ordered," which he ex-

plained by the suggestion: "I come back," no further objection. The passage of the order was heard. DAVENPORT IA DEMOCRAT MARCH 7, 1923

BLIND BOONE DELIGHTS
LARGE AUDIENCE WITH
HIS MARVELOUS MUSIC

Blind Boone the famous Negro musician whose musical gifts have been the wonder of many audiences, entertained at the First Christian church Tuesday evening, the auditorium being filled with a keenly appreciative audience.

Miss Margaret Day the colored contralto assisted on the program. The Blind Negro who is 60 or more years of age, played a variety of compositions demonstrating his marvelous gifts of playing by ear. Then musicians in the audience were invited to play that he might show his ability of picking up the melody and giving the music after them.

Mrs. Martin Silberstein played the Concert Polka Leona of Meacham, a difficult piano selection. As she concluded the blind pianist went to the piano and after stating the polka was written in three flats changed to two flats and then back again to the original key, he sat down to the instrument and gave the selection himself. The first movement especially he played perfectly note for note and followed the melody and the change of key skill and interpretation. Encores were in great demand all thru the evening's program. Around \$90 was taken in and of this sum 25 percent goes to the church society the Ruth Adams Missionary, under the auspices of which the concert was given.

Louise A. Williams in Negro Songs. Louise Alice Williams gave a program of negro songs and songs in the Negro Chamber Music last evening. A. Charlton Marsh Bannerman played several groups of selections for the harp with a good show of technique, and rich tonal lights and shadows. Miss Williams gave her numbers with much of the fervor of the creators of the melodies she sang, and the audience requested a number of encores.

CONCERNING COLORED COMPOSERS.

(By James A. Jackson for A. N. P.)

Five years ago, a Colored composer whose work attracted more than passing attention was a rarity. Four years ago, the voice of the Negro artist was as yet unrecorded, excepting, of course, Bert Williams who had long before crossed the color line. While the populace was seeking surcease from the nerve strain of the World War, someone introduced to the metropolitan centres those old southern melodies that had for centuries served to alleviate the soul soreness of the millions of slaves, long since vanished from our land.

These songs and their adaptations became public favorites as spirituals, Jazz number and Blues, as the mood of the composers indicated. Soon the world was Jazz numbers and Blues, as the mood of the composers indicated. Soon the world was Jazz wild, too much so for endurance. The South was ravished for the sacred songs; the Labor melodies of the cotton fields were dressed in modern array and handed to a willing public.

White artists tried to interpret these numbers, not always with the success that was hoped for. Composers of other races attempted to marshall the melodies but misses the soul and spirit of them. Finally, a colored band master came out of Memphis who had been born in the native atmosphere of the Blues. He wrote, and his band played them into importance. Soon a Negro woman, Mamie Smith, was recording them; and in a scant three years the race has come into most complete musical recognition in a field that is essentially their own.

One after the other, music publishers have been acknowledging the need of Race composers if they would have really worthwhile numbers of the Blues type. Hesitatingly they took on one, then another of our group, till today perhaps every house, and every phonograph recording company has at least a contributing, if not a staff composer who is Colored.

Jack Mills Inc. of 148-150 West 46th Street, New York, N. Y., with characteristic progressiveness has gone them all one better, yes even more. This concern has attempted to virtually "corner the Blues Business." They have been quietly buying the publishing rights, and exclusively contracting artists and composers of the race till they are now issuing a special catalogue of "Blues" that includes Sixty numbers. Jack Mills Inc. will be remembered as the publishers of "Strut Miss Lizzie," "Sweet Mama," "Dear Old Southland," etc.

Among the numbers taken over by Jack Mills, Inc., are "Bleeding Hearted Blues," "Down-hearted Blues," "I Just Want a Daddy," "Chirpin' the Blues," "Farewell Blues," "Where Can That Somebody Be," "I Got to Have Another Daddy Now," "My Gal Rocks Me," "You Got Everything a Sweet Mama Needs (But Me)."

A list of the composers whose work is represented in the catalogue reads like a roll call of "Who's Who" in Negro music. Some of the famed names that adorn the title pages are Will Vodery, who has for years made the musical arrangements for Zeigfield's Follies, Henry Creamer of "Strut Miss Lizzie" fame, Spencer Williams, Tim Brynm, Chris Smith, Shelton Brooks, Lew Payton, James P. Johnson, who Will Marion Cook has declared to be the most versatile pianist of the race, Porter Grainger and Donald Haywood, both of whom have already written a number of musical comedy successes; Bob Warfield of Simms and Warfield, and Edgar Dowell.

The younger group have not been overlooked, for there is work by Lovie Austin, Joseph Trent, Billy Smith, both Oilman and Jennie Cobb, Lemuel Fowler, a regular member of the house staff, Alexander Robinson, and Lloyd Smith.

Of the artists who have written numbers primarily or their own use, and therefore charged with their personality, there is Alberta Hunter, the most advertised of present day singers, Sarah Martin, whose

recent tour was a triumphant march across country, Bud Cooper, Daisy Martin, the Colored girl first to break the barriers of Burlesque as a leading lady, and Lena Wilson.

It is truly the greatest assemblage of artists of the Negro race that has ever been presented in one catalogue; the Jack Mills people are featuring the fact in a big advertising campaign that embraces most of the Colored papers. The full page Ads that have been appearing in some of our larger publications are but the beginning of a most comprehensive campaign that will mean much to the Negro papers.

They have in contemplation a plan whereby the Colored Fairs, sixty in number, may be visited by some of these artists, and a big exhibition of the company's output be displayed. This will in all probability be conducted in conjunction with one or more of the big recording concerns who are marketing records and rolls of the artists whose work Jack Mills Inc. is publishing.

The premancy of the purpose to corral the Negro musical talent is best expressed by the fact that in their advertising they make known that they best expressed by the fact that in their advertising they make known that they are especially interested in encouraging the younger and newer composers to submit their offerings. Add to this the picture presented by a view of the home office with its big percentage of Negro visitors, the race members of the staff in open evidence, the ease with which members of our group obtain an interview with the executives, and one begins to believe that the Corner will be an accomplished fact in a very short time.

RECOGNITION IN ART.

It is probable that Art knows no especial complexion, but as far as we know there are no Negro artists in the Metropolitan or Chicago Opera companies, or any, avowedly Negro, in the leading symphony orchestras of the country. There are undoubtedly capable performers who could, if given the opportunity, fill in somewhere in some of these institutions. There is certainly no lack of merit.

It is almost proverbial that the Negro race is naturally musical. There are many individuals finely trained by European and American masters, capable of as good musical execution as some of the best white artists, and certainly better than a great many Aeolian and Town Hall recitalists and lesser opera constellations. But the bugaboo of a dark-face in that particular limelight has somewhat frightened booking bureaus out of the inclination to take a chance.

But now Roland Hayes has appeared as leading soloist with the Boston Symphony Orchestra. He has also been engaged for recital engagements with the Detroit Symphony Orchestra. This is a heartening indication, especially for musicians, who in the sphere of Art, have had much less opportunity than the writer or painter, who do not have to appear "in person," so to speak.

This breach in the wall of caste and color exclusion raised by the arbiters of art in the United States is of great significance. The fact that it followed close upon the artistic verdict of approval won by Mr. Hayes in Europe should not be lost sight of. It should be an incentive to all of the race struggling for artistic expression to win their spurs in whatever field they may enter. It foreshadows the recognition of the artistry of the artist regardless of color.

DE NIGGUH-NIGHT

Hawn-owl call frum de dead pine tree—
"Higgahrihee! higgahrihee!"
Squinch-owl shibbuh close to me—
"He-e-e-ee! he-e-e-ee!"
Uh yeddy alltwo, but 'e yent fuh see,
'Cause de nigguh-night him kibbuh we—
Dem debble-uh-uh owl, 'e all t'ree.

De nigguh-night 'e stan' so black
Ei swalluh 'up de paat' en' de waa'ment track;
De Fox him trot en' de Rokkoon rack,
But, w'edduh dem gwine uh comin' back,
Nohaddy nebbuh shum, 'tel daylight crack.

De sperrit walk t'ru de nigguh-night,
'Cause sperrit him nebbuh fuh lub no light;
'E shroud stan' long, en' 'e shroud stan' w'ite,
En' 'e yeye sukkuh staar, 'e shine so bright,
But 'e nebbuh crack 'e teef, 'cause 'e jaw shet tight
Een de nigguh-night, w'en de sperrit walk

"Swing low, sweet chariot" and "Sinner, please doan let dis harves pass," the first and last arranged by Burleigh, the second by Mr. Payne and the third by Mr. Brown.

Other Papers Say

NEGRO ART

[From New Orleans Item]

A Negro vaudeville troupe recently gave an entertaining midnight performance for white folks in the Lyric theatre. The troupe was "head-lined" by a man named "Head-liner." Looking mighty small when alone on the stage, he played his part and danced with such vim and naturalness that the white folks could not help appreciating and applauding. Part of it was training, but most of it was the natural expression of his racial instinct for rhythm, music and gesture. His play, or his acting, was so natural that it was hard to distinguish between them. That is why his performance was so good.

A reporter, describing the scene back-stage, told how the Negro actors waiting for their cues joked, practiced steps, pantomimed and eagerly watched the ones on the stage. Even off stage they are minstrels.

The Negro has an art, music and mannerisms all his own. The white man cannot imitate him. It isn't in his blood. We've borrowed the Negro's jazz and danced to it, but we cannot create it. Our ancestors were born in the wrong place for that. There is a haunting, pulling, minor strain in the true Negro melody and jazz that the white man cannot imitate. No white man could have composed "Swing Low Sweet Chariot." He hasn't the background, the background of centuries of oppression. The Negro's music and his minstrel art are his own. Neill O'Brien and Al Fields through long years of practice are clever imitators, and amusing as such; but, after all, they are only imitators.

THE FIRST ARCHITECT OF THE RACE LIVES IN DALLAS.

The report from official sources found in another part of this issue of The Express stating that the preliminary plans as designed by W. Sidney Pittman for the new \$25,000,000 Odd Fellows Temple which is to be erected in Houston, this fall, have been approved, prompts us to call attention to the fact that Texas is a state of big things and Dallas is the home of the pioneer architect and builder among Negroes.

W. Sidney Pittman is a Texan by adoption and a citizen of Dallas for eleven years. Because of his outstanding accomplishments and pioneer work in architecture he is worthy to be commended and honored as a part of

us. And the value of The Express in appreciation of the work of this man is the result of its desire to render service when and where the cause, has been established beyond a reasonable doubt. In this case this has been done.

W. Sidney Pittman was the first Negro architect to venture out in the open practice of his profession and he has worked ever since to guarantee an open field to those who have followed.

As early as 1901, Mr. Pittman firmly established his ability when he secured by competition a U. S. government commission to design the Negro Building at the Jamestown Exposition held at Norfolk, Virginia. Shortly afterwards he designed the great Colored Y. M. C. A. of Washington, D. C., the first building of its size and character for Negroes in the U. S. Later, this building was followed by two government buildings on the State Normal at Frankfort, Kentucky.

Since coming to Texas, Mr. Pittman has designed and supervised the erection of several splendid buildings which stand as monuments to his ability and artistic genius. The Colored Carnegie Library at Houston was designed by him. The Pythian Temple at Dallas is a creature of his brain. It was its erection here that caused him to settle here and make Dallas his home.

Since taking up his residence here he has designed the most beautiful park auditorium in the whole Southwest, the \$25,000 home of the West Texas Manufacturing Company, St. James A. M. E. Temple, the most beautiful church in Dallas and one of the finest in the A. M. E. Connection, the residence of the late and lamented J. P. Starks, which is "the perfect home" in Dallas, and the T. B. Madison apartments.

In the designing of these buildings this man has erected monuments to his memory and given evidences of a training genius which should make for racial satisfaction and wide emulation.

Texas is proud to claim and Dallas is delighted to count him among her citizens for he has achieved well.

The Express believes that this tribute of appreciation of the work of this living man is deserved; and that in thus calling attention to a racial pioneer it is encouraging the ambition of others who some day hope to achieve greatly.

Looking Backward

ILL-REMEMBERED AMERICANS

IN the era succeeding the era of Irving, Cooper, Bryant, and Prescott American letters enrolled many remarkable names. The nativities of Emerson, Hawthorne, and Poe—born within a few years of each other—auspiciously opened our nineteenth century. Lesser lights whose births occurred in the first quarter of the century were Holmes, Longfellow, etc., and the year 1819 was a natal one for three as different authors as Whitman, Lowell, and Herman Melville, the author of "Moby Dick." Their period in American literature, which Stedman brackets between 1835 and 1860, closed with the outstanding historical work of Francis Parkman, with the writing of Higginson, Bayard Taylor, and Stoddard. But to two far less well remembered American writers of that same period we wish to call your attention to-day.

The first of these, Henry Clay Work, is a poet entirely forgotten. Mention his name anywhere as a composer of several enduring poems and hardly any one could place him. Yet one of his ballads is at least as permanent in our native repertoire as any of the negro spirituals of Stephen Collins Foster; for Henry Clay Work wrote "Marching Through Georgia."

Work was a composer who first became a printer's apprentice in Hartford, Conn. In 1855 he moved to Chicago, and seven years later Root & Cady of that city published his "The Year of Jubilee," or "Kingdom Coming." To many Americans the words of this song are almost as familiar as the words of "Marching Through Georgia,"—though every one has long forgotten who composed them:

Say, darkeys, hab you seen de massa,
Wif de mouffstach on he face,
Go 'long de road some time dis mornin',
Like he gwine to leabe de place?
He see de smoke way up de ribber
Whar de Lincum gun-boats lay;
He took he hat and leff berry sudden,
An' I tink he's runned away.
De massa run, ha! ha!
De darkey stay, ho! ho!
It mus' be now de kingdom comin',
An' de yar ob Jubilo.

It was in 1865, after Sherman's successful march to the sea, that Work's greatest popular success appeared—a song to which, as usual, he composed both music and words. The jubilation of its crashing chorus thrills us even to-day. It may be argued that such stanzas as

How the darkeys shouted when they heard the joyful sound!

How the turkeys gobbled which our commissary found!
How the sweet potatoes even started from the ground,
While we were marching through Georgia,

are no very elevated form of art. Yet there is in these lines the swing of all truly great marching songs, and the music has the swell and lift of the best negro minstrelsy. Negro spirituals may attain more poetic exaltation—as witness

Oh, what a mawnin', sister—
Oh, what a mawnin', brudder—
Oh, Lawd, what a mawnin',
When de stars begin to fall!

—but to have achieved two such songs as "Kingdom Coming" and "Marching Through Georgia" and to have implanted them so deeply in our national folk songs surely entitles the name of Henry Clay Work to better remembrance than we have accorded it.

The other writer we wish to recall—Fitz-James O'Brien—was four years Work's senior. He was born in County Limerick, Ireland. He was not only a brilliant journalist, but a literary artist, whereas Work made no pretensions to literature. O'Brien is remembered principally for his most notable story, "The Crystal Lens," which appeared in the earliest volume of *The Atlantic Monthly*. He came to America at the age of twenty-four. He was a leading journalist in New York City prior to the Civil War. He entered our army, was fatally wounded, and died in 1862. Not till almost twenty years later were his "Poems and Stories" published in book form, edited by the late William Winter.

O'Brien was not a memorable poet. "The Skaters" is perhaps one of his best-known poems, and it is mostly rhodomontade. But one thing is notable in it, and was notable in almost everything Fitz-James O'Brien wrote—an unusual mordant imagination. It was his execution that failed. His conceptions were always original in the extreme. Of no better conceptions Edgar Allan Poe made masterpieces because Poe excelled O'Brien in craftsmanship. Nevertheless—if only for his conception of Animula in "The Diamond Lens"—we feel that O'Brien should be accorded a more important place in our literature. For fundamental idea "The Diamond Lens" has always seemed to us quite as remarkable as Mary Shelley's "Frankenstein."

CONSTANT READER.

A WOMAN of slavery, born in Florida, rocked on the banks of the Suwanee river, a beautiful stream in north central Florida, was sold into Alabama.

"Yes," she said, "yes, I am far, far from home." Her thoughts broke into song, music took her by the hand. "Be it ever so humble, says that sweet old song, 'there is no place like home.'"
"Way Down Upon the Suwanee River" was breathed into the air from a mother of your Race. History says Mr. Foster got up this song. This writer will straighten out history.

Facts make up history. When facts are slow fancy steps in. That is right, as historians will tell you.

Do you think Mr. Foster able to write of a river he had never seen? No, you will say, hardly.

Maybe, then, you think he could write of Florida as home, or strike chords on the harp of grief for a spot he had never seen.

Keep in mind Mr. Foster's birthplace.

The strains of "Suwanee River" floated up from Alabama to the Northern slave states.

How? you will ask. Through the movements of slaves, some going, some coming, for the auction block, as the old people can tell you, held daily sales.

Music became the language of slaves because otherwise they could not speak. What a change! See your great men now stand before you, before all, speaking great phrases in a language given them but yesterday.

Call in Progress and let her write your story. A long distance in a short time; very long.

"That is where my heart is turning ever," Mr. Foster puts it in his poem written for music stolen by a slave woman from high, sad stars.

Can you not see her, her hands above a troubled brow, looking towards the winding stream from which men dragged her?

Stephen Foster caught the strain from slaves of his friends; heard the story of the song; something of the slave woman who filled north Alabama with her music born of a longing for "home."

Back there a hut was home to the mothers and fathers.

Once you slept on the bare ground, no covering except God's mercy and His stars.

Once you sang "in bright mansions above." Now you live in bright mansions below.

See the children come and go; hear the voices of free children making music for your hopes. Yet many say God doesn't care.

Foster rode a steamboat on the Tennessee river to Florence, Ala., thence a mule all night through the plantations looking for the woman whose song had reached the Ohio river.

"I am a slave buyer," he said. He was not a slave buyer.

Like Helper, he looked on slavery and wept.

He heard singing in the "quarter." Above the evening chorus a voice unfamiliar even to a musician like Foster rang out.

In a minute that voice picked up "Suwanee River." Foster had sought and found.

"Sing that song over and over for me," he told her, "and I will buy you and take you home."

He brought the song away, but left the singer behind. After a while cannon spoke; guns asked audience of bondage. You know the rest, do you not? If not, look in the mirror.

"I will send the singer after the song," said the Lord, who knew music also, having heard His stars sing.

Sixty years thereafter fame steps up to ruh out in one place and write in another.

Free men write their own story.

Children of the slave still sing that this world "am sad and dreary, everywhere I roam," but fear not; time is not as long as it has been.

Thank Mr. Foster for his pen, remember him for his genius. But tell the children that the world's greatest singers wrote a country's greatest songs.

As we go along in life many things now hidden will come to light and honors will seek their own. This writer reads, listens for you.

Race Disposition to Magnification

When people have not a great deal of that which is much esteemed, the natural disposition is to magnify or magnify the little they have. This point was brought out forcibly in a recent address before the student body of Howard University by Mr. W. H. A. Moore, of Chicago, a writer of exceptional verse and prose, and who is connected with the Associated Negro Press, his subject being, "The Dramatic Elements in Negro Life." He thinks the dramatic elements in our life are to be found in the simpler stresses of its actualities, "the genius of the race being stoutly for the accentuations of life expression."

Mr. Moore thinks that "the warm nature of the Negro has been chilled by the ironic blasts of the deliberate indifference of America to the spiritual fitness of his tropical nature." He is, however, surprised that "the Art spirit of the American Negro has not given us yet but few indications that it possesses the power to soar. Isolated instances of our supreme ability to soar have been so scattered and few that they have made but a slight headway along the popular highways of popular discriminating acclaim. Mediocrity has usurped the throne and posed as the royal ruler of our Kingdom of Art." And the disposition to magnify what we have accomplished in all directions often obscures the real value of it. But we shall outgrow this weakness by growing perfect in the small phases of Art in order to be able to master the larger phases. As in art so in other things, where the small victory leads to the large one.

In a well thought out article in a recent issue of the *Negro World* on our poets, John Edward Bruce named most of those who have survived in their small strivings from Phyllis Wheatley to Frances Watkins Harper and Paul Lawrence Dunbar, but he made no attempt to classify them according to their intrinsic worth; because they were pioneers he magnified, he even glorified, them all alike. Of course, this sort of thing makes for confusion, but we shall come out of it as we go along and produce more Dunbars who not only have imagination but who are masters as well of the requirements of verse making. If we do not magnify our little efforts we shall have no encouragement to produce big efforts which can magnify themselves as well as those who produce them. "Art is long and time is fleeting," and only those get at the end of perfect accomplishment who keep on striving from sire to son.

Disturbance Created

At Hayes Recital

A special cable message reaching this city Tuesday states that a near riot featured Roland Hayes' second recital in Prague. The noted tenor singer had received an enthusiastic greeting at the first, but when his accompanist announced in German that the first number would be a Negro melody instead of an Italian selection by Scarlatti, Czech patriots arose in the front row, shouting: "What's become of the Czech language?" Others in the audience took up the protest and the tumult grew.

The pianist repeated the announcement in English, whereupon the disturbance further increased. Then Hayes smilingly advanced on the stage to say that those who objected would receive their money back at the box office and the hot-heads withdrew. Hayes sang several numbers by Dvorak, Schubert and Schumann. At his first concert in the City Hall, where German is not allowed, he had sung only English, French and Italian songs.

NEAR RIOT AT HAYES RECITAL
Mexican

NEW YORK, Nov. 2.—(K. N. F. Service.)—According to a cable message reaching here last week from Prague, Europe, Roland Hayes, noted Negro tenor singer, successfully weathered a disturbance at his second concert there. The disturbance was caused when Hayes' accompanist announced in German that the first number on the program would be a Negro melody instead of an Italian selection by Scarlatti. Czech patriots arose in the front rows, shouting: "What's become of the Czech language?" Others joined in and the tumult grew.

The pianist then repeated the announcement in English. Hayes, then smilingly came forward on the stage and stated that those who objected would receive their money back at the box office. The trouble makers then withdrew.

Hayes sang several numbers by Dvorak, Schubert and Schumann. At the first concert in the City Hall where German is not allowed, he sang in other languages.

DUNBAR'S MOTHER
ENTERTAINED BY
DAYTON CO.

Dayton, Ohio, Sept. 19.—Mrs.

Matilda Dunbar, the aged mother of the late Paul Lawrence Dunbar, poet laureate of his race, was entertained on yesterday here by the National Cash Register Company. She spent a part of the time going through the plant. She was accompanied through the factory by Mrs. Edith McClure Patterson. A lecture in the school house, maintained by the National Cash Register Company, was attended. She was entertained at luncheon and taken on an automobile ride through the surrounding country. Dayton was the home of the late Paul Lawrence Dunbar.

NEW YORK
N.Y.C. MUSICAL ADVANCE
FEBRUARY, 1923

Negro Folk Songs

Max Schoen

Oh black and unknown bards of long ago,
How came your lips to touch the sacred fire?
How, in your darkness, did you come to know
The power and beauty of the minstrel lyre?
Who first from midst of bonds lifted his eyes,
Who first from out the still watch, lone and long
Feeling the ancient faith of prophets rise
Within his dark-kept soul, burst into song?

There is a wide, wide wonder in it all,
That from degraded rest and servile toil,
The fiery spirit of the seer should call
These simple children of the sun and soil.
Oh black singers, gone, forgot, unfamed,
You—you alone, of all the long, long line
Of those who've sung untaught, unknown, un-
named,
Have stretched out upward, seeking the divine.

You sang not deeds of heroes or of kings;
No chant of bloody war, nor exulting paean
Of arms-won triumphs; but your humble strings
You touched in chords with music empyrean.
You sang far better than you knew, the songs
That for your listeners' hungry hearts sufficed
Still live—but more than this to you belongs:
You sang a race from wood and stone to Christ.

—James W. Johnson in Century Magazine, Nov.

A negro was once asked to tell where his brethren got their songs.

"Dey make 'em, sah."

"How do they make them?"

"I'll tell you. It's dis way. My mass'r call me up and order me a short peck of corn and a hundred lash. My friends see it and is sorry for me. When dey come to de praise-meetin' dat night dey sing about it. Some's very good singers and know how; and dey work it in—work it in, you know, till dey get it right; and dat's de way."

Booker T. Washington, in his book, "The Story of the Negro" has the following to say of the music of his people in Africa and in America:

"There is an African folk-tale which tells of a mighty hunter who one day went into the forest

in search of big game. He was unsuccessful in his quest, and sat down to rest. Meanwhile he heard some strange and pleasing noises, coming from a dense thicket. As he sat spellbound, a party of forest spirits came dancing into view, and the hunter discovered it was they who were making the sounds he had heard. The spirits disappeared, and the hunter returned to his home, when, after considerable effort, he found that he was able to imitate the sounds which he had heard. In this way, it is said, the black man gained the gift of song.

"The Bantus of South Africa say that African music at the present time is not what it used to be in the old days. There was a time, they say, before the coming of the white man, when musicians had the power to charm the beasts from the forest and the birds from the trees. Be this as it may, we find at the present day that singing is a universal practice among the Africans in every part of the Dark Continent. The porters, carrying their loads along the narrow forest paths, sing of their loved ones in the far-away homes. In the evening the people of the villages gather around the fire and sing for hours. These songs refer to war, to hunting, and to the spirits that dwell in the deep woods. In them all the wild and primitive life of the people is reflected and interpreted.

"When the negro slaves were carried from Africa to America they brought with them this gift of song. Nothing else which the native African possessed, not even his sunny disposition, his ready sympathy or his ability to adapt himself to strange conditions, has been more useful to him in his life in America than this. When all other avenues of expression were closed to him, and when, sometimes, his burden seemed too great for him to bear, the African found a comfort and solace in these simple and beautiful songs, which are the spontaneous utterance of his heart.

"There is a difference, however, between the music of Africa and that of her transplanted children. There is a new note in the music which had its origin on the Southern plantations, and in this new note the sorrow and the suffering which came from serving in a strange land finds expression.

"The new songs are those in which the slave speaks, not merely the sorrow that he feels, but also the hope which the Christian religion has lighted in his bosom. The African slave accepted

the teachings of the Christian religion more eagerly than he accepted anything else his master had to teach him. He seemed to feel instinctively that there was something in the teachings of the Bible which he needed. He accepted the story that the Bible told him literally, and, in songs he composed under its influence, he has given some wonderfully graphic and vivid pictures of the persons and places of which the Bible speaks, as he understood them. Grotesque as some of these pictures may seem, they are merely the vivid and literal interpretations of what he heard, and all of them are conceived in the spirit of deepest reverence."



EMANCIPATION (group) Washington and Boston
by Thomas Ball

\$200 Prize in Folklore Offered by Woodson Society

WASHINGTON, D. C., Feb. 14.—A prize of \$200 is offered jointly by these societies for the best collection of tales, riddles, proverbs, sayings and songs, which have been heard at home by Negro students of accredited schools. The aim is to study the Negro mind in relation to its environment at various periods in the history of the race and in different parts of the world.

Students desiring to compete should give their names to the head of their institution that he may forward them to the director of the association, who will answer all necessary inquiries.

Only stories, riddles and the like that have been heard should be collected; stories or riddles from books or those composed by the collector should not be included. They will not be counted.

WILL M. COOK, MUSICIAN PREPARING NEW PRODUCTION.

(By A. N. P.)

New York, N. Y., March 8.—Will Marion Cook, who is probably the best known of our musicians, and the greatest living composer of the race, returned from a long stay in Europe recently. He at once became very busy, and in collaboration with Alex Rogers is writing a big comedy with music to be called "Cotton Blossoms." It will be produced with seventy-five people in the early Spring. Big New York interests are financing the project and it is slated for Shubert booking. 3/10/23

Meanwhile, Mr. Cook is playing a series of three Sunday concerts in Shubert Theatres. These will run twenty minutes in connection with the vaudeville bills.

The latter part of March he will go on a ten day tour with 35 members of the Clef club, going as far south as Richmond. At the conclusion of this he will head a group of 35 musicians and a few specialty artists including a Haytian folklore dancer, on a trip to the far west.

Lewis Douglas, Mr. Cook's son-in-law, a young man who has been the idol of London playhouses, staying three solid years at the Pavillion, will soon join him here. His son, Merton, is assisting his father in his preliminary work. The young man is an Amherst College lad.

Fine Tribute to Charm and Worth of Negro Spirituals

The article reproduced below was published by the New York Evening Sun on February 28. The tribute paid to the Negro Spiritual, and the description of various of these soul-songs makes the matter of such interest that no apology is necessary for its being copied into this column.

It is given in full, headlines included, as it appeared in the Sun, as follows:

Negro Songs Win Place in Music World

"Spirituals" of Old Slave Days
Ranked By Many Critics
With Old World
Ballads.

Folk songs of the Negro, those plaintive and stirring "Spirituals" through which the plantation slaves of the old South gave voice to their pent up emotions, are receiving more and more recognition throughout the country as a genuine contribution to the world of music.

They are being sung today by carefully trained choirs of notable churches as well as in cabarets as a recent novelty.

The younger generation of Negroes are being trained to sing them in their schools, and at Tuskegee and Hampton institutions they are beginning to look with pride on these primitive songs of their grandparents, which are said by many critics to rank with the balladry of Scotland, Ireland and England. A collection of Negro "Spirituals" gleaned from their pupils who come from remote little mountain cabins and hidden homesteads in the swamps, has been published by both the Hampton and Tuskegee institutions.

"No system of notation," says one student of Negro folklore, "can record the shades of expression and feeling conveyed in such lines as 'Um-hum, Oh Lawd, us po' chillun got a home at last,' or 'I've done got weary and I've lost my way,' and 'I don't want you go and leave me,' or 'Death done lay his cold i-icy hand on me.' We say, for instance, that the word 'icy' is syncopated, but we can't by means of black and white notes convey that creepy idea of death which the Negro singer instills in it.

"One can't help being deeply moved by the way a Negro chorus sings such a simple song as the now famous 'Sometimes I feel like a motherless child.' As one old Negro woman pointed out, 'You got to stah dat song in a mourn.' The first stanza consists of the phrase repeated three times, and ending 'Jes' like a motherless child,' but there is infinite variety in each repetition of the words. The second stanza consists of the phrase 'Sometimes I feel like a mournin' dove,' the third, 'Sometimes I

feel like an eagle in the air,' and the last, 'Sometimes I wish I'd never been born,' ending with an infinitely melancholy 'Wisht I'd never been born.' No one can imagine the variety of expression attained by their rendition of these simple phrases".

The Negro slave put into his religious songs all the emotions he was forced to conceal in his daily life. None of them shows any rebelliousness or vindictiveness; there is only patience for this life and great hope for the next. When his burden seemed intolerable he found comfort in such songs as "God's a-gwine to move all de troubles away," or "When Jesus shuck the manna tree, He shuck it fer you an' He shuck it fer me."

When his parents or children were sold he sang, "Oh Lawd, oh my good Lawd, keep me from sinking down," is massa gwine to sell us to-morrow?" is massa gwine to sell us to-morrow?" with its lugubrious refrain, "Yes, yes, yes," offers a pathetic consolation in the reuniting of the family in heaven.

Another favorite was:

Keep a-inchin' along, keep a-inchin' along,

Massa Jesus comin' by an' by;
Keep a-inchin' along like a po' inch worm,

Massa Jesus comin' by an' by.

The traditional Christian idea of heaven with its pearly gates, golden streets and bright robed angels wearing crowns and playing harps was joyfully accepted by the slave Negro. For instance in one he sings out:

I got a robe, you got a robe,
All us chillen got a robe.

Gwine a-wear dat robe all roun' God's Hebb'n,

Gwine a-wear dat robe all aroun' God's Hebb'n,

All us chillen got a robe.

Further enumeration includes harp and crown and all the accepted regalia of heavenly attire. Another one states

Bury my body in de caste'n gahden,
My lil'l soul gwine a-shine,

All aroun' de Hebb'n gwine a-shine,

My lil'l soul gwine a-shine.

On many plantations the Negroes were denied the privilege of holding religious exercises and were thus forced to conduct secret prayer meetings in the

woods. The singing of songs comprised for the most part the entire religious service. The preacher, usually as illiterate and ignorant as his brethren, could offer them nothing to compare with the exaltation they got from singing.

CHILD WONDER MASTERS PLAYS OF SHAKESPEARE Chicago Defender Chicago, Ill. Remarkable Memory Power of

Little Alice Harris Aston-
ishes Her Hearers

3-17-23

New York, N. Y., March 16.—A prodigy, and all that it implies, is found in the child wonder, Alice Bernedine Harris, 3 years old, who has the greatest memory known to science of any child her age. She is gifted with a remarkable power of memory which is most astonishing, and has committed to memory more than thirty poems which she recites from start to finish without a blunder. She has mastered long stanzas from Shakespeare's "Merchant of Venice," "Romeo and Juliet" and "Julius Caesar" and knows "Evangeline" from beginning to end. Alice delivers her recitations with a most masterly understanding and possesses the art of graceful expression which is almost unbelievable.

The prodigy is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Leon S. Harris of 119 West 131st street, and was born in Charlottesville, Va., Nov. 29, 1919. Her mother, a poetess, attributes her great memory to inheritance, as Mrs. Harris' father was noted for his remarkable memory. She is the great-niece of Baron Wilkins, prominent New York business man, and recites a very interesting poem entitled "Course He's My Uncle Baron, But I Often Call Him Dad."

Friends often remarked of the child's intelligence and remarkable memory of names, addresses and telephone numbers when she could hardly talk. Her capability of real memorizing was first noticed when she was but 20 months old. Her mother would have her repeat the Lord's prayer at bedtime, and was astonished one evening when Alice said the entire prayer without her mother's aid. Nursery rhymes were easily committed to memory, and when two years old could recite a whole book of rhymes.

Last fall Mrs. Harris visited a local school for the purpose of sending Alice to kindergarten. When told the child's age, teachers remarked that it was foolish to think of sending her to kindergarten as she was too young to understand the work. Mrs. Harris contradicted the fact that Alice was too young to under-

stand kindergarten work and stated how she could recite several stanzas from Shakespeare. Several of the teachers expressed their doubts, but were astonished when the prodigy recited "Evangeline." However, Mrs. Harris was advised not to send the child to any school until she is 6 or 7 years old because of the possibility of overcrowding her brains.

Other than having a wonderful memory the child is perfectly normal. She is exceptionally friendly and has many playmates in whom she takes great interest, though she is a little above the average in the point of conversation.

Little Alice was a perpetual surprise even to those who knew her, when she led the entire congregation in prayer at the Metropolitan Baptist church last Christmas morning.

When the Defender reporter, who interviewed the prodigy, asked what she intended to be when she reached womanhood, she hastily replied, "a lawyer."

NEGRO ARTIST WINS FIRST
POINT IN ENGLISH SQUABBLE.

Dallas, Texas

(By A. N. P.)
Dallas Express

London, March 23.—Colored musicians from America are to have their day in Parliament. It is said the controversy raised by London theatrical producers over the "Negro invasion" will be the subject of a formal question to the Government on the "effect of the Negro boom on the British Empire generally."

Jobless music hall artists, of whom there are many just now, are raising loud cries against two prominent managers who are bringing all Colored companies. The Musicians' Union is equally stirred.

Musicians from America have been in great demand by smart dancing clubs and ballrooms since the end of the war. They make more money than many native actors.

British black face artists are quite as good, they add, and it would be more patriotic to hire them. Sir Francis Towle, who introduced the first cabaret in London with an all white company, said:

"The idea of mixing black people where there are white ladies in evening gowns—even with a railing round them—is intolerable and will not be permitted for a minute by the public." This will sound typically Southern to Americans.

Meantime the Colored artists are on their way and American artists have arrived to paint scenes.

Series of Unique Music Contests Now in Progress Fraught With Purpose to Uplift the American People

There is in progress in New York City a series of unique music contests which in scope and seriousness of purpose are greater than anything of the kind ever launched in the United States. Under the auspices of the New York Music Week Association, of which Otto H. Kahn is honorary president, these contests, open to all who are not professional musicians, will be held in each of the forty-eight districts of the city.

Two have already been held, one in Bensonhurst, which brought to light a girl of 16 who can play a piano with delightful dexterity, and a boy violinist with at least a touch of genius. Another was in the lower East Side of Manhattan, where a prim little Jewish girl, Hannah Klein, 13 years old, astonished with her piano playing three of New York's distinguished musicians who served as judges of the contest and brought one of them, Franklin W. Robinson, to the platform to tell the audience that here was a standard of musicianship worthy to be followed.

"It was worth coming down here in the pouring rain just to hear this little girl play," he told the audience and Hannah Klein's fellow contestants, "for this little girl has set a standard you must all try to attain."

Contestants compete not against one another to see which is the better but to see how many can attain a high standard set by the association. A contestant must win a grade of 75 per cent. to be eligible to receive the medal offered to winners and to qualify as winners in the five contests to be held in Music Week next May.

There is a big idea behind the program of this organization to give every person who can make music a chance to be heard by eminent musicians before audiences made up of people of the community. That idea is to develop among our people a real appreciation of good music. Audiences sit hour after hour listening to various contestants play or sing the same test pieces. Then they wait after the performance to hear the kindly constructive criticisms of the judges. Unconsciously they are learning to discriminate, the first step in the development of taste.

As for the contestants themselves, it takes courage and good sportsmanship to go before an audience of one's friends and before judges who are experts and say in effect: "This

is my best. Tell me if it is right." Such action declares the honesty and sincerity of the aspirant and wins the sympathetic respect of both audience and judges.

This educational plan, which was conceived by Isabel Lowden, director of the association, has the full endorsement of Otto H. Kahn, Clarence H. Mackey, Felix M. Warburg, the Juillard Musical Foundation, John D. Rockefeller, Jr., and others.

Another phase of the association's plans for the development of musical appreciation is the organization of the foreign-born groups of the city to take part in the contests and also in an Inter-Racial Festival next May. There are thirty or more of these groups in Greater New York most of them more musical than we and with something of beauty to contribute to the art of the country or their adoption. In enlisting their sympathetic co-operation, in helping to preserve for this country their treasures of folk-songs, there is being developed at the same time friendship and understanding through music. And with the unification of peoples there must come also, it is the dream which adds for the beauty lover zest and inspiration for the work, a united art of America, which, gathering together the best that these children of older lands have to bring us with out youth and energy and aspiration should be the best that the world has yet produced.

The Inter-Racial Festival that will be a big event of Music Week in May will continue throughout the week, each group endeavoring to present a scene which will be a bit of its own native land as a setting for the rendition of its characteristic folk-music. This will be the third event of its kind, the first having been staged during the music weeks of 1922 and 1923. The contests, however, are entirely new this year.

Music is the most universal of the arts. It makes its appeal to all classes, all races, all ages. The educated, the uneducated, the highly intellectual, the peasant, it has its appeal for both. And why is this so?

Dr. Vahan Kalandarian, chairman of the Armenian group, puts the answer well. "Music appeals to all your being, your whole body responds to its vibrations. Every

sense, every nerve end records its beauty, its rhythm, its harmony. The feelings that rise from the heart, the mind that speculates on things of the soul, all respond. Its appeal is fundamental, basic."

Therefore has music been made the working force back of this great educational and cultural movement which is enlisting the support of the people in its effort to bring into the lives of all something fine and beautiful.

ROLAND HAYES, TENOR

(From the Boston Symphony Orchestra Program Book, Philip Hale, Editor)

HE WAS born at Curryville, Ga. on June 8, 1887. His first musical instruction was from a Negro named Calhoun at Chattanooga, Tenn. Mr. Hayes was a student for four years at Fisk University, Nashville, Tenn. Going to Louisville, he was heard at a congress of fire insurance men. One of them urged him to come North. He first came to Boston with the Fisk Jubilee singers in 1911. Here he made his home, was befriended and on April 20, 1912, he sang in a concert at St. James Hall, but his first recital was in Jordan Hall on Nov. 12, 1912. He studied intelligently in Boston with Arthur J. Hubbard, and gave recitals in Jordan Hall and Symphony Hall until his departure for Europe. His first recital in London was on May 31, 1920. In that city he has given 16 recitals with remarkable success; he has sung with orchestra at Queen's Hall under Sir Henry Wood's direction; throughout the English provinces, in Scotland and in Ireland, and he sung in oratorio, as in "Elijah" and "Hilwatha."

On April 23, 1921, he was commanded to sing for the king and queen of England.

Going to Paris, he gave his first recital at the house of Joseph Salmon, the celebrated violinist. He has given a recital in the Salle Erard, and sung about forty times in Parisian salons. On Nov. 4, 1922, he sang at a Colonne concert conducted by Gabriel Pierné ("O Sleep," from Handel's "Semele"; the prize song, from "The Mastersingers of Nuremberg," and three Negro spirituals). Returning to Boston, he gave a recital in Symphony Hall on Jan. 7, 1923.

He went again to Europe and sang again in England, and for the first time in cities in Austria, Hungary and Czecho-Slovakia. After a tour of the United States he will return at the end of next January to Europe, where he has engagements for six months in England, France (he will sing again with the Colonne orchestra in Paris), Italy and Austria.

Mr. Hayes sings in French, Italian, German, and he is learning Japanese. In Vienna and in Budapest, the critics, enthusiastic spoke of his pronunciation of German and his diction, "which 99 out of 100 white persons might take as their example." The Parisian critics were equally warm with regard to his diction in French.

Music, Poetry and Art—1923.

DUNBAR'S NON-DIALECT POEMS

(The Christian Science Monitor.)

In all of his dialect poems Dunbar but wrought with the glamorous imaginations and emotions of his people, and to one who knows anything of that people, it becomes difficult to separate the intrinsic charm of the poems from their purely racial appeal. Of course, that is their surest compliment, but in his non-dialect poems the poet challenges criticism alone and unaided.

It is surprising (but why surprising?) to find how beautiful some of these poems are. Not all of them. Many of them but too clearly echo both in cadence and inspiration—one after another of the "great society." Here—one senses the influence of Shelley, there—of Swinburne or Wordsworth. But what does this say but that the artist was a "young" artist, and not yet entered into his estate. Very youthful, too in his submission to the influence of didactic allegory. 10-11-23

The original and purely conceived poems remain. Their execution is very deft, their metrical quality warm and faultless, their thought mournfully, delicately patterned like petaled shadows thrown upon a hoji screen by moonlight. An old impassioned sadness flows through them. Nor are they without bitterness, but is a bitterness that has been worn smooth by fate.

The love poems are humble, chastened sincere. They have limidity and fragrance. As is ever true of the love lyric, they take their beauty not from innovation of thought, but from the realm of emotion. They possess too, that deceptive simplicity that stands the wear of repeated reading.

Very tender and lovely is one of these, beginning:

"Dream on, for dreams are sweet,
Do not awaken! N.C.
Dream on and at thy feet

Pomegranates shall be shaken.

A finer imaginative quality and deeper emotion are revealed in another poem, into which is woven the added flavor of time.

"Tonight we sit where sweet spice winds blow,

A wind the northland lacks and ne'er shall know,

With clasped hands and spirits all aglow

As in Arabia in the long ago."

"The robin sounds a beggar's note,"

Is quaint and felicitous as it descends from the difficult uplands of abstract emotion. This little poem, called "Comparison," is incomparably beautiful.

"The robin sounds a beggar's note Where one the nightingale has heard But he from whom no silver throat Its liquid music ever stirred,

Deems robin still the sweetest bird."

ROLAND HAYES CALLED BLACK M'CORMACK

Chicago, Dec. 27.—Following Roland Hayes' recital in Orchestra Hall here last week, Herman Dorris, white, critic for the Chicago American, said in his column:

"If King George received Roland Hayes and 'commanded' a recital in his royal presence, we can only say that George had exceedingly good taste.

"Furthermore when I record the fact that the entire critical fraternity missed the second act of 'Traviata' with La Galli-Curci as Violetta, in order to hear Mr. Hayes, and that they had to tear themselves away to conclude their evening's duties, I am giving a tolerably clear idea of Mr. Hayes' artistic stature.

We do not wish to rush into exaggeration, yet we find it justifiable to say that Mr. Hayes, the Negro John McCormack.

Music Is In Soul

"He is not only an artist—he is an aristocrat. You can't sing like that and not live and feel some of the poetry you are interpreting. You can't shade like that, phrase with such cunning instinct and intelligence, unless you have music in your soul.

And if you have all these you belong among the 'crowned heads' of the art world.

"Hayes sang Schubert and Schumann lieder like a finished musician and a poet. His German diction delights you—his

French satisfies—his voice has high notes that are golden and sunny and sweet—pianissimo that is a mere breath and yet potentially expressive—lyric quality worthy his operatic compeers.

Remarkable Tenor

"It is not an astounding tenor—but remarkably suave and tender and plaint. And the young man has brains, too.

"He could not read the 'Neugierige' lines as he did without unusual perception of text books.

"William Lawrence is an accompanist of superior rank, his touch, technic and innate understanding of his mission quite beyond the average.

"The audience was a curious mixture of blacks and whites assembled in the democratic employment of the highest form of art that knows no race prejudices.

"There was great and sincere enthusiasm for Mr. Hayes, and of course, there were many encores and recalls.

Charleston, S. C., News & Courier

DEC 22 1923

The Negro Spirituals

There has never been a more delightful entertainment or a more distinctive entertainment in Charleston than that given Thursday night at the South Carolina Hall by the Society for the Preservation of Spirituals. We do not mean by this that it was an entertainment which every one necessarily must have liked in so superlative a measure. True, we find it hard to imagine any person of taste failing to appreciate the beauty and pathos and rich moving harmony of these coastal folk songs. Their full loveliness naturally can be savored only by those who know the negro and especially the low country negro.

The audience Thursday night was made up very largely indeed of people who fell into the latter category. We do not suppose that it would have been possible to assemble an audience anywhere more capable of passing judgment upon the rendering of spirituals than that which gathered on this occasion in the South Carolina Hall. The tremendous enthusiasm which greeted each successive number on the program was a tribute, therefore, not only to the excellence of the performance from a musical standpoint, but also to its high authenticity. It is only fair to note in this connection that the enthusiasm of the natives of the coast was fully shared by visitors from a distance. In the audience Thursday night were several ladies from New York, for example, who declared that

this recital alone would have been more than worth a trip to Charleston.

The Society for the Preservation of Spirituals is performing a very useful service to this city and section in thus making it possible to perpetuate in their true form these songs which depict as nothing else can the deep religious enthusiasm, the exaltation and the profound melancholy of the negro in the religious mood. At the same time the members of the Society are having a wonderfully good time. There were plenty of persons in the audience Thursday night who were very envious of them. "I must wish I were one of the singers!" was the way one young woman expressed her feeling while the performance was going on and there were not a few others who felt just the same way. But, of course, no one can sing these songs as they should be sung, unless, as is the case with all the members of the Society, he has known the negro on the coast and has heard the songs as the negroes sang them as an expression of their own religious feeling and not for an audience.

It is very gratifying indeed to know that the Society is going to give at least two other recitals during the winter. Those who were not so fortunate as to hear the recital Thursday night will be well advised to watch for the dates of the next recitals and secure seats early. We say "early" advisedly, because most of those who were present at the recital just held will be there again at the next. They left the South Carolina Hall Thursday night wholly delighted but at the same time wholly unsatisfied.

In The Realm of Music

By Lucien H. White

Full-Blooded African Is Talented Musician, With Great Gift for Composing

Native of Sierra Leone, West Coast, Studied for Years Under Great Disadvantage, But Made Steady Progress Toward His Desired Goal—Now Studying

at Damrosch's Institute (of Musical Art)

Although he has been in New York City for the past two years, and a student in composition at the Damrosch Institute of Musical Art for more than a year, it is only recently that I have had opportunity to become acquainted with a young man—a native, full-blooded African—who gives evidence of the most unusual musical talent and ability.

His name is Nicholas G. Julius Ballanta-Taylor, and he was born, March 14, 1893, in the village of Kissy, three miles southeast of Freetown, Sierra Leone, West Coast of Africa, a British dependency. Contrary to usual belief, however, Mr. Taylor is not the descendant of aboriginal barbarians. Under English protection, his family has for generations enjoyed the privileges of education offered in their community, and he numbers among his immediate progenitors, educated and well-equipped school teachers, ministers and a number of musicians.

His father, a ship's engineer, was also a violinist and church organist, who, without becoming a professional musician, enjoyed considerable popularity as a local concert performer. An uncle, who died in 1913 at the age of 116 years, was directly responsible for transmittal of family traditions which inspired young Nicholas, and for the devotion and application to musical ideals which has brought the young African to his present stage of development.

Ballanta-Taylor owes, also, much of his musical heritage to his mother, descended from the Mendis, a pagan tribe whose music is said to have the most characteristic rhythm and melody of all the West Coast tribes. His maternal grandfather was brought to Sierra Leone at an early age and baptized into the Christian faith.

Because of the lack of opportunity during his early years, young Taylor had to pursue the study of music practically undirected in the beginning. As a boy chorister in the chapel at Kissy, Nicholas was taught the tonic sol-fa syllables, and when 12 years of age he was sent to a Freetown school. Here he studied Clarke's Catechism of Music and took first prize in music theory at the Government School Exhibition for two years in succession. The third year he missed the prize by two points. The failure was due to an unavoidable late arrival for the examination.

During the three years in high school, music became secondary in his studies, but he served as an assistant organist for St. Patrick's Chapel. Later, he studied the organ, but without the assistance of a teacher. Later, he took up the study of Stainer's Harmony.

From school he went into the government service in the Legal Department of the Crown, alternating for a number of years between Sierra Leone and the Gambia, each transfer a promotion, being the only active African so recognized.

During ten years in this service, Ballanta-Taylor had opportunity to do considerable studying of music. In 1913, he submitted an anthem to Novello and Company for publication, but it was returned for correction. Here the young composer was confronted with a problem. He didn't know how to correct his composition. A friend advised the study of a grammar of music. In his ignorance he took up Pearce's Student Counterpoint first, following it with Dunstan's Elementary Harmony, instead of reversing the studies, as he should have.

However, in eighteen months he had reached counterpoint in four parts, then he took up in order, Vincent's Diatonic and Chromatic Harmony, Prout's Harmony, Counterpoint and Form, and Bridge's Double Counterpoint and Canon. In 1917, Ballanta-Taylor, feeling himself qualified, applied for and passed the first examination for the degree of bachelor of music at Fourah Bay College, Freetown, an institution affiliated with the University of Durham in England. Unfortunately it was not possible for Mr. Taylor to take his finals for the degree which is required to be taken at Durham College.

Ballanta-Taylor became acquainted at Freetown in 1917 with Mrs. Adelaide Caseley-Hayford, who is well known in America, and was associated with her in the formation of a choral society of which he became director. She became interested in young Taylor and tried to arrange for the completion of his musical education in England. Red tape and official objections prevented this plan being carried out. Taylor had written a choral composition, "Belshazzar's Feast," produced in Sierra Leone in 1919, and the same official who had previously made

objection, was so pleased with the production that he volunteered to do what he could to have the native composer sent to England to complete his education.

In the meantime, however, Mrs. Caseley-Hayford, leaving Sierra Leone for a visit to America, brought with her a copy of "Belshazzar's Feast," which she submitted to some of the best qualified musical experts of New York City. As a result, through the advice of friends, included among whom was the late Mrs. Natalie Curtis Burlin, a distinguished authority on folk music, Mrs. Caseley-Hayford provided the means and brought Taylor to America, the young man reaching here in June, 1921. With Mrs. Hayford, he presented pageants of African life in Boston and Philadelphia, and an article on African music, written by him, was published in the *Musical Courier*, issue of June 1, 1922.

This article brought him into contact with Dr. Walter Damrosch, who sent the African composer to his brother, Dr. Frank Damrosch, head of the Institute of Musical Art. The student was able to meet the requirements of that institution and was accepted as a student in theory and composition under Dr. Goetschius. Here for the past year he has been pursuing his studies, having before him the aim and intention to carry to his African people an opportunity for a systematic musical development, longed for but not yet possible of attainment by them.

Several original mms. submitted to me by Mr. Taylor, give evidence of an exceptional talent. They show originality, imagination and a faithful adherence to the structural form which differentiates Negro music from that produced by the Caucasian. Ballanta-Taylor proves to the credulous and the doubters that a full-blooded African can acquire culture and polish and at the same time retain that vivid and striking personality which causes him to stand out as representative of a racial development which the prejudiced would say is impossible.

There are those among the American musicians, of the Caucasian race, having a knowledge of the work of Ballanta-Taylor, who say that he has a greater fund of native talent than was possessed by the late Samuel Coleridge-Taylor, the great Anglo-African musician and composer who made the world sit up and take notice with his wonderful trilogy, "Hiawatha," which was followed by "The Atonement," "Meg Blane," and scores of other productions for the voice, for orchestra, and for string and reed groups.

Ballanta-Taylor has a quartet for strings which was played at the Institute for Musical Art; there are compositions for the violin, the cello, songs for solo voices, and an entrancingly interesting setting of the Kyrie Eleison for mixed chorus and three solo voices. These I have carefully examined and their merit impels me to voice the prediction that Ballanta-Taylor will ere long be recognized as entitled to a place of honor among the great composers of music of all ages.

Personally, he is modest and unassuming in bearing, not given to thrusting himself into notice, but at the same time carrying himself with quiet assurance as if confident of his own worth and satisfied that the world will ultimately recognize the fact. I am hoping that it will be possible for many people of both races to have an opportunity of hearing him discourse upon the fundamental principles of African music, coupled with a pianistic demonstration that is thrillingly compelling.

Marion Anderson Heard With Philharmonic Society

It was indeed a delightful program that Conductor Josef Pasternack arranged for the second of the season's concerts of the Philharmonic Society, at the Academy of Music, and the two soloist greatly enhanced the enjoyment of the concert. Another feature well worth mentioning is that the audience was probably the largest that the society has ever had. The presentation of the program was a most successful one. The soloist, Marion Anderson, gave a most excellent performance of the overture from the now vanished opera, "Anacreon," by Cherubini, and the spirited playing of the orchestra demonstrated that whatever the merits of the remainder of the score, this fragment of Cherubini's talent is well worth preserving, for if the methods of development are old fashioned, its many beautiful themes give it right to occasional presentation.

The society presented as its first soloist of the evening Marion Anderson, the young and gifted contralto of this city. She has appeared here and elsewhere on the concert stage, but never before with an orchestra. She is possessed of a contralto of great beauty and power and her use of her gift showed that she has been well schooled. The popular recitative and aria, from Donizetti's *La Favorita*, was her opening number and she was not only equal to all the technical requirements of this melodic composition, but she revealed an opulence of voice that gives her future much promise.

She then sang with much expression, two of Henry T. Burleigh's Spirituals, the second, "Heav'n, Heav'n" being especially impressive.

The applause when Miss Anderson finished came like a sudden blast of gunfire, and continued through so many recalls that it seemed as if a rule must be broken and an encore granted. Mr. Pasternack was obviously pleased with the success of his protegee, a satisfaction shared by the entire audience.

Primitive Negro Art on Exhibition

N Y C POST
APRIL 14, 1923

Brooklyn Museum Collection Shows Basis for Cubism—
George Fuller Memorial—Notes
Of the Galleries

By Margaret Breuning

The exhibition of primitive negro art, which will be open to the public next Tuesday at the Brooklyn Museum, affords a remarkable opportunity to see a wide range of expression in this exotic art. Negro sculpture in wood, with which we are perhaps most familiar, is here in great variety, but there are also carvings in ivory, textiles, weapons, basketry, metal work, and many articles of use and adornment so carefully arranged that each detail of the exhibit, however negligible in itself, seems to contribute something definite to the cumulative effect.

This effect is a profoundly stirring individualistic day, they show many deviations from traditional form in experience for a sophisticated, critical, modifications of detail, in choice, of self-conscious modern to chance upon design, or in the method of working creative expression of a vision so the material that betray vitality widely different from his own. How and spontaneity in spite of the rigid profoundly it affected Picasso, Matisse, and other French artists some fifteen or twenty years ago is a matter of historical record, for their happenings upon some objects of negro sculpture was not only a startling revelation to them of a new vision of the world and its living things but the basis of the evolution of cubism. All the intellectual working-out of abstractions and geometrical figures that are part of cubistic art is to be found here, but as the result of instinctive unreasoning, and primitive expression of creative impulse.

The quality of the work few would dispute. The beautiful unity of these smooth surfaces, the exquisite modulations of the detail, the sensitive modelling, and the marvellous oneness and aliveness that these figures possess are unescapable. There are ivory carvings, too (I recall in particular one case full of figurines carved from rhinoceros's teeth), that have extreme sensitiveness and delicacy of workmanship and a certain poignant appeal in their gesture of plastic beauty that makes them irresistible.

Although these sculptures (fetiches for the most part, made to avert some evil force or win some magic power) follow more or less definite conventions that preclude originality, as we understand the term in our ultra-

Religious motivation accounts for the symbolic character of this art, where, although fresh observation of nature is apparent, there is no attempt at the naturalistic reproduction of the outside world, but rather the universe is naively given back to us as a world of occult forces rather than objective reality. It is perhaps as well not to realize at first view the overwhelming significance of this symbolism, its permeation of even trivial details of design as well as of the most impressive conceptions, for the real value of the showing is quite aside from ethnology or archaeology or other erudite sciences of primitive man; it lies in the aesthetic value of this art, however removed it may be from our experience or culture.

The textiles of this amazing exhibition are no less remarkable than the sculpture. There are a number of designs woven in raffia with portions of the pattern cut like the pile of velvet, so that a beautiful texture and an exquisite delicacy result. The ability to fill spaces with balanced design of high quality is striking. Such a design as the mat with an antelope, that hangs at the end of the gallery, is perfection of abstract form with the greatest vitality of conception and execution. The wealth of material that these textiles offer to the modern designer seems inexhaustible, and how quickly it can be realized both in textiles and furni-

ture is shown by the modern examples displayed here that have been made in response to this stimulation.

Some realization of the phantom-peopled world (held under a spell of occult terror) that these sculptures and carvings reflect is given by a series of imaginative water colors hung at the entrance of the exhibition. Here are all the splendor and exotic brilliance of color of the tropical jungle, but lurking beneath its gorgeous opulence of life and beauty the threat of a mysterious supernatural power that tinges life with fear and shadows it with mysterious portent.

In the foreword to the catalogue written by Stewart Cullin, curator of the museum, who procured this collection and has arranged it so effectively, the source of these works is given as the Belgian Congo. One great tribe, the Bushongo, which has many ramifications, Mr. Cullin states, is chiefly responsible for the objects shown here.

"The entire collection," Mr. Cullin continues, "whatever may have been its original uses is shown under the classification of art, as representing a creative impulse and not for the purpose of illustrating the customs of the African peoples. As art it may be considered as inspired by fresh and direct observation of nature. Of all the exotic arts, indeed, from which our world is seeking stimulation the writer regards it as the most vital, far outclassing that of Polynesia, with which it has affinities."

NEW YORK CITY AMERICAN
APRIL 22, 1923

Primitive Art of Negro at Brooklyn Museum

ONE of the most important art events of the week was the opening of an exhibition of primitive Negro art at the Brooklyn Museum. The collection shown was gathered during the last two years by Stewart Cullin, who is curator of the department of ethnology. Dr. Cullin also arranged the exhibition, and he did it exceedingly well. In most museums which have a collection of this size—and this one ranks with the most important anywhere—it is

shown under the heading of ethnology to illustrate the customs of a people. Although primarily an ethnologist, Dr. Cullin appreciates the artistic power and significance of this work and he has arranged it as an exhibition of art; he has selected only objects of artistic merit and he has arranged them so that they can be appreciated to their full advantage.

Negro art includes more than the grotesque figures in which many modern artists are finding much to admire. To some they embody much that is important

in art; to others, they are simply ugly and offensive. But whether one likes this particular type of art—examples of which are shown—there are many other things which will have a wider artistic appeal. There are textiles of interesting design which have influenced modern American designers. In proof of this there are shown examples of American manufacture whose patterns were taken from these sources. Other objects that have beauty are the weapons, the axes of iron, elaborately patterned; the spear heads and handles, with their graceful lines; the carved tusks that have become trumpets, the chief's sceptres and staves, all of them, showing that these peoples possess a remarkable instinctive sense of design.

SPRINGFIELD M. REPUBLICAN
JUNE 10, 1923

International Music

An encouraging response is reported to the movement for the organization of the United States section of the International Society for Contemporary Music, the sectional secretary of which is William Burnet Tuthill, room 1408, 185 Madison avenue, New York, to whom subscriptions and inquiries may be addressed. The idea of a world league of musicians, it is explained, grew out of an international chamber music festival conceived in Vienna and held at Salzburg, Mozart's town, last August. This festival presented contemporary work from England, France, Germany, Austria, Czecho-Slovakia, Scandinavia, Holland, Italy, Spain and the United States, and proved so interesting and instructive that a permanent international organization was at once projected under the leadership of the English critic Edward J. Dent, whose articles in the London Nation and Athenaeum have had much influence.

The headquarters of the society is in London, but the various national sections are autonomous, collaborating chiefly by the exchange of information and by participating in an annual international music festival. The one for this year will be held again at Salzburg, and Prague has been chosen for 1924. Each national section selects works by native composers and submits them to headquarters in London where they are put in the hands of an international selection committee which picks the best that each country offers and makes up the program for the festival.

This is a work to which the United States may well contribute handsomely. The fee for membership is moderate and with commendable

frankness it is made clear at the outset that "no material or personal advantages are to be gained from membership," the aims of the society deserve encouragement and there is also the patriotic consideration that a strong American section will "help to make contemporary American music known better not only at home but in Europe, and to secure for America a more prominent part in the concert of nations." The officers of the section are Oscar G. Sonneck, president; John Alden Carpenter and Lewis M. Isaacs, vice-presidents; William Burnet Tuthill, secretary and treasurer; the directors are John Alden Carpenter, Chalmers D. Clifton, Mme Eva Gauthier, Edward Burlingame Hill, Lewis M. Isaacs, Mrs. A. M. Reis, O. G. Sonneck, Albert Stoesset, William Burnet Tuthill, and Emerson Whithorne.

At present the American composer has a hard fight not merely for recognition but for a chance to win recognition unless he composes popular songs of the style which the taste of the day demands. A hearing for more serious works is apt to wait upon some exceptional opportunity on which the composer cannot count. Music of the lighter sort prevailed for the most part in the concert of compositions by American composers given at the Century theater on June 3 as one of the greater city of New York jubilee series, at which the participating artists were Mme Frances Alda of the Metropolitan opera, Ernest Schelling and Julla Glass, pianists, Maximilian Pilzer, violinist, and Carlos Salzedo, harpist.

The program did include, however, Ernest Schelling's "Suite Fantastique," played by the composer with the orchestral part reduced to a second piano and recorded by Mr Schelling for the Duo-Art player, so that he could be heard in a duet with himself. And of special interest to Springfield people was the performance by Mr Pilzer of the violin concerto by Edmund Severn, formerly a resident of this city. Mr Severn is a violinist as well as a composer, and his concerto appeals to violinists by its technical soundness as well as by its musical quality. This work has now been played with orchestra in New York, Chicago, Cincinnati and Minneapolis, besides Czerwonky's tour with the second movement, when he was solo violinist of the Minneapolis orchestra. Has any other American violin concerto fared so well? Mr Severn has been encouraged to bring out three new concert pieces for violin: "Keltic Fantasy," "Minstrel Melodies" and "Norse Dance."

Severn has never been among the composers who have fallen in with the queer theory that to be American music must be either African or Indian. This theory is vigorously assailed by the New York critic, H. T. Finck, who shows that the true Negro music is confined to certain wild and plaintive strains which have a real kinship with the barbaric music of Africa, but sound strangely exotic in America. "This is real Negro music, but its essence is African. To use it as a basis for American art music would be absurd; to call it American folk music is foolish juggling with words. We might as well try to build up an American poetic art on Chinese or Japanese legends." Mr. Severn has proceeded rather logically in some of his compositions, in drawing upon old-fashioned tunes, which he heard as a boy, survivals in New England, but perhaps of English origin. This store of material may be scanty, but the New England composer gets it by inheritance, as he does not the music of the kraal and the tepee.

Most of what has passed for Negro music is not Negro at all, and Mr. Finck declares with emphasis that "there is not a black spot in the Foster songs, which are the best things by far of all that is comprised under the head of -plantation music. They are white songs, the inspiration of one of the most original and emotional of melodists the world has seen; yet we have hitherto allowed these genuine American songs to be spoken of as part of that Negro or slave music which we are told every day is 'the only distinctively American music.' Surely, it is high time to and this nonsense."

N. Y. CITY MUSICAL AMERICA

JUNE 23, 1923

Negro Students Graduate in New York

Among the outstanding achievements of Negro musical students this year has been the graduation of Sonoma Talley, pianist, and Eugene Mars Martin, violinist, with high honors from the Institute of Musical Art, New York. Miss Talley has the distinction of being the first colored person to receive the artist diploma. In addition, she was awarded a prize of \$500. Miss Talley, who is the daughter of V. W. Talley of Fisk University, was graduated from the piano department of the Institute of Musical Art in 1921, and then returned to study for the artist diploma. This course, which usually takes from three to four years, was completed by her in two years. Miss Talley began her musical education at Fisk University, and took the degree of A. B. there in 1920, when only seventeen years of age. Eugene Mars Martin, son of David Martin of the Martin-Smith School, is the first Negro to be graduated from the violin department of the Institute, and is the youngest member of his class. CLEVELAND G. TALLEY

STEPHEN COLLINS FOSTER.

Perhaps no man has given more pleasure to the American people and is remembered with greater affection than STEPHEN COLLINS FOSTER, the song writer. It was a national event at Bardonia, N.Y., on the Fourth of July, when the old Rowan house, where FOSTER on his honeymoon composed "My Old Kentucky Home," was dedicated as a "State shrine." The grandson of a Londonderry emigrant, he was born near Pittsburgh on Independence Day, 1826. His mother was ELIZA CLAYLAND TOMLINSON, whose family had lived on the eastern shore of Maryland since its settlement by the English. She is said to have been "a woman of superior intellect and culture, endowed with fine 'poetic fancy.'" From both his parents the composer received inspiration for his life work: his father was a musician of some pretensions. At the age of 7 the boy learned to play the flageolet. At 16 he composed his first published song, "Open Thy Lattice, Love." "Louisiana Belle," "Old Uncle Ned" and "Oh, Susannah," belong to the year 1845-46, when he was still less than 20. These three songs he composed for a meeting of young men who gathered twice a week at his father's house to practice singing. It is worth noting that they rebelled against the ballads then in vogue.

FOSTER has been called a Bohemian, but he was never a man of loose life. Educated at the Athens Academy and Jefferson College, he was not only an industrious student of music but a painter of promise. One wonders whether he was not indebted to MOZART, BEETHOVEN and WEBER for the melody that ran through all his compositions. His days and nights were occupied with those masters. It has been said that FOSTER got most of his inspiration from the negro folk songs. The fact is that they did not seem to interest him. At 26 he married and moved from Pittsburgh to New York. He lived in these two cities for most of his life. It was a day of traveling minstrel shows. Christy's paid FOSTER \$500 for the right to sing his "Old Folks at Home." It became profitable to write songs for such entertainers, and until 1861, when FOSTER composed "Old Black Joe," he seems to have done little else. Dr. FREDERICK LOUIS RITTER, who has written one of the best sketches of FOSTER, says of him in "Music in America":

His ballads are, with regard to melodic and harmonic treatment, very naive and simple; tonic, dominant and subdominant

are all the harmonic material upon which they rest. But beyond this natural simplicity, a genuinely sweet and extremely pleasing (though at times a little too sentimental) expression is to be found; and a good deal of originality in melodic inventiveness belongs to the Foster ballad, though in some of his later ballads, after he had reached great popularity, the composer often repeated himself.

Dr. RITTER calls FOSTER "the American people's composer par excellence." He inspired music in others. "John Brown's Body," for instance, is FOSTER's "Ellen Boyne" made over. The popular song writers today are constantly imitating him. The "negro ditties" are recognized with the opening strain and linger in the memory. But he could do work that commanded the admiration of cultivated musicians. What more haunting serenade is there than "Come Where My Love Lies Dreaming"? The number of FOSTER's songs, words as well as music generally written by himself, was at least 125. The melody, jotted down on paper, came first into his mind. He added the words at leisure.

The appeal to homely things in the life of the common people accounts in part for FOSTER's popularity as an American composer. But the melodies that carried the words to the heart will live as long as there is an America. FOSTER had no vanity, no pride of authorship. He allowed one of his greatest inspirations, "Suwanee River," to be published as the work of CHRISTY. How few people nowadays, other than musicians and publishers, know that "Laura Lee," "Old Dog Tray," "Gentle Annie" and "Beautiful Dreamer" were composed by FOSTER? "Old Folks at Home," which everybody knows, is said to be "by far the most profitable piece ever published in this country." FOSTER lies in Allegheny Cemetery at Pittsburgh, a plain stone marking his grave. He died in New York on Jan. 13, 1864.

THE NEGRO'S ART

A Negro vaudeville troupe recently gave an entertaining midnight performance for white folks in the Lyric Theatre, (New Orleans, La.) Albert, age four, was "headliner". Looking mighty small when alone on the stage, he played his part and danced with such vim and naturalness that the white folks could not help appreciating and applauding. Part of it was training, but most of it was the natural expression of his racial instinct for rhythm, music and gesture. His play, or his acting, was so natural that it was hard to distinguish between them. That is why his performance was so good.

A reporter, describing the scene back-stage, told how the Negro actors, waiting for their cues, joked, practised steps, pantomimed and eagerly watched the ones on the stage. Even off stage they are minstrels, fun-making actors. A white minstrel, off stage, would have sat upon a trunk and glumly cursed the heat.

The Negro has an art, music, and mannerism all his own. The white man cannot imitate them. It isn't in his blood. We've borrowed the Negro's jazz and danced to it, but we cannot create it. Our ancestors were born in the wrong place for that. There is a haunting, pulling, minor strain in the true Negro melody and jazz that the white man cannot imitate. No white man could have composed "Swing Low, Sweet Chariot". He hasn't the background, the background of centuries of oppression. The Negro's music and his minstrel art are his own. There is something pathetic in the picture of a true artist denied expression of his art because of a black skin.

From the New Orleans, La. Item

IMITATION, NOT REAL.

(By The Associated Negro Press.)
NEWARK, N. J., June 22.—Driven to desperation by the discordant noises made by a jazz band in a dance hall adjacent to his estate, Hudson Maxim, the noted inventor, has made an appeal to the courts to put an end to this nuisance. "It is no use for white bands to try to play jazz; they don't know how. It takes a band of Negroes to get any music out of jazz. These white bands make me tired. We white folks say the Negro is not our equal and yet we are all the time trying to imitate him," said Mr. Maxim when asked to let up in his action against the jazz music produced by white musicians.

THE BLACK MOTHER

By Eva A. Jessye

Gaze not on me with cold, bewildered stare,
As if upon some creature weird and strange,
That strayed by chance from some forgotten land,
And hovers low with sable wings outspread
To scatter gloom upon your sunlit world!
—For I am but a woman—worn and old—
And groping in a dismal way alone.
This wasted body, with no more of life,
Would find a welcome solace in the grave!
—Perchance you, still, as well you may
In all the dazzling radiance of youth.
Ah! soon, too soon, will I am and sorrow grasp
And crush your soul in Life's Gethsemane!

Once I was a woman—worn and old—
Shed not its rays upon a fairer maid;
When my suitors came with words of love
I chose the noblest one among them all
And we were wed. Such happy days
That sped on rosy wings! And when
I held an infant son upon my breast
Earth was complete, but my fond husband smiled
And said in manner proud, yet strangely said:
“Dear wife, what gift your love has given me—
This child, to be the blossom of our hopes,
To reach far spheres that we have sought in vain,
And thus redeem the failures we have made.
—But how I fear for what the years will bring—
These tiny feet must tread uncertain paths;
But we must concentrate each nerve and thought
To this one end—That he may prove a MAN,
A credit and an Honor to his Race!

Our Harold grew a handsome, noble lad,
It thrilled my heart with pride to look at him;
And when death left me saddened and bereft;
The surging current of my widowed love
Turned to the signet of our faith—my son;
And ne'er was one more worthy or more kind—
So oft he called me Queen of all the World,
And vowed that grief should not disturb my throne,
He was my Champion and my gallant Knight—
You mothers know how I did worship him!

But all things change; There came one dreadful day—
A day that seared my anxious heart like flame,
There burst upon the stillness of the night
The yells and curses of a frenzied mob!
I ran with sick'ning dread toward the door,
And threw it wide—and what lay at my feet!
My boy—my boy—all pale and wet with blood,
And sobbing, “Mother, mother, hide me—hide!
Quick as a flash I KNEW, and stooping low
I dragged him in the house and barred the door,
A moment more and I had placed him safe
Within a secret passageway. And when
The ruthless beasts had battered in the door
They found me knitting, placidly and calm,
As if their coming bore no harm or ill;
So cleverly I posed they were deceived
But for one wretch more brutal than the rest:
“Where is the boy? What is this NIGGER? Speak!
Tell us the Truth, and if you dare to lie—
I'll tear your lying tongue out by the roots!
—So you won't answer?—Hand me, boys,
A rope can make her talk.—Some one must pay—
It matters not—the mother or the son,
To teach these blacks that WE intend to RULE,
And their's is but to grovel, and—OBEY!
Tear off those rags and cut her stubborn hide
As deep as you can drive it—to the bone,
—She'll tell us where he's hidden—soon enough!

How little did they know a Mother's heart!
Betray my child?—Far sooner might they pluck
My eyes from out their sockets, break my limbs
Into a thousand fragments; and should they try me still—
Here, take this heart, that yet will throb with loyalty to him—

And drain it of my life-blood—drop by drop!
They fling my worthless carcass down to Hell—
And let me suffer there! Yet I rejoice—
Defying pain and agony and death,
For there is life far greater than mine own—
The progress of a People and their good!

So I have given to the world my Son,
God grant that he may measure every test,
And if my sacrifice means aught to him
He will not fail. But confident and strong,
Step bravely forth as lordly Washington
And lead his Race into majestic heights!

R. HENDERSON PERSEVERES.

Dr. Archibald Henderson continues his gallant attempt to establish the claim of the south to consideration as a land of creative artistry. He is leading a forlorn hope, but his courage, at least, is to be admired. In the New York Herald of March 18 he published a lengthy article in which he threshed over old straw, albeit with an ingenuity and apparent frankness that almost persuade the reader that he has a case. But unfortunately he names names, and his argument collapses right there. In support of the assertion that the south has “an army” of talent, some of which is of very high order and all of which is respectable, he prints the following list representing fiction:

James Branch Cabell, Willa Sibari Cather, Ellen Glasgow, Henry Sydnor Harrison, Mary Johnston, Corra May Harris, Amelle Rives Troubetzkoy, George W. Cable, Grace King, Alice Hegan Rice, Maria Thompson Davies, James Lane Allen, Elizabeth Robins, Kate Langley Bosher, Charles Neville Buck, Frances Nimmo Greene, Annie Fellows Johnston, Margaret Prescott Montague.

“I have misused the king's press damnably” confessed Falstaff; but at that we doubt that he resorted to more extreme measures to fill his ranks than Dr. Henderson has employed to recruit this “army.” Remember the question is not of the number of people who make a living by writing, but of the presence among us of creative artists, and this is the tatterdemalion crew that our ablest and most zealous defender marches out, undoubtedly the best that he could find after painstaking search.

Amelle Rives a creative artist—God save the mark! And where, oh, where did Dr. Henderson exhume the bulk of those names? Is there a tenth-rate hack writer south of the Potomac that he has not in-

cluded in the same category with Cabell and Cather? Dr. Henderson was hard pressed indeed when he listed the author of “One of Ours” and the author of “V. V.'s Eyes”—as equally representative of the south's literary genius. Then, a little further down, are James Lane Allen and Elizabeth Robins, actually cheek by jowl. Elizabeth Robins, for a wonder, is one of the immortals we have heard of before. She is the estimable lady who capped the ineffable climax of the White Slave craze of a few years ago with a story that really is a masterpiece—sentimentality cut loose completely from all earthly contacts and become gigantic, monumental, sublime.

Naturally, after that, one would expect to find Octavus Roy Cohen listed among the short-story writers, and Henry E. Harmon among the poets. Dr. Henderson is out for numbers, regardless. Yet for some reason he omits the name of John V. A. Weaver. Is it possible that he denies the author of “In American” a place among the poets?

Dr. Henderson has made a noble effort, but not even his cleverness is capable of making bricks without straw. In fact, we are inclined to quarrel with him for trying. The trouble with southern criticism now is its tendency to accept the fact that a writer can get into the Saturday Evening Post or the list of best sellers as *prima facie* evidence that he is a creative artist; whereas by the law of averages that is evidence to the contrary.

ETHIOPIA, THE JEWEL

The Negro of the Ocean
Ethiopia, the jewel of the ocean,
The land of the true and the brave,
My heart beats with ardent devotion
While the red, black and green o'er
thee wave.

To our God we have made supplication
While treading the brink of despair.
In answer, He made us a nation.
See, the ensign floats in the air.

CHORUS

All hail to the red, black and green;
All hail to the red, black and green,
From every clime till Africa's land is
free,
All hail to the red, black and green!

Thy sons in might universal
Doth claim thee for eternity;
Thy children of the dispersal
Are returning from o'er the sea
With a mighty determination
That Africa's land be ever free;
With a wonderful civilization
That shall make thee the gem of the
sea.

We have bled and died for every nation
And won for them liberty;
We have saved earth's civilization.
Now turn our eyes unto thee.
May God in His might go before us,
As we come our land to redeem;
Make the despots tremble before us,
As we advance with the red, black
and green.

On thy plains we shall dwell in contentment;
In thy rivers to bathe in delight;
In thy mounts we'll know aught of resentment,
While our armies encamped in their
might.
Great God, our gracious redeemer,
Give us grace Thy will to obey;
Unite our forces together,
Lead us on to a still brighter day.
Composed by Joseph P. Coakley.
Dedicated to the cause of African
freedom.

Stephen Foster's Negro Songs

Since the eminent musical authority, places Stephen Foster's “Old Folks at Home” second, only to “Annie Laurie” among the world's finest ballads. Foster, the Philadelphia Record reminds us, was not a Southerner—he was born in Pennsylvania in 1826. Nevertheless many of his numerous pieces were negro songs of the Southland. He gained his intimate knowledge of negro character by studying dinky “roustabouts” during his residence in Cincinnati. It was Foster's custom to jot down first the melody and then to fit it to suitable words. He used simple chords for his accompaniments and kept the airs within range of ordinary voices. This contributed as much to the popularity of his productions as did the simple, soulful words and appealing melodies. Foster was perhaps the most distinctively American of all our melodists, a man of refinement, scholarly attainments and

exceptional musical ability. Yet he died in poverty. Dvorak, the Bohemian composer, searching for typical American melodies for his "New World" symphony, confined himself exclusively to the field of Afro-American harmony in which Foster won his greatest success.

Foster's Songs

(From the Louisville Courier Journal.)

It is not surprising that in the selection of the eighteen popular songs the Musical Supervisors' National conference in session at Cleveland included in their list three by Stephen Collins Foster. It is surprising that they did not include four or even five of these plantation melodies. "My Old Kentucky Home," "Old Folks at Home" and "Old Black Joe" are the three on the list. "Swanee River" and "Nellie Gray" are not to be found there. In spite of the fact that these songs are expressive of sadness in a servitude that no longer exists, the wail of an enslaved people that now are free, they speak to the heart today with a pathos as poignant as it ever was. They tell of a longing for home that finds a responsive chord in all hearts, in all times. It is this that gives an immortality to the melodies of Foster, that lifts them above their day and beyond their section. There is the same universal appeal in them as in that other wail of captivity, "By the rivers of Babylon, there sat we down; yea, we wept when we remembered Zion."

The musical supervisors have done well to put their stamp of approval on the three that they named, but it is difficult to conceive how they overlooked "Swanee River," with its beauty and its melody, with its haunting music and its strain of sadness. Perhaps next to "My Old Kentucky Home" it is the best thing that Foster wrote.

There could be little quibble if "Nellie Gray" were added to the list, but it belongs to the same category as "Old Black Joe" and is particularly of the soil of the plantation in slave days.

But Foster's place as a writer of songs is secure. None of the five that have been mentioned will soon be forgotten.

INVENTOR MAXIM WANTS A WHITE BAND TO STOP TRYING TO PLAY JAZZ

Is Driven To Desperation By Discordant Noises Adjacent To His Estate Says, Only Negroes Can Get Music Out Of It.

Associated Negro Press.

NEWARK, N. J., June 20.—Driven to desperation by the discordant noises made by a jazz band in a dance hall adjacent to his estate, Hudson Maxim the noted inventor, has made an appeal to the courts to put an end to the nuisance. "It is no use for white bands to try to play jazz; they don't know how," he takes a band of Negroes to get any music out of jazz. These white bands make me tired. We white folks say the Negro is not our equal and yet we are all the time trying to imitate him," said Mr. Maxim when asked to let up in his action against the jazz music produced by white musicians.

SAYS JAZZ MUSIC PLAYED BY WHITES IS PLAIN NUISANCE

Newark, N. J.—Driven to desperation by the discordant noises made by a jazz band in a dance hall adjacent to his estate, Hudson Maxim, the noted inventor, has made an appeal to the courts to put an end to the nuisance. "It is no use for white bands to try to play jazz; they don't know how. It takes a band of Negroes to get any music out of jazz. These white bands make me tired. We white folks say the Negro is not our equal and yet we are all the time trying to imitate him," said Mr. Maxim when asked to let up in his action against the jazz music produced by white musicians.

This and That

The Negro's Getting There

Tho' you've tried to keep him down,
The Negro's getting there;
Tho' all the world on him may frown,
The Negro's getting there.
Just barely sixty years ago
He didn't have a dime you know;
Today he's worth a billion, so,
The Negro's getting there.
In spite of all your knocks and slaps,
The Negro's getting there;
He smiles his way thru handicaps,
The Negro's getting there.
Tho' he was once a slave in chains,
And is supposed to have no brains,
This undisputed fact remains:
The Negro's getting there.

Tho' he's kept in porters' jobs,
The Negro's getting there;
In spite of narrow-minded snobs,
The Negro's getting there.
His doctors, lawyers, financiers,
Are fast increasing with the years,
And this is what his foeman fears:
The Negro's getting there.

Regardless of your Jim Crow laws,
The Negro's getting there;
In spite of lynching, without cause,
The Negro's getting there.
Tho' he was kept from books and school,
And held in ignorance 'neath your rule,
He's shown the world that he's no fool—
The Negro's getting there.

—W. M. ABERNATHY.

NEGROES PRESENT CONCERT AT WGM

Atlanta Orchestra and Atlanta Quartet Combine in Late Broadcast Saturday Night.

The program that was given between 8:20 and 10:45 o'clock last night by members of the Atlanta orchestra and pupils of the Murphy school of music furnished a general Station WGM with a hour and quarter of pleasing entertainment.

All of those on the program were negroes, who belong to the Atlanta orchestra and the Atlanta quartet from the Murphy school. The program was directed by Jessie Murphy, head of the Murphy school.

Old plantation melodies were mixed in an amazingly easy manner with some of the latest jazz hits and blues. The Atlanta orchestra plays blues as no other orchestra can and listeners have found this natural swing of the negro musicians delightful.

At regular intervals the negro singers and musicians are heard from Station WGM and they are always a source of delight to listeners, especially northern people to whom the music is unique.

WHITE'S JAZZERS IN CUBA

By J. A. Jackson

After a month in Porto Rico where they packed the Rialto Theater in San Juan and other houses on the island, the Gonzelle White Jazzers have gone to Havana, Cuba, via Spanish Royal Mail Steamer. They began a five weeks' season at the Cuban capital on June 28.

According to Edward Langford, manager of the company and the husband of its star, they have been the recipients of many social favors in Porto Rico, and the type of music that has made the company famous in burlesque is quite an innovation there.

Roland Hayes To Sing With Boston Symphony

Roland Hayes, the tenor, who has been in England and other European countries, for some time past, is to return to America this month and give a series of recitals in various cities. The outstanding feature of his work for the coming season, however, is embraced in the fact that he has been selected as one of the soloists for the concerts of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, America's greatest instrumental organization.

It is a recognition of Mr. Hayes' worth which is well deserved. Boston music reviewers, commenting on the selection of Hayes, declare that his name should have appeared on the Boston Symphony list of soloists several seasons back, and one of them, Penfield Roberts in the Boston Globe, says that "He is as great a musician as Boston has yet produced and now not without honor in his own country."

It is a signal compliment to Mr. Hayes and the race in general should felicitate itself that in this case at least absolute merit has won its way despite every imaginable sort of obstacle, not the least of which has been the black skin which God gave Roland Hayes.

The season's engagements for the singer include also recitals with the Detroit Symphony Orchestra, and there will be recitals in New York, Chicago, Baltimore, Washington, Richmond, Raleigh, Nashville, Louisville, Providence, New Haven, Toronto, Philadelphia, Pittsburgh, Buffalo, and other cities.

Mr. Hayes' homecoming will not be without its sorrow, for his mother died just a few days ago at her home in Arnold street, Boston.

ROLAND HAYES' TOUR OF

AMERICA
10-17-23

Roland Hayes, whom such venerable European cities as London, Paris and Vienna call one of the very finest tenors of recent years is at last coming to America. America is the land of his birth and training, and of his start as a concert singer.

During the last two years he has been idolized in Europe. In London he has given concert after concert in rapid succession, the mere announcement sufficing to fill the auditorium on each occasion. He has sung with orchestras. The parisian public was completely captured by the ineffable beauty of his voice. The salons eagerly "took him up." The authoritative and exacting critics of Vienna agreed that no German singer could interpret the "Lieder" with a more sympathetic understanding, or a more wondrous power of illusion.

Roland Hayes crossed the Atlantic for a few weeks' stay last Christmas. He was here only long enough to give a single recital—in Symphony Hall, Boston. A huge audience welcomed him at what proved to be one of the finest concerts of

the year.

This winter a return tour of his own country is being arranged. It will be limited to the months of November and December. He will appear as soloist with the Boston Symphony Orchestra and the Detroit Symphony Orchestra, and will give recitals in New York, Boston, Chicago, and other large cities.

Musicians Discard "Professor" Title

(By CARL DITON)

Philadelphia, Pa.—(ANP)—What is considered one of the most constructive recommendations adopted by the National Association of Negro Musicians, Inc., at its recent convention assembled, was that musicians all over the country aided by the sentiment of the general public should forthwith encourage the dropping of the title "professor" which has for some years back gradually fallen into disrepute in that it is being usurped principally by persons who know little or nothing at all of the musical art.

The national organization will, of course, continue to respect the title when used in connection with musicians who hold chairs in well-organized musical theory departments of recognized colleges and universities. Otherwise the mere expressions John Smith, conductor, Samuel Brown,

pianist, and so on will be sufficient in the mind of the association to convey what phase of musical activity is engaged in and whatever superior talent, intellectuality or unusual fund of knowledge the particular individual possesses may be left for the general public to decide in proportion to the amount of creative, interpretative or pedagogic ability exhibited.

Music-1923

A SURVEY OF THE RELIGIOUS, EDUCATIONAL, AND SOCIAL PROGRESS OF THE NEGRO IN NEW YORK

By Cleveland G. Allen

The Coleridge Taylor Musical Society, named in honor of the late S. Coleridge Taylor, the noted Negro composer, gave a musical concert at The Renaissance Casino, Wednesday evening, January the 10th. A large audience of music lovers were present, and a number of prominent artists took part on the program. The program was the beginning of a series of musicales that will be given under the auspices of the society. David A. Donald, the organizer of the society made and address in which he told of the aims of the society-saying that it would help to stimulate interest in the musical endeavors of the race. A program consisting of solos, instrumental numbers, and other features were given by the following well known artists: Henry Etheridge of Chicago, Blanche-Deas Harris, Mme. Shepherd Robinson, Miss Musa Williams, Errington Kerr, J. H. Walker, and T. R. Hall.

The first definite step to establish a Negro Hall of Fame was taken last Wednesday evening, when a bust of Dr. W. E. B. Dubois, the editor of The Crisis, and one of the most distinguished scholars of the race, was presented to the W. 135 St. Library, by Mrs. Sadie M. Peterson a young colored poetess and a member of the library staff. The occasion was one of the most significant marking the cultural development of the Negro, in this city and it was a distinct triumph for the artistic ideals of the race. The bust of Dr. Dubois is the work of Miss Augusta Savage, a young colored woman who has shown fine gifts as a sculptress. The assembly room of the library was crowded with one of the most representative gatherings of the race seen here for sometime.

There were also a large number of prominent white people. Miss Peterson told how she was led to present the bust of Dr. Dubois to the library rather than keep it for herself.

She said that she and Miss Savage had been close friends and one day Miss Savage asked

her what should she do to please her, and she said to make her a bust of Dr. Dubois. The first speaker was Channing H. Tobias, one of the members of the International Committee of the Y. M. C. A. He said that nothing would impress the young people who come to the library more with a finer sense of values than to see the bust of such a distinguished man of the race. William Service Bell sang a group of Negro Spirituals.

Prof. Franz Boas, head of the department of Anthropology of Columbia University and one of the most distinguished of the American scientists, made the address of presentation. He told of and praised the achievements of Dr. Dubois as a literary man.

He told how long he had followed the career of Dr. Dubois and how he had been impressed with his courage.

The bust was accepted on the part of the library by Miss Ernestine Rose, the head librarian, who said that the occasion was the beginning of a movement to make the library a center of Negro culture. Others who made addresses were Augustus G. Dill of The Crisis and Mrs. Elise McDougald. Mrs. King Reavis who has just returned from Europe closed the program with a group of spirituals. The W. 135 St. Public Library is one of the most unique libraries in the north. It is located in the heart of the Negro section of New York, where live close on to 200,000 people.

Its patrons are almost exclusively Negroes. The library has organized a program that will meet the needs of the community. It has a mixed staff of white and colored workers. Some of its activities are a Book Lovers' Club, a Forum, and Club Center. One of its annual features is an exhibition of Negro Art and Literature.

The Circle for Negro Relief, which was organized during the late war to administer to the needs and wants of the Negro soldiers, is carrying on a splendid post-war work. The society is waging a health campaign throughout the country to arouse the people to a higher sense of duty as it relates to their health. The annual meeting of the circle will be held at the Y. W. C. A. on Thursday evening, January 18.

Plans will be discussed looking towards organization of new plans for the year. Miss

Belle Davis, the executive secretary, will make her annual report. The principal address will be made by Dr. Haven Emerson, Professor of Public Health Administration at Columbia University. Some of the most prominent men and women of both races are interested in the work of the circle.

Bishop R. E. Jones, one of the two Negro Bishops of the Methodist Episcopal Church, and who is widely known throughout the country as churchman, has been visiting in New York. He came here on business pertaining to his office, and while here he saw a number of his old friends. He visited a number of places of interest in Harlem where he made observations pertaining to the progress of the race. Bishop Jones is well known in New York. While editor of the Southwestern Christian Advocate, he made many visits to this city in the interest of that publication. He has frequently preached at St. Mark's Methodist Episcopal Church and spoken at several meetings here. Bishop Jones is one of the outstanding churchmen of the race and has represented the race on many notable occasions.

The writer has received an invitation from Dr. Robert R. Moton, principal of Tuskegee Institute, to attend the thirty-second annual Negro Conference which will be held on January 17 and 18th. The writer appreciates this kind invitation and regrets that it will not be possible for him to attend. The conference promises to be one of the most interesting that has been held during its long history and there will be many visitors from the north to attend. The major topic for discussion this year will be: "Agriculture and Home Economics."

A concert of Negro music will be given in the Great Hall of City College under the direction of the colored students of that college. on Friday evening, January 19th. This is an annual affair and was begun by the colored students for the purpose of acquainting the students and faculty with the art contribution of the Negro to America.

Miss Myrtle Anderson of Chicago University and one of the most gifted young women of the race, addressed the men's meeting at the Y. M. C. A. last Sunday afternoon. A large gathering of men heard the speaker.

There are 120 Colored students attending Columbia University. The writer is a senior

2,000
Greet Roland Hayes in D.
C. In Only Recital Before

Sailing for London
1-12-23
Apro American



Washington, D. C., Jan. 12 (Staff Correspondence)—Before an audience of 2,000 persons who crowded the Lincoln Theatre to the doors yesterday, Roland Hayes, fresh from his triumphs in London and Paris was heard in recital and given an ovation.

Mr. Hayes, who is in this country to spend the holidays with his mother in Boston, will return abroad next week to keep his engagements. At the theatre tonight it was rumored that he will make London his future home and settle down there permanently.

The recital last night was staged by Mrs. Milton G. Francis, and former Lieut. J. Williams Clifford. Beautiful souvenir programs showed reproductions of autographed photos of Mr. Hayes referring to him as America's colored Caruso. Attired after the English fashion in outaway, gray striped trousers and spats, Mr. Hayes came upon the stage shortly after five o'clock, and applause from the audience shook the rafters. He bowed his thanks. Later after the first French and Italian songs, he was forced to respond to encores and announced that he would sing "Passing By." The audience for the first time recognized that his year in London has given him an English accent.

A hard concert season abroad seems to have left its mark on Mr. Hayes, for he seemed thinner than when he appeared here two years ago, but it has taken nothing from his voice, which is melodiously beautiful and finely controlled as never before. That voice, together with a perfect enunciation and a phrasing that approaches the marvelous bewitched an audience that listened enthralled long after he had concluded his songs, and applauded wildly when the curtain fell. His last number, "Sit Down," arranged by Mr. Hayes, was easily his best.

Mr. Hayes was assisted by Mr. William King at the piano.

in the Religious Education Department. Religious Education is one of the broadest fields of education and gives the student a fine outlook on life and its problems. The writer advises all students to take courses in Religious Education if they are to get the proper aspect of life.

The report of the African Commission of the J. Phelps-Stokes fund made up of six men and women, and headed by Thomas Jesse Jones, and issued under the title of Education in Africa, is one of the most interesting reports that has been made on conditions pertaining to Africa. Many of the erroneous impressions that have been given about Africa have been denied by the commission. A fuller report of this work will be made in another issue of The Southwestern Christian Advocate.

The Salem Methodist Episcopal Church has bought the Calvary Methodist Episcopal Church at 129 St. and Seventh Avenue, which is one of the oldest white congregations in the north. For a long time the church refused to sell, but the rapid growth of the Negro district in which the church is located had a tendency to affect the attendance at the church. The church was for a number of years, the leading Methodist Episcopal Church in the northern part of the city. The Salem congregation will move into their new quarters sometime during the year.

The Epworth Methodist Episcopal Church, of which Rev. Charles H. Andrews is the pastor, and located in the Bronx, broke ground for its new church building last September. The occasion marked a new epoch for Methodism in New York, and the new church will do much to establish a Methodist center in the Bronx. There were many interesting features attached to the event. Prominent white and colored clergymen of the Methodist Episcopal Church, and other churches took part in the ceremony. Representing the Methodist Church were: Bishop Luther B. Wilson, Rev. Wallace MacMullen, Watson Moore, Rev. Dr. Millard Robinson, and Rev. Frederick Newell. The church will reflect credit on Methodism when completed.

ROLAND HAYES NOT TO BECOME A BRITISHER

Famous Singer Denies Report That He Will Marry And Settle In England

NOT "COLORED CARUSO"
1-19-23.
Tells Afro, "I Hope I May Win Laurels In My Own Right"



ROLAND HAYES

New York (Special) Jan. 17.—Denying that he is going abroad to make his home in London or that he is going to marry in the near future, Roland Hayes, famous tenor singer, gave a statement to the Afro-American yesterday before sailing today for France on the Steamship Paris. Incidentally he let it be known that he is the first, having himself referred to as "the colored Caruso," a title which was printed on the program of his concert given in Washington last week.

In his statement, Mr. Hayes said, "Concerning the report that I am saying good-bye to America, is to say that I shall be no more Mr. Roland Hayes of London, than I am of the United States, and no more of the United States than of London or any other place on this earth. The earth is mine to traverse and my mission, I feel, to be of universal importance."

HASN'T FOUND GIRL YET

"I have no plans of marriage for the near future, nor for the late. My marriage shall take place when it is time—to the one who was meant for me, and I am not worrying about when or where. I am not taking my mother with me to Europe on this trip. I came home especially to see her, finding her in good health and spirits. I have left her in Boston."

"Incidentally while here, I accepted two professional engagements—one was offered by the management of the Symphony Hall, Boston, and the other was made a tremendous success by my friend, Mrs. Beatrice Francis. In fact, both recitals were extraordinarily successful. It was

not my aim to make a concert tour of the United States."

HOPES TO SEE BALTIMORE

"I have one regret, and that is that urgent business has caused me to forego my anticipated visit to Baltimore. However, I hope to return in the autumn and shall make it a point to visit my friends there. You can say that I am particularly grieved that I had to miss Baltimore, although I have had a pleasant and profitable trip to the United States this time."

NOT COLORED CARUSO

Asked whether he approved the reference to him as the "Colored Caruso," on the program of his Washington concert, Mr. Hayes said, "Caruso and McCormack are illustrious names, but the day when I shall feel it necessary to attach or prefix these names to mine to make a success, that day I shall give up singing. There is an old adage that runs thus, 'A Good Wine Needs No Bush.' I hope that I may win laurels in my own right."

AFRICAN TRIP PUT OFF

Mr. Hayes will disembark at Havre and will precede immediately to Paris to fill his engagements there, later returning to London. By way of farewell, he said he had not given up his African trip, but put it off until such time that conditions will make it advisable.

NEGRO MELODIES

In the spirituals or slave songs the Negro has given America not only its only folksongs, but a mass of noble music. I never think of this music but that I am struck by the wonder, the miracle of its production. How did the men who originated these songs manage to do it? The sentiments are easily accounted for—they are, for the most part, taken from the Bible. But the melodies, where did they come from? Some of them so weirdly sweet, and others so wonderfully strong. Take, for instance, "Go Down Moses." I doubt that there is a stronger theme in the whole musical literature of the world. Oppressed so hard they could not stand. 2-3-23

Let my people go.
Go down, Moses, way down in Egypt land
Tell Ole Pharaoh, Let my people go.

It is to be noted that whereas the chief characteristic of ragtime is rhythm, the chief characteristic of the "spirituals" is melody. The melodies of "Swing Low, Sweet Chariot," "Nobody Knows de Trouble I See," "Couldn't Hear Nobody Pray," "Deep River," "O, Freedom Over Me," and many others of these possess a beauty that is—what shall I say? poignant. In the riotous rhythms of ragtime the Negro expressed his irresistible buoyancy, his keen response to the sheer joy of living; in the "spirituals" he voiced his sense of beauty and his deep religious feeling.

Naturally, not as much can be said

for the words of these songs as for the music. Most of the songs are religious. Some of them are songs expressing faith and endurance and a longing for freedom. In the religious songs, the sentiments and often the entire lines are taken bodily from the Bible. However, there is no doubt that some of these religious songs have a meaning apart from the Biblical text. It is evident that the opening lines of "Go Down Moses"

Go down Moses,
Way down in Egypt land;
Tell old Pharaoh,
Let my people go.

These Negro folksongs constitute a vast mine of material that has been neglected almost absolutely. The only white writers who have in recent years given adequate attention and study to this music, that I know of are Mr. H. E. Krehbiel and Mrs. Natalie Curtis Burlin. We have our Native composers denying the worth and importance of this music, and trying to manufacture grand opera out of so called Indian themes.

But there is a great hope for the development of this music, and that hope is the Negro himself. A worthy beginning has already been made by Burleigh, Cook, Johnson, and Dett. And there will yet come great Negro composers who will take this music and voice through it not only the soul of their race, but the soul of America.

TORONTO'S FINEST ORCHESTRA IS NEGRO.

The Dallas Express
(By A. N. P.)

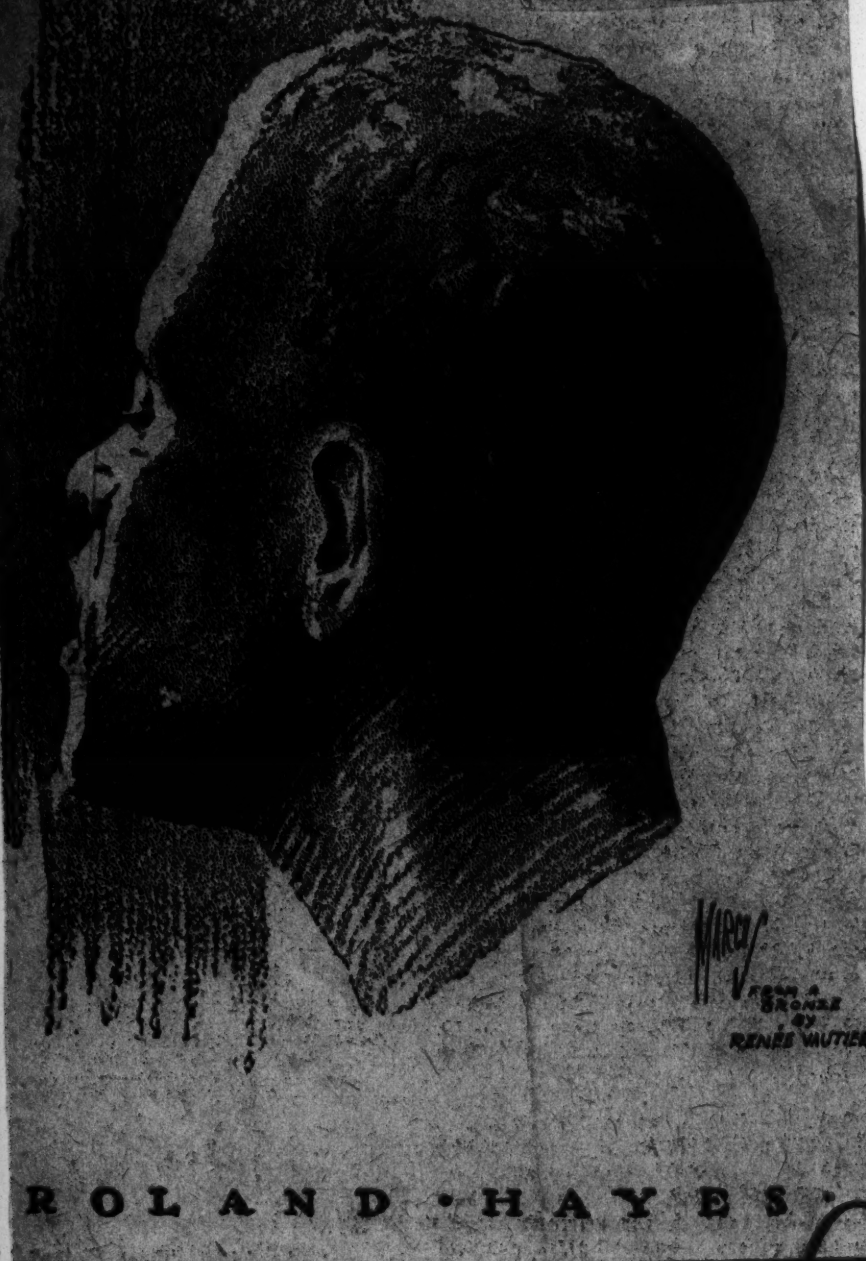
Toronto, Canada, Dec. 21.—Toronto, Canada is widely known as a Music City; it possesses several fine choirs, a Royal Brass Band, and Scottish Pipe Band, but it remained for our group to furnish its best concert orchestra, and to the Games, so belong that distinction.

Less than two years ago seven young Colored musicians, seeing the need of a first-class concert orchestra in this city, decided to corner that honor for the Race. To C. Andie Johnson, graduate of The Toronto Conservatory, fell the task of forming the organization and conducting its rehearsals. Mr. Johnson was ably assisted by Leroy Williams, graduate of Cincinnati Conservatory, and after earned the title of Toronto's finest.

The musicians, each one a master of his art, are: C. Andie Johnson, Cello; Leroy Williams, Pianist; Geo. Bennett, Violin; Andrew Hackley, Clarinet; Grant Hackley, Xylophone and traps; Lewis Washington, Trombone; and Joseph Johnson, Cornet.

Music—1923.

YORK CITY TIMES
NOVEMBER 25, 1923



Negro Tenor, Famous Abroad, to Sing Here Saturday.

NEW YORK CITY TIMES
NOVEMBER 25, 1923

After Roland Hayes's debut at the symphony concert of Friday, says The Boston Transcript, The Associated Press sent broadcast a dispatch saying that there were "hundreds of negroes" in his audience. So reporting it was strangely unobservant or strangely misinformed. In the "rush seats"—that is, places sold for the day—a few colored faces were discoverable. Elsewhere, the customary company of subscribers filled the hall. On Saturday evening no more than fifty negroes were present. In a word, it was the usual audience at both concerts, with which the tenor found unusual favor.

Spirit of the Press

Preserving the Negro Folk Songs

Christian Science Monitor (Boston)

There is the age-old theory, propounded, expounded, and reiterated, that the history, the true record of progress of every people, is written in its folk songs. But it might be quite difficult to defend that theory as applying specifically to the American Negro, to whom there must be given the credit, if credit is due, for preserving about all the folk lore in song which has originated in the United States. But in according this meed of credit it is not admitted that in these folk songs, as they have been handed along from the generation of American Negroes held in bondage as slaves, there is to be found a record of progress or even of advancement beyond the most primitive state of the civilized African native.

From time to time, especially in the larger cities of America, there is made apparent a well-organized effort on the part of the educated Negroes to perpetuate and preserve the traditions of their race as exemplified in these plantation songs. But there is found in them if they are analyzed ever so sympathetically little more than a crude emotionalism. It is true, as is claimed for them, that they never express hatred, and seldom discouragement. They more clearly express hopefulness and an unrealized longing for that freedom physical and spiritual, which a subject people believed had been promised them.

The Negro of the present day does not express his own philosophy of life in the songs of his ancestors. He listens to them, no doubt with much the same feelings entertained by the whites. He regards them as relics, but hardly as legacy, from a generation now almost forgotten. Perhaps in the remote neighborhoods of some of the southern states, where the newer civilization has hardly penetrated, these songs may still be sung and listened to with original fervor. But beyond those regions they are regarded as the feeble, yet appealing, expression of a vague hope.

The Negroes of slavery days were intensely emotional and superstitious. Couched in the cadences of primitive melodies, their supplications were directed to reach the ear of a personal deliverer whom they conceived to be one who spoke their language and understood their thoughts. Crude as these appeals were, they signified a desire for something better, something nobler, than they could find in the things about them. They were the prayers of the children of sorrow, phrased in what they believed would be an acceptable hymn attuned to the understanding of the giver of all good.

At his recital in four languages at the Town Hall next Saturday evening, Roland Hayes's program will include Handel's "Would You Gain the Tender Creature," Purcell's "When I'm Laid in Earth," Paradisi's "Arietta," Bach's "Bist du Bei Mir," Schubert's "Ich hab' im Traum Geweiht," and "Der Nussbaum," Schubert's "Die Neugierde" and "Die Forelle," César Franck's "La Procession," Fauré's "Claire de Lune," Dvorak's Biblical Song Number 7 and the negro spirituals, "When I'm Gone," "Every Time I Feel the Spirit," "Sit Down" and "The Crucifixion."

Roland Hayes Repeats His Recital Program In Boston At Symphony Hall, Dec. 2d

Wins Even Larger Measure of Acclaim From Audience That Overflowed Concert Auditorium—Every Seat Taken and Chairs Filled Stage, Still Many Were Turned Away.

Following his recital at Town Hall, New York City, on Saturday evening, December 1, in which he scored an impressive triumph, Roland Hayes, tenor, returned to Boston and sang the same program on Sunday night, December 2, at Symphony Hall. Mr. Hayes repeated the wonderful success attained on his first appearance with the Boston Symphony Orchestra on November 16, but in a larger measure, since the last recital program embraced a much more extensive song range than did the orchestral recital program.

Symphony Hall was jammed to capacity. Every seat, including all the chairs that could be crowded upon the stage, was filled, and hundreds stood throughout the evening. Many were not able to even get into the hall.

Philip Hale, Boston's dean of music critics, wrote in the Boston Herald on December 3 that Hayes not only had a beautiful voice but also "singing brains." Continuing, he said: "Last night he showed beyond doubt and peradventure that he is not a specialist, but a singer well versed in all periods and schools of vocal composition. . . . No one of them is alien to him."

Henry T. Parker, writing in the Boston Evening Transcript, said of Hayes: "Mr. Hayes voice has unmistakable individuality. It escapes altogether the wiriness, the reediness, that beset the tenor-kind; while never once does a tremulous note mar it in song. . . . It is notably even and notably supple. Through the whole range no change in quality is discernable. Yet it yields on the instant the volume, color, peace, plasticity, of singer's and composer's will.

"In the use of this voice Mr. Hayes now does the work of both skill and imagination. His ear knows, his tone follows, the true pitch. He strikes each note firm, full and clear, unless, for the sake of sentiment, he touches it with light, artful quiver. He rounds his phrases—within the contours of the melody. He is discerning and elastic with pace, rhythm, pause, transition, gradient, climax. Yet more is he expert singer in the apportioning, so to say, of his tones. He commands an apple, but never a forced power."

WOULD REMOVE NEGROID MOTIF FROM SYMPHONY

Lincoln Service

WASHINGTON, Nov. 10—Indicative of a tendency to remove from Antonin Dvorak's E. Minor Symphony (New World) of its Negro motif, the Post prints a critique of Walter Dargatzis's recent interpretation of that classic here, and says it "was characterized by its adherence to the old Bohemian melodies, regardless of the fact that it teems with Negro and Indian tunes. There is a heterogeneous combination of the 'allegro confuso' that bespeaks the restlessness and wealth of business of

the new nation. . . . This point of view would be hardly arrestive, except that it reflects the temper of the times to eliminate everything negroid, even from the gentler arts, and in this regard it is quite a heroic thrust at the very history of the great composition. The patent vandalism is so pronounced that it is enough to make Dvorak restless in his grave. It will be remembered that the famous master chose for the motif of his E Minor classic the wonderful Negro plantation hymn, 'Swing Low, Sweet Chariot,' and loved to refer to it among his friends, including Will Marion

Cook, Harry Thacker Burleigh, Theodor Drury and Dr. C. Sumner Wormley, as "The Negro Symphony."

When Danrosch rendered it on a notable program in the auditorium of Central High School in this city last week, none of the Colored votaries of music in the national capitol was present to hear it.

NEGRO MELODIES FORM THEME FOR CLUB DISCUSSION

Houston
Mrs. Florence Cushing to
Lead Girls Musical
Program

Houston

The regular meeting of the Girls' Musical club will be held at the Y. W. C. A. Tuesday at 10 a. m., when the subject will be negro music, illustrated by examples, under the direction of Mrs. Florence Powers Cushing.

The program follows:
Piano—
Uncle Remus Suite..... McDowell
Juba Dance Dett
Miss Helen Todd.

Vocal—
Didn't It Rain..... Henry Burleigh
My Curlyheaded Baby..... Clutsam
Mrs. Robert Huse Brown, Accompanied by Miss Helen Todd.

Vocal—
Greatest Miracle of All.....
..... David Guion
De Ol' Ark's A-Moorin.....
..... David Guion
Mrs. J. Bates Thomas, Accompanied by Mrs. F. P. Cushing.

Violin—
(a) Chant Cameron White
(b) Negro Dance..... Cameron White
Mrs. C. J. Koenig, Accompanied by Mrs. F. P. Cushing.

Vocal—
Since You Went Away.....
..... Rosamond Johnson
Honey Chile..... Strickland
Mrs. Anna Clyde Plunkett, Accompanied by Mrs. H. D. L. Martin.

Trio, vocal—
Swing Low, Sweet Chariot.....
..... Henry Burleigh
Mesdames Anna Clyde Plunkett, J. Bates Thomas, John Van de Mark.

Mrs. F. P. Cushing, accompanist.
Selections from New World Symphony Dvorak
George Compton, Accompanied by Wm. George Delhomme.

Three open meetings given by the club to the associate members are arranged for January, when Texas-born composers will be dealt with in the program; for March, when the bill will be filled by a reciprocity program, and May, when there will be ensemble work by all members.

Negro Music Wins Increasing Recognition

Folk-Songs of the Race Gain More Distinct Place in the Artistic Life of America — Fisk University Singers Plan Another Tour, and May Visit Europe — Hampton Singers Conclude Successful Season—Many Soloists Prepare for Recitals—Negro Organizations Adopt National Hymn

N. Y. CITY MUSICAL AMERICA
NOVEMBER 24, 1923

By CLEVELAND G. ALLEN

THE past season has been an interesting one in the development of Negro music, for there has been observed a steady advance which is giving Negro music and the Negro artist a more distinct place in the musical life of the country. Increased interest is being taken in the development and preservation of Negro folk-songs. These songs are now studied seriously, and more and more their value and beauty are being recognized. One of the strongest agencies in the development of the Negro folk-songs is the National Association of Negro Musicians.

A great loss was suffered this year through the death of David Irwin Martin, director of the Martin-Smith Music School. The school under his leadership had grown to an enrollment of 500 pupils and a strong faculty of graduate teachers. It gives a thorough course in the various branches of music, leading to a diploma, and it was the ambition of Mr. Martin to make the school a great national conservatory among Negroes. Besides being director of the school, he was the head of the violin department. As a recognition of his musicianship he was appointed the first director of the Music School Settlement for Colored People in New York.

Fisk Singers May Go to Europe

The Fisk University Singers, have successfully toured the States this year. Ever since 1871, when Fisk University sent out its first group of cultivated singers to introduce the folk music to the world, this institution has been foremost in its endeavors to save the music of the Negro. John Wesley Work, director of music at Fisk, was heard for the first time at these concerts in a song of his own composition, "The Negro Love Song." Mrs. Work sang as a soloist many of the well-known spirituals. Rev. J. A. Meyers, tenor, continues as the leading singer with the Fisk Quartet.

The tour this season will be over much of the ground already covered, and there is some talk that the singers will eventually go to Europe. The Fisk University Conservatory is one of the leading institutions of this kind in the country, and some of the foremost Negro artists have come from it, including Augustus Lawson, pianist; Sylvia Ward Olden, soprano; Hazel Thomas, pianist; Andrades Lindsay, pianist and teacher, and Sonoma Talley, prize winner at the In-

stitute of Musical Art. Jubilee Hall at Fisk University is one of the most unique buildings in America. It was erected from the proceeds raised by the first group of singers that left Fisk in 1871.

Roland Hayes, Negro tenor, has met with decided success in Europe. He is returning to America this fall and will appear as soloist with the Boston Symphony. He is to sing in New York early in December. Mr. Hayes, who was born in Chattanooga, Tenn., received his early education at Fisk University and most of his musical training in Boston.

Carl Diton, Negro pianist, in his recitals this season, has played several of his own compositions, among them modern arrangements of many of the Negro spirituals. He takes a keen interest in the music of the Negro and much of his work as a composer has been along the line of the preservation of this music. For several years he was the director of music at Taladega College. He resides in Philadelphia.

Hampton's Educational Campaign

The Hampton Singers of Hampton Institute have had a successful season. The work of these singers is a part of the educational campaign of Hampton to make known throughout the country the work that that Institute is doing for the education of the Negro. The director of music at Hampton is R. Nathaniel Dett, composer, who has made this department a strong feature of the school's work.

Sylvia Ward Olden, soprano, who has taken an extensive course of study with Frank La Forge, opened her concert season at the Grace Congregational Church, New York, on Oct. 12. Her tour will carry her throughout the country. She resides in Washington, but is a native of New Orleans. Mrs. Olden is a graduate of Fisk Conservatory.

National Hymn Adopted

"Lift Every Voice and Sing" is now being adopted by Negro organizations as the national Negro hymn. It is a stirring martial hymn, depicting the struggles and rise of the Negro from his slave days to the present time. The song is being taught in all of the Negro schools and colleges, and it has also been adopted as the hymn of the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People. The words of the song were written by James Weldon and the music by J. Rosamond Johnson.

Abbie Mitchell, who appeared recently in recital at the Mother Zion A. M. E. Church, returned not long since from Europe. At this recital she sang arias from "Faust" and "Carmen" and sev-

eral numbers in French, German and Italian.

In order to stimulate interest in musical activities and to provide an opening for Negro artists, the New York Urban League has organized a series of concerts for this season. In the first of the series, at the National Baptist Church, the artists were Mr. and Mrs. John Eckles, Paul Robeson, Hazel Thomas, Mary Mason and Errington and Constance Kerr.

The writer will give his lecture-recital on "The History and Origin of Negro Folk-songs" this season. He has added many new features to it and plans to do more extensive research this season. The writer studied voice placement at the Angelus Academy of Music, where he won a short scholarship.

Nicholas Balanta Taylor, who is studying at the Institute of Musical Art, will appear in recitals this season and give many of his own compositions. Mr. Taylor came to America in 1921 to further his studies in music and to make a study of the American Negro music for comparative work in his development of African music. One of his compositions, a string quartet, was played at the Institute of Musical Art in one of the student recitals. He was born in Sierre Leone, Africa.

John H. Eckles, tenor, and Mrs. Eckles, soprano, will appear in song recitals this season and tour the country. They are pupils of Fernando Maero, who assisted them in their opening recital, and Hazel Thomas, pianist, was also one of the assisting artists.

Quartet Plans Tour

The Manhattan Harmony, Negro quartet, will travel extensively through the country this season giving recitals. The soloist with the quartet is Marie B. Hosuton, who was educated at the Oberlin Conservatory. The accompanist is Lorenzo F. Dyer, a Conservatory graduate and organist at the Mount Olivet Baptist Church. The members of the quartet are Charles Simmons, tenor; J. A. Bowers, baritone; Harold Desvernay, tenor and William Veasey, bass.

Roy B. Tibbs, professor of pianoforte at Howard University, announces several recitals at the University this season.

Nora Douglas Holt Ray, pianist, who has been spending several weeks in Europe, recently gave a recital in Geneva, Switzerland. Mme. Ray will return to America soon and appear in a number of recitals.

Hazel Harrison, pianist, will be heard again this season in recital.

John W. Work, Jr., son of John W. Work of Fisk University, will study

this season at the Institute of Musical Art. He is a tenor singer and has traveled extensively with the Fisk University Singers. He will appear in song recitals this season in New York.

Music Roland Hayes

IT sometimes happens, though not often, that an artist imprints upon his work so much of what we call his soul that to do full justice to the one we must understand the other. Such an artist is Roland Hayes, the Negro tenor. To write only of his singing would not be enough, although that alone would place him in the front rank of concert artists regardless of race or nationality. I should certainly call him our finest American lieder singer, for the "spirituals," in which he is supreme, are only a part of his art after all. He has a tenor voice of rare beauty and unusually rich middle register, and its wide range and easy production enable him to give with equal perfection the lyric loveliness of a song or the dramatic force and accents of an aria. With unusually fine musical sensibilities he has an ear for languages so acute that whether it is Purcell in English, Handel in Italian, Bach in German, or Fauré or Massenet in French, he sings with impeccable taste and diction, never once straying from the picture in the frame. 18-19-23

But these attributes form after all only the husk of his art. Its substance is something quite otherwise, an inward element that bears the stamp of an experience more spiritual even than artistic. It brings to his art what my old singing teacher used to call "the most wonderful quality in the world," namely tenderness; because where passion can tear a singer to pieces and leave the auditors cold, against tenderness there is no defense. It is a quality that lends enchantment to the voice, yet it is not always included in the "artistic temperament." Clément has it in a marked degree, as has also his youthful successor, Baugé. But while in the French tenors it takes on a certain sensuousness, in Hayes it seems to spring from a deep and pure humanity, subjecting all that he sings to a sort of spiritual alchemy. And not all that he sings can stand the test. Pseudo-sacred music like Dvorak's setting to the magnificent text of the seventh Biblical song becomes unbearably cheap, like a commonplace church solo. Even the "Dieu" of César Franck's "Procession" seems a bit futile, the mysticism vanishing into thin air. Yet such an atmospheric fragment as Fauré's "Clair de Lune," stripped of all sensuous nuance, will gleam suddenly like the ray of pale moonlight it was meant to be. And the "spirituals," like no other songs in form and content, will shine as pure gold, bearing a strange kinship to old masters like Bach, as though they were merely repeating a familiar message in new words. Here is an interpretation of music that is independent of schools, and, to understand it fully, one must go to the man himself.

A Negro, born and raised in the South, he received at birth two gifts, the musical heritage of his race and the religious faith of a mother who had learned the healing qualities of that faith during her early years of bondage. These two gifts he has cherished, trying always to be true to what was best in himself as a Negro and as a man. And with these two gifts to guide him, he has gone his way, simply, recognizing no material barriers, and removing mountains of prejudice as he went. His first step was to take singing lessons in the face of the theory that the Negro voice loses its individual, natural beauty when it is cultivated. This theory he has definitely smashed, for his voice has not only retained its rich warmth, but also that curiously sympathetic quality peculiar to his race.

During his years of study in the South he worked as a waiter

and when he finally went North to live he seems to have taken with him the respect of his white patrons, as they subsequently proved. He remained North for some years, chiefly in Boston, completing his vocal studies, giving occasional concerts, and even venturing a debut in New York, where, as I remember, he received unusually good notices. Then he found that there was no place for him yet as an artist in a country which had just fought to "make the world safe for democracy." So he went to Europe, where kings and titles and class distinctions still abound, and there he found recognition wherever he went, was lionized by the aristocracy of Paris and London, and was even "commanded" to sing before royalty. But of none of these things does he speak. If you ask him why he went to Europe he will tell you that he went to learn the languages and to try to understand the people, because he felt that if he could understand them he could understand their music. It is because he understands his own race, he adds, that he is able to sing their "spirituals" so well, and he feels that the same principle could be applied to all humanity. By building on the best qualities in himself that are peculiar to his race, as well as those that are common to all mankind, he hopes to prove that the Negro can be a universal artist, something more than a singer of "spirituals." In this way, and not by making a racial issue of his art, or of his career as an artist, he hopes to win recognition for his race. And he is accomplishing his aim. The citizens of Louisville, Kentucky, where he worked so long as a waiter, have asked him personally, through the editor of the Louisville Courier-Journal, to come back and sing for them. And this request has pleased him more than all the commands of kings. For now that the South has begun to welcome him on his merits as a man and as an artist he knows that he has at last been able to show to his people a light where before all was darkness, and a safe footpath on a road that was deemed impassable. And so, seeking the verities of his art through those of life, he has been able to transmute that art from an expression of formal beauty into a spiritual utterance.

HENRIETTA STRAIN

Boston Orchestra Gives Its Opening Matinee Concert NEW YORK CITY HERALD DECEMBER 2, 1923 Mahler's First Symphony on the Program Conducted by Montoux.

By W. J. HENDERSON.

The first afternoon concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra yesterday in Carnegie Hall was not advertised as a "grand matinee for the ladies and children." The ladies might resent the implication and Mr. Damrosch the insinuation that his symphony concerts for children were not his very own. But surely there was nothing in the entertainment to arouse dangerous passions or to tax homekeeping wits.

Gustave Mahler's first symphony, composed in Cassel in 1892-93, and in

a key of D major, was the first without resistance. After intermission the audience listened to "Old Airs and Dances for the Lute," freely arranged by Signor Respighi. The other numbers were Paul Dukas's "La Peri," Poeme Danse, and Smetana's jubilant overture to "The Sold Bride."

Respighi's arrangement of a galliard by Gallilei, father of the famous astronomer, a villanella and a "passer mezzo e macherada," both of unknown composers, were very pleasant pieces of music, in which the riches of the modern orchestra were employed with color and sonority, but without destroying the archaic charm of the dances. Mahler's symphony made the same impression as it had at previous hearings. It was very, very pretty.

Mahler is preeminently the conductor's composer. They dote upon him. Mahler in his bucolic mood and Mahler in his metaphysical abstraction are quite different incarnations of the same genius. The music of the former might rock one to sleep. That of the latter puts one there. In either case we should be grateful. The

Bostonians performed the D major symphony and the Respighi music admirably and Mr. Montoux conducted both with fine skill.

Negro Tenor Sings.

Roland Hayes, Negro tenor, who has been singing in Europe with much success, gave a recital in Town Hall last evening. Mr. Hayes is in no need of consideration on account of his race beyond the indisputable assertion that he is an ornament to it. He is a genuine artist. His voice is not one of remarkable quality. On the contrary a less skillful and judicious singer might easily have difficulty in obtaining good results with it. Mr. Hayes manages it admirably.

He has a good breath control, tone generally well placed, unusual command of head tone and falsetto, intonation nearly perfect, ability to give color to his voice and excellent diction in several languages. His English enunciation is almost perfect and his German delightfully clear. His mastery of color was shown in the two quite different qualities which he sustained through "Die Forelle" and "Ich hab' im Traum Gewinet."

He sang very beautifully the air "When I Am Laid in Earth," from Purcell's "Dido and Aeneas." He made the number profoundly touching and recalled what the old chroniclers have left to us about the eloquence of Handelian singers in tender and pathetic airs. In altogether another but equally admirable style was his delivery of "Der Nussbaum," which was marred only by a pianissimo a little exaggerated. But Mr. Hayes's art is so fine and so polished that its flaws must be noted only because they appear on such a surface. He had good support in the accompaniments of William Lawrence, a pianist of his own race.

Southern Critic Gives Roland Hayes Unstinted Praise

Singing Of Roland Hayes Compares Favorably With Any In Country

Those who were fortunate enough or farsighted enough to go to the City Auditorium last night were rewarded by hearing one of the finest concert tenors Richmond has listened to within the memory of this column, which extends throughout a period of a good many years. Few of these generally known as patrons and lovers of music were there; they could not know what manner of recital it promised to be, they could not

have heard of the singer. Why? Was he a French, German, Russian, English or Italian singer of great gifts, but of little reputation? No. He was an American Negro, about whom our people in this section have known nothing, or at most very little. He is an American Negro, born in Georgia and "raised" there—what an ironical commentary—and he is one of the most finished recital artists before the public today.

Given Close Attention

As a matter of straight reporting Roland Hayes is a young Negro, with the features, color and hair of our darker colored people and with none of the marks that denote an admixture. Apparently, he is modest, though he has perfect poise, and he is as totally devoid of affectation as any other artist who is quietly certain of himself. Again reporting, last night's audience gave him the closest attention at all times; when it was necessary sat almost breathless and at the end of each number cordially applauded him. Speaking editorially, and from many years of intimate knowledge of our own colored people in the audience, it is fairly certain that only modesty and polite restraint on their part prevented the applause from being enthusiastic rather than merely cordial.

For Roland Hayes unquestionably deserved all the enthusiasm that an Auditorium full of white people certainly would have displayed. Last Sunday, this column said in part, "Most of us old-timers have long clung to the idea that the Negro voice does not lend itself happily to schooling, that its appeal lies in its natural and untaught quality, just as we used to believe that only such men as Blind Tom, who played by ear, could become famous as instrumentalists. In the matter of composition, Coleridge-Taylor and Burleigh taught us better long ago; in the matter of composition and direction and piano playing, Dr. Dett, of Hampton Institute, opened our eyes and ears last year. Now it may well be that Roland Hayes will give us further instruction in the matter of the highly schooled Negro singer."

Pure Lyric Tenor

That is precisely what he gave us last night, in addition to the sheer delight of hearing a beautiful voice used by an artist skilled in interpretation.

His voice is pure lyric tenor, but in the lower register heavier, more solid, than that of most lyric tenors, and throughout its range, which is abundant for the demands he made upon it last night, it is warm and rich, smooth and of finest texture. Suppose he had that to begin with, though he hadn't all of it, to begin with.

He has been so schooled by somebody, or many somebodies, that he is able to forget the mere voice, its placement, its production and the like, and use it as an accustomed instrument for the conveyance of thought, for the expression of emotion. To back the voice and the schooling, he has the intelligence that must, finally, make the completed artist.

Spirituals Unexcelled

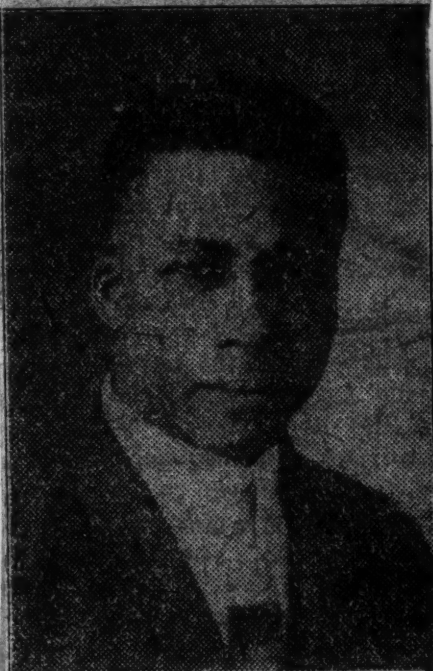
His program last night ran from old songs of Paradisi and Purcell, through an air of Handel—and his Handel singing is marked by as lovely and limpid a legato as John McCormick's—through Schumann and Strauss (in excellent German), through the Dream aria from Massenet's "Manon," which was a veritable masterpiece of soft singing, to a group of "spirituals"—which he sang as, I believe, no other singer in America can sing them. And, with the exception of two or three instances of flattening in one spot in his voice, the entire program was something very like a lesson in the art of singing, especially of half-voice singing, and of interpretation. One of his four "spirituals," which was one of two arranged by himself, is more nearly like the 's'pontaneous outbursts of intense religious fervor"—which few of us nowadays have ever heard in meetings houses in the country—than any other these ears have heard. And when he sang that, and "Steal Away to Jesus," the man seemed lifted out of himself—school-singer and highly trained musician though he is.

LIBERTY BAPTIST CHURCH NOTES.

The Liberty Baptist Church witnessed the greatest demonstration of pupil power from its pews in the service last Sunday morning when he preached from the subject, "The Unavoidable Journey," and the text, Job 16:22. When a few years are come, then I shall

go the way whence I shall not return. A large number of people united with the church at the close of the service.

Our church is moving along in a progressive way very nicely, and the program for the winter includes the piano recital by Prof. Turner, who recently graduated from the college of music in Paris.



Prof. Turner won his scholarship from the New England Conservatory of Music in Boston which entitled him to a year's study in the famous Paris Conservatory of Music. He is destined to be ranked among the leading pianists of America. His first appearance in Atlanta will be at the Liberty Baptist Church, Monday night, December 10. Everyone interested in music—whether as a scholar or as a teacher or as a lover of good music—should avail himself of the opportunity to hear this accomplished young man. The admission fee is only Twenty-five (25c) Cents, and is down so low because of the desire on the part of Dr. Hall to have this young musical genius known in the city of Atlanta. You are, therefore, expected to be present on Monday night to have your musical ambitions satisfied.

NOTED ETHIOPIAN SINGERS ARE HIGHLY HONORED

Philadelphia—Miss Marian Anderson, the celebrated contralto, pupil of Giuseppe Boghetti, has been engaged to appear as soloist with the Philharmonic society of Philadelphia this season. Joseph Pasternack, widely known in musical circles, is head of the society. This is a great achievement in the music career of Miss Anderson, and she enjoys a distinction not otherwise paralleled, this being the first time an artist of color has appeared with this great musical organization.

On the announcement of the season's plans for the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Roland Hayes, noted Negro singer, is the only tenor soloist to appear with the organization during the coming year. Mr. Hayes has met with phenomenal success in Europe, where he has enjoyed the proud distinction of appearing as soloist with the most prominent symphony orchestra, as well as in recitals, and wherever he has appeared he has won unstinted praise from the highest critics on the continent. He will appear as soloist with the Boston Symphony Orchestra in Boston, and also in New York City. Later on in the season Mr. Hayes will start on a concert tour of the principal cities in the country.

NEW YORK CITY MAIL
DECEMBER 3, 1923

ROLAND HAYES

The recital in the Town Hall Saturday night was not the first that Roland Hayes has given in New York, but it was the first since his triumphant appearance as soloist of a Boston Symphony concert in Boston. Mr. Hayes, a tenor of African race and American birth, has won extravagant praise for his singing in European capitals, as well as in Boston.

At this recital he offered a program that ranged from Bach and Handel to negro spirituals, and employed Italian, German and French, besides English both pure and tinged with negro dialect. Mr. Hayes has an unusually clear enunciation, especially, it seems, when he sings in German or in French.

His voice is an agreeable lyric tenor and he is a highly cultivated if not an impeccable singer. His command of half voice—and, for that matter,

quarter voice—is exceptional. On that account, perhaps, he was only too free on this occasion when piano and pianissimo singing. He also appeared fond of very slow tempo.

His soft, and even whispered, singing was often admirably effective. Mr. Hayes can sing a true legato (though he didn't always on Saturday) and he can phrase with a most engaging grace. But there was so much of this extreme gentleness and deliberation in his performance that eventually it got on the listener's nerves.

The defects of his technic were manifest when he sang full voice. Sometimes he uttered a ringing, resonant tone, sometimes just a dull, wooden noise. Though he did some especially praiseworthy singing in songs by Schubert and by Schumann, it was in the Negro spirituals at the end of the programme that he was in fullest command of his voice and therefore of his art. But they were spirituals of an exceedingly refined, almost of a drawing room, mildness. The Town Hall was crowded for this event with a demonstratively enthusiastic audience.

P. S.

ROLAND HAYES WINS APPLAUSE OF VIENNESE

American Returns To London After Triumphant Appearance In Austria

SINGS IN PARIS

Plans Concert Tour of United States Beginning November 18th

London, England, June 14. (Special)—Roland Hayes has returned here after a triumphant appearance in Vienna, Austria.

"The most successful triumph in my career," Mr. Hayes remarked after reaching his lodgings on Finchley Road preparatory to a trip to Paris where he sings tonight at the "Salle" Gaveau.

So pleased was Austria with Mr. Hayes' appearance there, that they have invited him back again for a two weeks' tour, at which time he hopes to reach Milan and other centers of music.

Beginning November 18th, Mr. Hayes, under the auspices of a Boston manager, will begin a tour of the United States, his first appearance will be in Symphony Hall on that date. He may arrange to stop in Baltimore he said.

Following is the translation of what the Vienna Morning Daily said of Mr. Hayes after his appearance there:

"One was prepared for an abnormal sensation and one received the sensation of a select artistic evening. Roland Hayes is a Negro, which was cause enough for the decadent Europeans to expect him at most to be only capable of singing Negro songs.

"Instead of which he sang with a beautiful soft voice, with perfect technique (what a piano, what head-tones!) and with a pronunciation which 99 out of 100 white people might take as their example, he sang English, French and Italian songs, and Brahms, Wolf and Schubert.

Something very touching here so well illustrated is something which

unites people of all races; and that a Negro can sing Schubert so beautifully as though there were no white people who had tortured his race for hundreds of years and still did so, so that the one or two that come over here only interest a certain feminine type of which there were some to be found in this concert too.

"We should not forget that the three wise men who were guided by the Star on their quest—one was a Negro. And the Negro even today will represent his Savior as a coal black baby, but he is able (in the cool peculiar beauty of the Negro spirituals which Hayes gave at the end) to tell of him so vividly, touchingly that one might forget much which, had the three wise men lived long enough to experience, might bitterly have disappointed them.

"Thus to the musical impression of the evening which had an enthusiastic almost to loud success, is added the human success as well. No one who is geographically related to him could sing Schubert with more serious and unselfish surrender. Do not imagine that it is sufficient to be white, try first to sing as this black man did."

MOVEMENT TO SAVE NEGRO MUSIC.

By Cleveland G. Allen.

In that department of its works wherein it gives the colored people of America opportunities for wholesome recreation, Community Service, the national civic organization, makes vital use of self-expression through music. In its evoking of such self-expression, it is helping to save the Negro folk songs as a part of the tradition of America, and to stimulate greater interest in and love for them. Community Service has launched a program in which this activity is being made use of the features of its work among the colored Community Service throughout the country. In this way it is helping to educate the people in general to the true value and mission of Negro music and the story it tells. This promises to become one of the most educational musical programs yet undertaken by Community Service, and one that will go a long way toward the perpetuation of this music.

The music program among the colored people consists of organizing community choruses, holding public sings and giving concerts that will be free to all. The choruses are having the advantage of careful training under an expert leader, and both young and old are asked to join and to learn the essentials of choral singing. The plan is

working with encouraging success throughout the country.

To introduce this program among the Negroes of the country, Community Service has appointed as colored music organizer George L. Johnson, one of the most prominent of the Negro singers and conductors. He was appointed last July, and was selected for his special ability and experience as an organizer and conductor. Johnson knows the soul of Negro music, for he was born in Tennessee, a State that is rich in folk-lore. He received his education at the Knoxville College, in that State, where he began the study of music. He later went to Chicago and studied several years under the guidance of Pedro Tinsley. For several years he toured America and Europe with the Williams Jubilee Singers, giving concerts featuring the Negro spirituals. Mr. Johnson was prominent during the war as song leader with the Y. M. C. A. He is thoroughly interested in the development of Negro music, and is a firm believer in its possibilities.

Choruses have been formed at Parsons and Coffeyville, Kansas, and Huntington, W. Va. At each of these places public concerts have been given at which both white and colored people were present and where the Negro spirituals received a great ovation. One of the most successful of these public concerts was in Huntington, West Virginia where a chorus of 200 voices took part. Their ages ran from 13 to 75 years of age. This new program of Community Service has met the heartiest co-operation and response of the citizens of both races which has been very encouraging to the leader.

Mr. Johnson said to your correspondent that these choruses had filled a gap in the life of the people that had heretofore been vacant, and had served to help rural and small urban communities to appreciate music as never before.

Mr. Johnson called attention to the way in which the daily newspapers were supporting the work as a force for better understanding between the races. One of the

daily newspapers of Huntington, in speaking of the concert that was held in that city said in an editorial: "Under the encouragement and leadership of Community Service the excellent vocal talent of the colored people of Huntington has been marshalled and brought together with superb effectiveness. The American Negro has shown a wonderful capacity for musical bits of American melody, and many of the things evolved in the cotton fields or under the stars will love forever. That Community Service has made it possible to hear on a large scale some of the more portentous type is cause for congratulation."

Concerts and organizations of choruses are now being planned for Dayton, Zanesville, and Hamilton, Ohio; New Haven, Conn., and Knoxville, Tenn. There are forty colored centers throughout the country the direction of Community Service Choruses will be formed in many of these centers. When this program has been completed it will be one of the greatest movements that has ever been launched by an organization to perpetuate Negro music, and to bring about a social influence as the result of the formation of musical clubs among the colored people throughout the country.

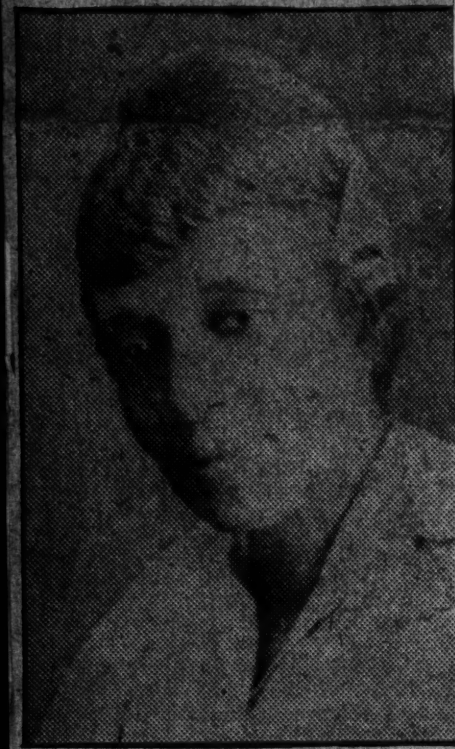
Mr. Johnson said that he wants to instill into the minds and hearts of the younger generation of Negroes the desire "to sing as did their fathers." This movement will correct some of the erroneous impressions about Negro music, will preserve it in its true form, and bring to it the dignity which the music the race sang in slavery deserves.

MRS. PENELLA JACKSON SETS "J. K." FROM MUSIC CRITIC

The following write-up is quoted from the Music News from the pen of Charles Watts:

Penella Jackson, who has a large class of violin and piano pupils at the Severn side of the River Thames, on June 15th, 1923, gave a recital for the first time presented at the Auditorium Recital hall a program of great interest and much of it proving conclusively, not only that she is a painstaking and knowledgeable teacher, but also that she has been a most successful one in securing for her pupils a high standard of musical performance. Her young girls and boys who are sincere and earnest in their endeavors to make the best of their musical talent.

...and so cordial in the acknowledgement of courtesies that we are sure she would like the guest performers to be mentioned first and therefore we specify as among the most interesting numbers of



Mrs. Penella Jackson

the program three groups of songs by James W. Benson, a high baritone, pupil of W. G. Tufts, who was excellently accompanied in his songs by Mrs. Jackson herself.

"Mr. Benson was heard in 'The Heart Call' (Vanderpool), 'Ashes of Roses' (Wood), 'The Two Grenadiers' (Schumann), 'Smilin' Through' (Penn), 'Thank God for a Garden' (Del Riego), 'Sorter Miss You' (Clay Smith) and 'One Fleeting Hour' (Lee), in all of which he disclosed good musicianship and nice musical feeling, as well as a very pleasant voice which has been trained to easy and natural use.

"Russell Gilbert, June Smith and Lloyd Hagan, talented pupils (violin) of E. Tate, were heard to good advantage in well chosen repertoire, one playing the 'Madrigale' (Simonetti), the next an 'Air Varie' (Danclo) and the last a charming 'Sarabande' of Bohm.

"Mrs. Jackson, a woman of much talent evidently and great versatility as well, presented the following pupils in violin: Donald Houston, a very serious little boy, with clear tone and good technic, who played a 'Perpetuo Moto' (Severn) in fine style, and Nelmatilda Ritchie and Ella Mae Johnson, equally talented and careful little girls, who were much liked in popular fantasies on well-known airs.

"Her piano pupils were represented in solo numbers by Sethaleigh Foster who played a prelude of Mendelssohn, Dorothy Wheeler in a popular transcription, Dorothy Weaver in 'Valse' by Dennee, and Dorothy Carrington in the 'Valse Arabesque' by Lach, all showing good work, and Omella Gerald and Loraine Williams, much more advanced, who were excellent in (1) 'Alpine Horn' (Schriner), and (2) 'Rond Capriccioso' (Mendelssohn) and 'Prelude' (Rachmaninoff), all of which were played with understanding and style.

"Mrs. Jackson still further showed her good judgment and her fine teaching ability by presenting considerable ensemble work, all of it being well done and all proving the musicianship and the style of the many who took part.

"There was a brilliant, crisply played piano duet by Virginia Willis and Bernice Butts, and a piano trio (three young girls at one piano) by Gwendolyn Samuels, Geraldine Walker and Harri-

another group which included Gwendolyn Samuels, June Smith and Loraine Williams, playing an adaptation of one of the brilliant 'Polonaise' of Chopin.

"There was also a group of crisp, clear and clean violin and piano players, directed by Mrs. Jackson and called the Tate-Jackson Ensemble class, the personnel of which is as follows:

Lloyd Hagan, Russel Gilbert, June Smith, Ella Mae Johnson, Zenobia Selvy, Mildred Piercefield, Gwendolyn Samuels, Nelmatilda Ritchie, George Hill, Thelma Landers, Leo Martin, Hilda Carey, Forest Harris and Omella Gerald.

"Certificates were presented to Gwendolyn Samuels, Dorothy Wheeler, Omella Gerald, June Smith and Dorothy Carrington."

Old Kentucky Home

New York World

The "Old Kentucky Home" near Bardstown, where Stephen Collins Foster wrote the song known all over the world by that name was dedicated a few days ago as a memorial to the author of the composer. As the result of an appeal by Gov. Edwin P. Morrow, and the appointment of a State commission a fund was raised and the "Old Kentucky Home association" was incorporated, to buy the old house and maintain it for the benefit of future generations.

Bardstown is 30 miles from Louisville. A delegation from Foster's birthplace, Pittsburg attended, as also did members of the city council and Senator David A. Reed of Pennsylvania. The party was joined at Louisville by 100 Kentuckians, including Governor Morrow. At the exercises which transferred the house to the association a chorus sang "Old Kentucky Home" and other songs that have given Foster a place of his own in American music.

The house is of historic importance aside from its connection with Foster. It was built in 1795 by Judge John H. Rowan, one of the first United States Senators from Kentucky. Lafayette was entertained there in 1825. It is known as "Federal Hill" and is said to be one of the purest examples of colonial architecture now remaining in Kentucky.

The transfer to the State also commemorated the ninety-seventh anniversary of Stephen C. Foster's birth. His birthplace at Pittsburg belongs to the city.

A few years ago another memorial was established in the form of an endowment to enable the Bowery Mission, New York, to help men as down and out as he was when he lived on the Bowery and sold his songs for a few dollars to buy bread and rum.

No better place than these memorials is needed that Foster's songs are real folk music in the sense that they are the expression of the emotions of a people. They are folk music in another sense, also; for they are all within the range of the average voice, so that everyone can sing them; their harmonies are so simple that everyone can learn them, and the chords that accompany them are those that everyone can strum.

The story of Foster's life is well known, too, in its general outlines; but there is considerable conflict as to details. He was the son of William Barclay Foster, a prominent citizen of Pittsburg, who served several terms in the Pennsylvania legislature. One of Stephen's brothers was one of the engineers who built the Pennsylvania railroad and later became its vice president.

Stephen did not fit into school life well. He was a handsome, sensitive, unsocial youth, plainly unsuited to the ordinary contacts of life. After a year at Jefferson College, at Cannonsburg, Pa., he went to Cincinnati to work for his brother, Dun-

ning McNair, a bookkeeper. Business also proved unattractive, and he returned home where he spent his time studying French, German and music, writing songs, which he did not publish, and painting, which is said to have done rather well.

According to his brother and biographer, Morrison Foster, his first success "Old Uncle Ned," was written in 1845 for a club of young men who used to meet at his home to sing.

The question where Foster got the intimate color of his negro songs is an open one. Morrison Foster says the family had a mulatto "bound girl" who was allowed to take Stephen with her to her church sometimes, and that from the singing negroes there he picked up the peculiar quality that distinguished the music he later wrote.

An article published in the register of the Kentucky State Historical society for May, 1921, by Willard Rouse Jilson, director and State geologist, says that "Old Kentucky Home" was written while Foster was visiting there in 1852, and that it was first sung there by a young woman while Foster himself accompanied her on the piano. It is also stated in this article that Foster visited the place "frequently" and spent his honeymoon there.

Foster put into his songs the elemental pathos and humanity of the race, as well as its quaint humor. Occasionally in his other music he touched a high level, as in the still popular serenade "Come Where My Love Lies Dreaming," but for the most part it is the negro melodies that have lived.

After his marriage Foster went to New York. He returned to Pittsburg after about a year, but later went back to New York, where he remained until his death. The latter part of his life was strangely out of key with the first part. Stories differ as to exact amounts paid him for some of his successes, but his brother Morrison says he had "every favorable prospect a young man could hope for. He was paid a certain sum for every song he might choose to write, besides a royalty on the copies printed." But in 1861 he was living wretchedly in the American House at No. 15, the Bowery, writing pot-boilers and selling them where he could for from \$5 to \$25 and spending most of the money for drink. George Cooper, who wrote words for many of Foster's songs in the last few years of his life, has described him as he was at that time.

"I had pictured Foster as distinguished as his fame," he said. "He was a broken wreck of a man at 35 years old, living a useless, purposeless life here in New York, separated from his wife and without reputable friends.

Early in the morning of January 10, 1864, Cooper was called to the American House. He found Foster lying in one of the halls, with a face like death, and a gash in his forehead, sewed up with hasty stitches, of black thread. Foster told him he had arisen in the night and fainted while trying to reach the water pitcher, cutting his head as he fell.

He was taken to Bellevue Hospital, where he died. He was buried in a Pittsburg cemetery.

Foster published some 170 songs in all. Among those best remembered are: "Old Kentucky Home," "Hard Times," "Old Uncle Ned," "Nelly Was a Lady," "Old Black Joe," "Massa's in de Cold, Cold Ground," "Come Where My Love Lies Dreaming," "Suwanee River," and "Old Dog Tray."

A Tribute to Mr. Roland Hayes.

Mr. Roland Hayes, who is ever-ready to give his services in the cause of charity, was the cause of £360 going to enrich the coffers of the Y. W. C. A. Theatrical Hostel this month. His recital, which brought in this handsome sum, was held at Lansdowne House, and that it was as great a success artistically as it was financially goes without saying. Mr. Hayes, I believe, recently gave a recital in aid of the African Progress Union—I wish he would give one to help the stranded West African seamen. By the way, I have been asked to reproduce the following, which appeared recently in a charming article on the great singer in the "Daily Telegraph":—"There is an indefinable quality in the art of Mr. Roland Hayes which sets him in a class apart from most other singers of the day. It is not merely that the voice is a remarkably sensitive medium for the reflection of the most intimate shades of meaning, although that alone would suffice for complete enjoyment. But, added to that, his style has an unfailing suggestion of spontaneity about it which gives you the impression that he is singing because it is the most natural way in which he can express himself, and not because he is faced by an audience which has to be entertained. There was no question of the spell which he cast over the crowded audience which went to hear his only recital this season at Wigmore Hall. Most of a perfectly chosen programme was familiar enough, but since Mr. Hayes has the ability to make every song his own for the moment, one could have asked for nothing better. Two adventures there were in a couple of lyrics by Yoshinori Matsuyama, charming exotics in which the East of musical convention is given something of a new aspect. For the rest, Mr. Hayes ranged with rare understanding over French, German, and English song, the latter represented by folk-song arrangements by Roger Quilter and Herbert Hughes, and, of course, included also were some of the beautiful Negro tunes which Mr. Hayes gives as no one else can."

MISS TALLEY WINS HIGH HONORS IN MUSIC

The Fisk Musical America, under date of June 23 1923, carries the account following from Cleveland G. Allen—*New Negro University* in New York

"Among the outstanding achievements of Negro musical students this year has been the graduation of Sonoma Talley, pianist, and Eugene Mars Martin, violinist, with high honors from the Institute of Musical Art, New York. Miss Talley has the distinction of being the first colored person to receive the artist diploma. In addition, she was awarded a prize of \$500. Miss Talley, who is the daughter of T. W. Talley of Fisk University, was graduated from the piano department of the Institute of Musical Art in 1921, and then returned to study for the artist diploma. This course, which usually takes from three to four years, was completed by her in two years. Miss Talley began her musical education at Fisk University, and took the degree of A. B. there in 1920, when only seventeen years of age. Eugene Mars Martin, son of David Martin of the Martin-Smith School, is the first Negro to be graduated

from the violin department of the Institute, and is the youngest member of his class."

NYC POST
JUNE 2, 1923

American Music Not Based on African Airs

Not a Black Spot in Stephen Foster's Songs—He and Edward MacDowell Showed the Way To the Real Thing

By Henry T. Finck

In 1906 the editor of the *Review* asked some of the most prominent Parisian composers for their views on the subject of French music. Vincent d'Indy replied that there was no such thing as a national French music. Berlioz he considered a genius, but not a genuine French composer. Bruneau, on the other hand, replied that in his opinion there is a specifically French music and Berlioz its Messiah!

When we thus find two leading musicians expressing diametrically opposed opinions on the subject of nationality in the music of their country—one of the oldest and most important musical countries in the world—we surely cannot wonder that there should be so little light and such a conflict of opinion on the subject of national traits in the music of a country which, like ours, is still in its infancy so far as this art is concerned.

Booker Washington writes in the preface to a collection of negro melodies made by S. Coleridge Taylor that his race realizes that "apart from the music of the red man the negro folk song is the only distinctive American music." This is the almost universal belief to-day among the whites of this country, too. Yet it is about as unspeakably absurd as anything could possibly be.

The most sensible thing on this subject I have ever read is the following letter written to me by Col. Dangerfield Parker:

The Truth About Negro Music

"The so-called negro music has been composed by white men—Foster and others—and in the very few instances where negroes have attempted composition their pieces have been imitations (feeble ones) of the works of the whites. I am half Southern by

blood. I have been interested in this matter for years, have been an extensive traveller, and have made it a study; but I have never yet been able to put my finger upon a piece of music composed by a negro excepting one song by 'Blind Tom,' whose ear was educated, so to speak, to white methods, and whose song was an imitation of those of white composers. In my childhood I have heard, in the mountains of Tennessee, negroes singing a sort of wild melancholy chant, which may have originally been brought from Africa; but no one knew—they least of all. So with hymns of a peculiar, wild and plaintive character I have heard in Louisiana."

It is these "wild and melancholy" strains that represent the true negro music. Booker Washington says that, "according to the testimony of African students at Tuskegee, there are in the native African melodies strains that reveal the close relationship between the negro music of America and Africa." Mrs. Jeanette Murphy of Orlando, Fla., who heard these African strains during the days of her girlhood in Kentucky, has written an interesting brochure on them; she sing them in the true negro style at her lecture recitals and they sound strangely exotic. This is real negro music, but its essence is African. To use it as a basis of American art music would be absurd; to call it "American folk music" is a foolish juggling with words. We might as well try to build up an American poetic art on Chinese or Japanese legends.

But how about the rest of the so-called negro music—that which has none of the African tang? It is not negro music at all, but merely white music that has been assimilated and sung by the black man. The negroes are astonishingly clever imitators. In Angola, for instance, they "whistle and sing every tune they have heard once from a European." When the Austrian expert Richard Wallaschek, who has written a book on "Primitive Music," examined the earliest collections of American slave songs, made by Miss McKim and H. G. Spaulding, he was surprised to find them "ignorantly 'arranged'—not to

say ignorantly borrowed—from the national songs of all nations, from military signals, well-known marches, German student songs, etc."

This tells the whole story. Most of the alleged negro songs are a hodge-podge of Spanish, Portuguese, English, German, French, American tunes; above all, American; as, particularly, the hauntingly lovely melodies of Stephen Foster.

Justice to Stephen Foster

There is a world of significance in the fact that Foster's last song, "Old Folks at Home," was bought by the negro minstrel Edwin P. Christy, who published it as "written and composed" by himself. This sums up the whole situation. Foster was a poor fellow who had to make his living as best he could by selling his songs in the most profitable market. In those days the entertainment of the negro minstrels (real or "corked") were about the only "concerts" for which the American public had any use. Songs about plantation life were particularly in demand; hence Foster attended negro camp meetings, studied plantation life in general, and used the negro dialect in some of his songs. This dialect, however, is the only negro trait in them; the sentiments expressed are those of whites rather than of blacks, and the music is entirely Foster's. Yet, because this plantation music is set to words in negro dialect and was sung for decades throughout the country by negroes or blackened whites, ninety-nine persons out of a hundred of us still cling to the delusion that it is music created, or at least inspired, by the negroes!

It is no such thing. There is not a black spot in these Foster songs, which are the best things, by far, of all that is comprised under the head of plantation music. They are white songs, the inspirations of one of the most original and emotional of melodists the world has seen; yet we have hitherto allowed these genuine American songs to be spoken of as part of that negro or slave music which is, we are told every day, "the only distinctively American music!" Surely it is high time to end this nonsense; to render unto Foster what is Foster's, unto America what is America's.

Concerning Indian Music

Indian music is unlike that of the negro, really American, but Indians are not whites; their music is as unlike ours as the Chinaman's is, and it is ridiculous to think of building our national "American" music on red scraps of crude melody.

Quite likely, some of our future composers may feel tempted to follow the example of MacDowell, Dvorak, Chadwick, Gotschalk, Broekhoven, Loomis, Cadman, Spaulding, Gilbert, Powell, Schelling, and others of spicing a few of their works with Indian or planta-

tion melodies; they may even, in a humorous piece, or a bolsterous finale, introduce a suggestion of "the rude chant of the cowboy," in which Loomis and Farwell are interested; but the bulk and substance of American music will not come from these borrowed or suggested sources; it will come from the brains of original, individual composers, who are American in thought and feeling—men like Stephen Foster and Edward MacDowell, the two most characteristically American composers we have had so far.

RACE MUSICIANS GIVEN PLACE IN SUN BY DEVRIES

Says They Turn to Music Naturally; Devote Selves to Highest in Art

"The Negro is finding his place in the society of today, and his guide and support is education," remarks Herman Devries, musical instructor and critic in the Chicago Evening American.

"This not at all sensational thought came to me the other day while giving my class a lesson in the art of hauling."

"I happened to find a few programs of recitals and concerts," he reports upon the activities of the often misunderstood race, "and I was eager to forget its staid tendencies and to identify itself with the pure spirit of Americanism."

"We know by the history of the world war that the Negro is not lacking in bravery. We know by the quality of their poetry, by the sincerity of their great representative, the late Booker Washington, by their composers and the music that is native to their soul, that they are more than the creators of 'jazz' and the certain distortions we call dancing."

Needs No Defense

"This is not a press-agent plea, a soap-box speech in behalf of the race. Today the Negro seems to have found his place—he needs no defenders besides his own ambition and zeal to learn—to live up to the universal ideal of civilization."

"He turns to music naturally, but it is rare to find a taste so sure, a devotion to the finest of the arts, such as has been recently shown by a group of Negroes of the South side colony that gathers for its meetings and concerts at the Studebaker theater, at Kimball hall and at Abraham Lincoln center."

"I remember, too, that no less a personage in the music world than F. Wright Neumann did not disdain to present in recital Hazel Harrison,

one of the most talented colored pianists I have ever heard and a pupil of Busoni and other pedagogues."

Have Place Apart

"Among the South side's colored musicians one recalls more easily those whose public performances placed them far apart from the average Negro."

"I mention only a few, such as Bertha Dickerson-Tyree and Mrs. M. Calloway-Byron, who give programs as well studied and chosen as any arranged by even Matzenouer and her composers, Maude Roberts George, the possessor of a lovely soprano voice, Mary Jones, the baritone, Hugh Buchanan, Anita Patti Brown, one of the 'coloratura' of the 'Color,' Florence Cole Talbert, the winner of a diamond medal at the Chicago Musical college; the tenor, George R. Garner; Lena James, composer; Hilbert Stewart and Theo Taylor, pianists."

National Association of Negro Musicians

Great interest is centered upon the coming of the National Association of Negro Musicians, which is to hold daily sessions at the Metropolitan Community Center July 24, 25, 26 and 27. The evening programs will be held at Wendell Phillips High School and Grace Presbyterian Church, the National program at Arvan Gravo. To all of these programs the public is cordially invited to be present. An opportunity to hear out of town artists will be the rare treat of the convention.

The local president, J. Wesley Jones, has received many letters from all parts of the country from distinguished musicians and teachers who will be in attendance. Tickets are on sale for the National program at Metropolitan Community Center and a number of boxes and rows of seats have already been taken. Make your reservations early.

PITTSBURG PA POST
SEPTEMBER 9, 1923

"The Negro is the originator of the modern jazz," says Eubie Blake of Sledge and Blake, and director of music of "Shuffle Along" at the P.K.T.

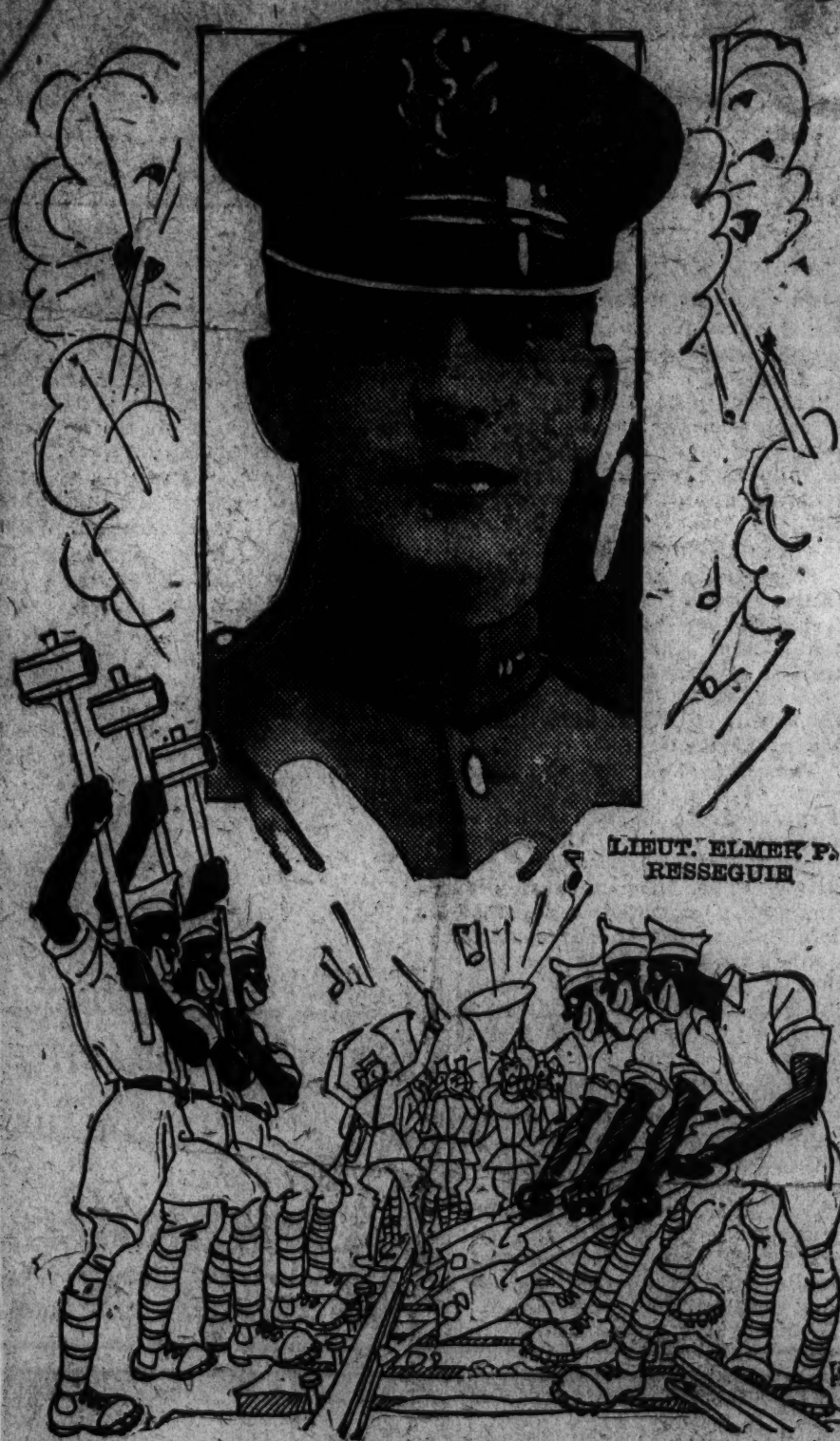
"Unless a white man has been reared in the South with the blacks and knows them thoroughly, he cannot give even a mediocre impersonation of a Negro minstrel," continues Blake. "The distinctive traits are racial. There are hundreds of Negroes in the South with wonderful voices and talent for dancing, but they do not have opportunities to show what they can do, so their chances to develop are limited."

"We feel that we are giving the world the Southern folk songs and dances that will go down with the years as a distinctive type."

"All we need is a little encouragement. The love of music and dancing is inherent in our natures."

It needs only to hear Blake's interpretation of "Old Black Joe" on the piano to understand how sympathetically the melody may be played.

NEGRO SPIRITUALS HELPED A. E. F. GO OVER THE TOP



LIEUT. ELMER P.
RESSEGUIE

American Folk Songs Introduced During War.

"Laying rails to music," says Lieutenant Elmer P. Ressegule, who was a bandmaster of the 105th Field Artillery, A. E. F., "saved the American army a good many dollars and much time during the war."

"Led by a band and several 'sing-in' men," with great rich voices, the fall layers chanted the stirring spirituals of the American negro, gradually

accelerating the rise and fall of their mallets and shovels and hitting a little harder as the tempo increased.

"America owes the old song and its fellows a deep debt of gratitude," Lieutenant Ressegule declares, "for its irresistible refrain hurried up munitions and supplies for many a lad who had to go over the top and incidentally introduced America's only folk songs to the north, west and east."

INDIAN, NEGRO MUSIC ON SORORITY PROGRAM
TOLEDO, Ohio.—Music of the American Indian and Negro will make up the program for the monthly meeting of the Phi Kappa Phi Sorority, to be held Wednesday evening in the auditorium of the Toledo Conservatory of Music, Summit-Grerry building.
On the program are: Ella Burkhoffer, Esther Motchikis, Estella Moll Matilda Burns, Florence Fisher, Helen Clark, Kathryn Clapp, Ruth Brand, Alma Harris and Norma Emmert.

OUR COMPOSERS NOW AT TOP OF MUSICAL WORLD

By J. A. Jackson

Five years ago a colored composer whose work attracted more than passing attention was a rarity. Four years ago the voice of the Negro artist was as yet unrecorded, excepting, of course, Bert Williams, who had long before crossed all artistic color lines. While the populace was seeking surcease from the nerve strain of the world war someone introduced to the metropolitan centers these old Southern melodies that had for centuries served to alleviate the soul-soreness of millions.

These songs and their adaptations became public favorites as spirituals, jazz numbers and blues, according as the mood of the composers dictated. Soon the world was jazz wild, too much so for endurance. The South was ravished for the sacred songs; the labor melodies of the cotton fields were dressed in modern array and handed to a willing public.

White artists tried to interpret these numbers not always with the success that was hoped for. Composers of other races attempted to marshal the melodies, but missed the soul and spirit of them.

One after the other music publishers have been acknowledging the need of race composers if they would have really worth-while numbers of the blues type. Hesitatingly they took on one, then another of our group, till today perhaps every house has at least a contributing if not a staff composer who is colored.

A list of the composers reads like a roll call of "Who's Who" in Negro music. Some of the famed names are Will Vodery, who has for years made the musical arrangements for "Ziegfeld's Follies"; Henry Creamer, of "Strut Miss Lizzie" fame; Spencer Williams; Tim Brymn; Chris Smith; Shelton Brooks; Lew Peyton; James I. Johnson, who Will Marion Cook has declared to be the most versatile pianist of the race; Porter Grainger and Donald Haywood, both of whom have already written a number of musical comedy successes; Bob Warfield, O. Simms and Warfield, and Edgar Dowell.

The younger group has not been overlooked, for there is work by Lovie Austin, Joseph Trent, Billy Smythe,

Ollman and Jennie Cobb, Eugene West, Lemuel Fowler, a regular member of the house staff; Alex Robinson and Lloyd Smith.

Of the artists who have written numbers primarily for their own use, and therefore charged with their personality, there are Alberta Hunter, the most advertised of present-day colored singers; Sarah Martin, whose recent tour was a triumphant march across country; Bud Cooper; Daisy Martin, the colored girl first to break the barriers of burlesque as a leading lady; and Wilton.

COLORED QUEEN OF BLUES AT AUDITORIUM This Sunday

The world's most famous colored organization, Handy's Original Band, with W. C. Handy, known throughout America as the "king of jazz," and Sara Martin, indisputably the "queen of the blues," will appear jointly here on Tuesday night, August 21, at the Auditorium-Armory. Audiences that have packed the theater in all cities have greeted this famous colored aggregation in several cities visited it has been necessary to call out police reserves, so great has been the desire to see and hear these celebrities of the phonograph world. An evening packed with titillating melodies, shoulder-shaking rhythms, and syncopated tunes played and sung as no other race in existence can do, will be the fare spread before local amusement lovers. Handy is to the colored musical world what Sousa is to the white. His name has been sounded around the world as the creator of jazz and blues. Sara Martin has outstripped all of her rivals for enormous sales of phonograph recordings. So perfect is her voice said to record and so unmatched is her rhythm, that it has become the fad in New York and other cities to buy her records for use at fashionable dances, and it is safe to say that her appearance here with Handy and his famous band will create new interest in this weird, chanty, melodious style of song.

Musicians Meet Here This Month

Delegates have begun to arrive for the national meeting of the Association of Negro Musicians, which is to be held July 24, 25, 26 and 27, at Metropolitan Community center. The concert on the last evening, the 24th, will be held at Wendell Phillips High school and will be rendered by the Chicago local. The following artists will appear as arranged by the program committee, which Mrs. Martha Mitchell is chairman: Miss Bertha D. Tree and Miss Mary Jones, soprano; Misses Goldie Guy and Thelma O. Simons, pianists; Lawrence Lomax, tenor; T. P. Bryant, baritone; Harrison Emmanuel, violinist; Miss Irene Howard, cornetist; Harrison Ferrell's string quartette. This program will be a rare treat, and the public is invited to be present and show their appreciation of our local artists.

The second night's program will be rendered at Grace Presbyterian church, and will be rendered by visiting artists. Wednesday night's program will be given at Wendell Phillips High school, and Thursday night's program will be given by the national association and will be called the national program. This will be at Aryan Grotto temple, and tickets are on sale at the Y. M. C. A., Y. W. C. A. and the Community center. Box reservations can be made by notifying any of these three locations. The complete program for the entire session will appear in next week's paper. A chorus of 200 voices under the direction of James A. Mundy, eminent director, will appear at Aryan Grotto on the 26th.

The Chicago association has over one hundred and eighty active and associate members, and all are working together as a unit for the success of this great convention.

On Sunday two programs were rendered in interest of the association. One at Greater Bethel, through the courtesy of Miss Mary Jones. The program will long be remembered by all who heard it for its artistic completeness. Those appearing were: Miss Alpha Bratton, soprano; Misses Lowell Derrick and Mae Barrett, pianists; Professor Johnson, violinist. By special request of the audience Mrs. Anita Patti Brown, accompanied by Miss Doxey, which was highly appreciated with enthusiastic applause. T. Theo. Taylor accompanied Miss Bratton. The history of the organization was given by George Hutchison, treasurer, who acted in the absence of Mr. Jones. Mrs. Wilma Mason Brown was the very splendid mistress of ceremonies.

At Evanston at the same hour Mrs. Martha Mitchell presided at our second meeting. J. Wesley Jones, the president, gave the address. The following artists appeared: Miss Nellie Dobson, soprano; Miss Goldie Guy, pianist; David Mitchell, tenor; Walter Gossette, organist; Harrison Ferrell, violinist, and Mrs. Florence Cole Talbert of Detroit was guest artist and was enthusiastically applauded.

Members are reminded that the next meeting of the local before the national is Wednesday, July 18, at the Y. M. C. A., which will be the last opportunity to adjust matters and get final instructions for the meeting.

Music - 1923.

Folk Song N.C. Recorder

Aug 8 1923

FOLK-SONG OF THE AMERICAN NEGRO

By Mrs. W. M. Shuford

Civilization wears away the spirit and conditions which give birth to folk song. Bearing this in mind, it is not difficult to understand why there is no folk song which expresses the soul of America. America was settled by people who came from countries whose civilization was centuries old, and who brought their institutions, customs, literature and music with them. Their strength was successfully used in the building of a nation but the beginnings were too far advanced for folk song creation. Strictly speaking there is only one indisputable folk song that is of American production and that is the one that was born in the hearts of the old slave negro. From the moment of his arrival all conditions were favorable to the negro producing a folk song. The African was vastly different from the other men who came to America. He was not fresh from a civilization which had been built up through centuries. He had not been the builder of a mighty nation. He had not the means of conquering this rugged land, and was not stronger but weaker than his surroundings. Had conditions been different it is certain that the trend of his music would have been in another direction. It was slavery that gave color to his music. The sorrows of slavery pierced his heart and poured itself out in such lamentations as "Nobody Knows the Trouble I See," "I Am Troubled in Mind," "O Wretched Man That I Am," and so on. Songs of this kind expressed the tragedies of slavery. Curiously enough the negro held Satan responsible for all his troubles. His mind could reach no higher. His soul was either with Satan in pain or with God in joy. He could not see and appreciate the things of everyday life, which fact accounts for the uncommon character of his religious songs and the almost worthlessness of his secular songs.

The negro folk songs were of course made, never composed or written. Almost all of them have their origin in the Bible, which was perhaps the only book they ever read or heard read. One would take a line that caught his fancy, such as,

"There is a Balm in Gilead," "Ting the terrible expression on her face, and hearing these words, read as built in 1795 by Judge John Rowan, one of the first United States Senators from Kentucky. Lafayette was entertained there in 1825. It is known as "Federal Hill," and is said to be one of the purest examples of Colonial architecture now remaining in Kentucky. The transfer to the State also commemorated the ninety-seventh anniversary of Stephen C. Foster's birth. His birthplace, at Pittsburg, belongs to that city. A few years ago another memorial was established in the form of an endowment to enable the Bowery Mission, New York City, to help men as down and out as he was when he lived on the Bowery and sold his songs for a few dollars to buy bread and rum. No better proof than these memorials is needed that Foster's songs are real folk-music, in the sense that they are the expression of the emotions of a people. They are folk-music in another sense, also; for they are all within the range of the average voice, so that everyone can sing them; their harmonies are so simple that everyone can learn them, and the chords that accompany them are those that everyone can strum. The question where Foster got the intimate color of his negro songs is an open one. Morrison Foster, his brother, says the family had a mulatto "bound girl," who was allowed to take Stephen with her to her church sometimes, and that from the shouting negroes there he picked up the peculiar quality that distinguished the music he later wrote. Foster's negro songs struck a new note. Before that time the negro on the stage and in music had been represented merely as a buffoon. "Zip Coon" and "Jim Crow" were its accredited expressions. Foster put into his songs the elemental pathos and humanity of the race, as well as its quaint humor. Occasionally in his other music he touched a high level, as in the still popular serenade "Come Where My Love Lies Dreaming;" but for the most part it is the negro melodies that have lived. Foster published some 170 songs in all. Among those best remembered are: "Old Kentucky Home," "Hard Times," "Old Uncle Ned," "Nelly Was a Lady," "Old Black Joe," "Massa's in de Cold Cold Ground," "Come Where My Love Lies Dreaming," "Swanee River," and "Old Dog Tray."

"Daniel Saw the Stone," etc., and would take it up and add another line, and so on until it often grew to great length. Variations were added to suit the mood and the condition of the singer. There was no harmony, of course, only melody and words. The harmony was a matter of individual taste. The slaves learned and sang some of the songs of the white people, but they always added variations of their own, and such variations as were never heard before, for the negro is able to run up and down the scale, make side trips and go off on furloughs all in perfect time and in such dazzling ways as to bewilder the uninitiated. A striking characteristic of the negro's song is that it has no expression of bitterness or hatred. That a race which had toiled and suffered as the negro had could express only love in his songs is strong evidence that it possessed a clear comprehension of the great force of life and that it must have had experience in the fundamentals of Christianity. A few musicians of some note have thought it worth while to give considerable time and effort to the preservation and development of these songs, and at such negro schools as Fisk, Hampton, Tuskegee and Calhoun, earnest efforts are being put forth to collect, sing, study and develop them.

The following interesting story is told of how "Swing Low, Sweet Chariot," came into existence:

"A master of a Tennessee plantation had sold a mother from her babe, and the day for the separation was fast approaching when the mother was to be taken 'down South.' Now, the condition of the slave in Tennessee was better than in any other State, with the possible exception of Virginia. To be sold 'South' was, to the slave, to make the journey from which no traveler ever returned. So it was not strange that the mother would sooner take her life and that of her babe than to go down into Mississippi, which to her, was going to her grave. Bent upon throwing herself and her child over the steep banks of the Cumberland River, she was stumbling along the dusty road, her infant clasped close to her breast, muttering in frenzy her dire determination, 'Before I'd be a slave, I'd be buried in my grave!' An old 'mammy,' seeing

the terrible expression on her face, and hearing these words, read as built in 1795 by Judge John Rowan, one of the first United States Senators from Kentucky. Lafayette was entertained there in 1825. It is known as "Federal Hill," and is said to be one of the purest examples of Colonial architecture now remaining in Kentucky. The transfer to the State also commemorated the ninety-seventh anniversary of Stephen C. Foster's birth. His birthplace, at Pittsburg, belongs to that city. A few years ago another memorial was established in the form of an endowment to enable the Bowery Mission, New York City, to help men as down and out as he was when he lived on the Bowery and sold his songs for a few dollars to buy bread and rum. No better proof than these memorials is needed that Foster's songs are real folk-music, in the sense that they are the expression of the emotions of a people. They are folk-music in another sense, also; for they are all within the range of the average voice, so that everyone can sing them; their harmonies are so simple that everyone can learn them, and the chords that accompany them are those that everyone can strum. The question where Foster got the intimate color of his negro songs is an open one. Morrison Foster, his brother, says the family had a mulatto "bound girl," who was allowed to take Stephen with her to her church sometimes, and that from the shouting negroes there he picked up the peculiar quality that distinguished the music he later wrote. Foster's negro songs struck a new note. Before that time the negro on the stage and in music had been represented merely as a buffoon. "Zip Coon" and "Jim Crow" were its accredited expressions. Foster put into his songs the elemental pathos and humanity of the race, as well as its quaint humor. Occasionally in his other music he touched a high level, as in the still popular serenade "Come Where My Love Lies Dreaming;" but for the most part it is the negro melodies that have lived. Foster published some 170 songs in all. Among those best remembered are: "Old Kentucky Home," "Hard Times," "Old Uncle Ned," "Nelly Was a Lady," "Old Black Joe," "Massa's in de Cold Cold Ground," "Come Where My Love Lies Dreaming," "Swanee River," and "Old Dog Tray."

Westfield Lj. Standard

July 13 1923

FOSTER'S NEGRO SONGS STRUCK A NEW NOTE

Dedication of House in Which "Old Kentucky Home" Was Written Recalls

Composer's Career

The "Old Kentucky Home," near Bardstown, Ky., where Stephen Collins Foster wrote the song known all over the world by that name, was dedicated July 4 as a memorial to the author and composer. As the result of an appeal by Gov. Edwin P. Morrow, and the appointment of a State Commission, a fund was raised and the "Old Kentucky Home Association" was incorporated to buy the old house and maintain it for the benefit of future generations. The house is of historic importance, aside from its connection with

Damrosch's Orchestra Plays 'Negro Symphony'

WASHINGTON, Oct. 29.—Indicative of a tendency to remove from Antonin Dvorak's E. Minor Symphony its Negro motif, the Post prints a critique of Walter Damrosch's recent interpretation of that classic here, and says it "was characterized by its adherence to the old Bohemian melodies, regardless of the fact that it teemed with Negro and Indian tunes. There is a heterogeneous combination of the Negro content that bespeaks the restlessness and seething busyness of the new nation."

This point of view would be hardly arrestive, except that it reflects the temper of the times to eliminate everything Negro, even from the arts, and in this regard it is quite a heroic thrust at the very history of the great composition. The patent vandalism is so pronounced that it is enough to make Dvorak restless in his grave. It will be remembered that the famous master chose for the motif of his E Minor classic the wonderful Negro plantation hymn, "Swing Low, Sweet Chariot," and loved to refer to it among his friends, including Will Marion Cook, Harry Thacker Burleigh, Theodore Drury and Dr. C. Sumner Wormley, as "The Negro Symphony."

When Damrosch rendered it on a notable program in the auditorium of Central High School in this city last week, some of the colored votaries of music in the national capital were present to hear it.

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begin to chant it. Soon another would take it up and add another line, and so on until it often grew to great length. Variations were added to suit the mood and the condition of the singer. There was no harmony, of course, only melody and words. The harmony was a matter of individual taste. The slaves learned and sang some of the songs of the white people, but they always added variations of their own, and such variations as were never heard before, for the negro is able to run up and down the scale, make side trips and go off on furloughs all in perfect time and in such dazzling ways as to bewilder the uninitiated. A striking characteristic of the negro's song is that it has no expression of bitterness or hatred. That a race which had toiled and suffered as the negro had could express only love in his songs is strong evidence that it possessed a clear comprehension of the great force of life and that it must have had experience in the fundamentals of Christianity.

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face, and hearing these words, read her intentions. In love she laid her dear old hand upon the shoulder of the distressed mother and said, 'Don't you do it, honey, wait, let de chariot of de Lord swing low, and let me take de Lord's scrolls an' read it to you.' Then, making a motion as reaching for something, and unrolling it, she read, 'God's got a great work for dis baby to do; she's goin' to stand befo' kings and queens. Don't you do it, honey.' The mother was so impressed with the words of the old 'mammy' she gave up her fell design and allowed herself to be taken off down into Mississippi, leaving her baby behind. These two songs grew by degrees, as they passed from mouth to mouth, until they reach their present state. The prophecy of the old 'mammy' was literally filled. After the war, the baby girl entered Fisk University and was a member of the Original Fisk Jubilee Singers, who stood before kings and queens. When the tour of the singers was ended, this girl set out to find her mother, and after searching for some time, found and brought her into a beautiful home, where she lived in love and comfort until the summer of 1912, when the 'Sweet Chariot Swung Low and bore her home.'—The Tar Heel Leaguer.

ROLAND HAYES 1ST CHOICE IN BOSTON SYMPH. CONCERT

Pierre Montaux, the conductor of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, was so impressed by the singing of Roland Hayes, the colored tenor who has had such a great success in London, Paris and Vienna, that he named him as a first choice for soloist at the regular Boston Symphony concert for the coming season in Boston. This appearance will open the American tour of Roland Hayes, which is to begin in November. The announcement of the fact moved the critics of Boston to special comment as follows:

Philip Hale, Boston Herald, Sept. 13, '23—"It is a pleasure to find the name of Roland Hayes in the list of soloists. He richly deserves the honor."

H. C. Parker, Boston Transcript, Sept. 13, '23—"Mr. Hayes, the tenor, at last and after a long wait, is in his own country in an orchestra of the first rank."

Famously known Boston Globe, Sept. 9, '23—"The proportion of first-rate newcomers (in the list of soloists) is unusually high. Many among

the local public interested in music will be especially glad to see Roland Hayes name in the list, where it might well have appeared several seasons back. He is as great a musician as Boston has yet produced, and now not without honor in his own country.

"He has sung with several leading European orchestras, and won the highest praise everywhere, not as a singer, but as one of the few vocalists who are to be heard in this generation, regardless of racial and national considerations."

Mr. Hayes is also engaged as soloist for the concert of the Detroit Symphony Orchestra. His short tour of two months will include recitals in New York, Boston, Chicago, Baltimore, Washington, Richmond, Raleigh, Nashville, Louisville, Providence, New Haven, Toronto, Philadelphia, Pittsburgh, Buffalo and other cities.

THE ANCRUM SCHOOL OF MUSIC ANNOUNCEMENT

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ROLAND HAYES PRAISED BY THE CRITICS OF EUROPE

Person
10-17-23

Roland Hayes first went to Europe in 1920. He was the nan enthusiastic young man, equipped with a remarkable voice, a sound vocal training. As a "send-off," he had a more than auspicious debut to his credit, and warm predictions and expressions of encouragement from every hand. Yet the world was still before him.

London was his first goal. The public of that city was immediately struck by the rich, melodious beauty of his voice, and by his fine intelligence. He soon found a literally inexhaustible public for his recitals. Ernest Newman, England's leading critic, singled him out as a tenor with whom few could compare. He sang before the King and Queen of England, who became greatly interested in his career. Roland Hayes made his French debut when he appeared with the famous Colonne Orchestra under Pierre. The Parisian public and press responded as had the English.

Next, he penetrated eastward and sang several times in Vienna. The city of Mozart and Beethoven was skeptical at the announcement of a serious concert by a member of a race from whom nothing was familiar but dance music. With his first song incredulity turned into eager enthusiasm. Again, Roland Hayes became "the race."

Roland Hayes Is Engaged for Symphony Orchestra

Famous Tenor Will Be Soloist in Detroit and Boston. Distinction Is First Of Race.

St. Louis, Mo., Sept. 15.—Roland Hayes, tenor, has been engaged for the coming season as soloist with the Boston and Detroit Symphony Orchestras. This is a distinction never before attained by one of his race.

Hayes recently returned from Europe, where he gave concerts in London, Paris and Vienna. He sang by royal command before King George

Music—1923.

N. Y. CITY MUSICAL AMERICA
SEPTEMBER 15, 1923

Says Native Music of America Came from Negroes

To the Editor of MUSICAL AMERICA:

From time to time statements appear concerning Negro music that are both pitiable and absurd. Most people who undertake to write about Negro music have no knowledge of it, and have not made the slightest study of it. There has been a persistent movement on the part of many in this country to discredit this music as a Negro product, and to attribute its source to other than the Negro. I say here, as I have said on more than one occasion, that the original music of this country—or to express it better, the native music of America—is that given by the Negro. Before the Negro began to sing his songs of sorrow of joy, of faith, of courage, of adoration, and his labor songs, there was no evidence of any folk music in this country.

The Negro spirituals, like "Steal Away to Jesus," "Go Down, Moses," "Swing Low, Sweet Chariot," "Bye and Bye," "Oh, Mary, Don't You Weep," "What Kind a Shoes You Are Going to Wear," and scores of others that I could name, are purely Negro creations. They were not sung promiscuously, but were born out of circumstances that drew them forth. He sang "Steal Away to Jesus" because he was actually stealing away to serve Jesus.

A recent writer, for instance, says: "As a musician the African slave had never left the home plate when removed forcibly to America. If he brought anything into this country expressible in terms of music, he brought all there was in savage Africa, for neither explorer nor missionary has ever found any there." This statement shows that the writer knows nothing of African lore. The whole life of the African is built around music. He has his love songs, his work songs, his dance songs, his war songs. If the missionary or explorer has not found music in Africa, it is because he has not looked for it.

This writer goes on to argue that the Negro got his musical start from the white man. There is no proof that this is the case. It is certainly not so in this country.

To begin with, the Negro lived under conditions such as to produce music peculiar to himself. The white race had no occasion to sing a sorrow song, but the Negro had. "Strange to say, the famous old songs of the South were written by one man who had never been farther South than Louisville, Ky., Stephen Foster," says this writer. But long before Foster wrote his songs, the Negro was chanting his songs in the plantation and cotton fields of the South. Moreover, the music of Stephen Foster is not Negro music, because it was created by Foster, a white man.

For the half-dozen songs written by Foster, I can name nearly five hundred created and sung by the Negro. The late Natalie Curtis in her book "Songs and Tales from the Dark Continent" tells vividly how music has influenced the life of the African. Other books which trace this music back to Africa were written by Prof. John Wesley Work of Fisk University and the late Henry E. Krehbiel. Prof. Work, who is a Negro, is the leading authority on this music, and gives its whole story.

Several weeks ago H. T. Finck, music critic on the New York Evening Post, made the fateful error of stating that "Negro music was imitative and borrowed from the whites." I would like to know just what part of this music was borrowed from the whites, and how was it imitative? It was not until this music began to get a grip upon the hearts of the American people, and was recognized for its beauty and character that it was claimed by the whites.

CLEVELAND G. ALLEN.

New York, Sept. 7, 1923.

Colored Woman To Appear As Soloist With Philharmonic Society of Philadelphia

Associated Negro Press.

Miss Marian Anderson, the celebrated contralto, pupil of Giuseppe Boghetti, has been engaged to appear as soloist with the Philharmonic Society of Philadelphia this season. Joseph Pasternack, widely known in musical circles, is head of the society. This is a great achievement in the music career of Miss Anderson, and she enjoys a distinction not otherwise paralleled, this being the first time an artist of color has appeared with this great musical organization.

On the announcement of the season's plans for the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Roland Hayes, noted Negro singer, is the only tenor soloist to appear with the organization during the coming year. Mr. Hayes has met with phenomenal success in Europe, where he has enjoyed the proud distinction of appearing as soloist with the most prominent symphony orchestras, as well as in recitals, and wherever he has appeared he has won unstinted praise from the highest critics on the continent. He will appear as soloist with the Boston Symphony Orchestra in Boston, and also in New York City. Later on in the season, Mr. Hayes will start on a concert tour of the principal cities in this country.

NEW YORK CITY TRIBUNE
OCTOBER 26, 1923

Miss Chatman, Negro Soprano, Appears Here

Singer at Her Best in Plaintive Spirituals; Has Agreeable, Soft-Toned Voice

A negro soprano, Miss Louetta Chatman, made her first appearance here last night at Aeolian Hall. Negro singers, indeed, have been heard here before; but this seemed to be the first instance of one trained by a teacher of her own race, Wilson Lamb, who also has been heard in recital here.

The singer, who began with Handel's "O Sleep, Why Dost Thou Leave Me?" followed by a Rubinstein number and Thomas Brady's "I'd Be a Butterfly," showed an agreeable, rather soft tone, in a somewhat limited compass. She fared well in high notes, if not too loud ones, but found some difficulties in lower notes and rapid passages. In

the long-drawn, plaintive spirituals, such as "Nobody Knows the Trouble I've Seen," however, Miss Chatman seemed distinctly at home; her voice developed greater strength, with a clear, expressive tone. Operatic arias by Mozart and Thomas also figured in a program ending with David's "Charmant Oiseau" aria with a flute obbligato by Ross Hawkins. Cora Wynn Alexander, a negro pianist, accompanied.

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TENOR'S MOTHER WOULD HAVE HIM WED

The 9th of America
Roland Hayes Says Lord
Intended Him To Re-
main Single and Do
Baltimore, Md.
His Work
10-5-23.

SISTER CALLS HIM "BUDDY"
Famous Tenor Wipes Dishes
Around Home and Drinks
From Jelly Glasses

For the first time
singer is to appear
with the Boston S.
Orchestra.

Roland Hayes, a
boy, has won his way to
by this distinguished or-
ganization which extends en-
gagements only to those art-
ists who have "arrived."

And his mother was a slave.
Today she tells the story of
her son's rise to fame, in
which she makes light of her
struggle against adversity that
Roland might bring honor to
the race.

This interview will probably
be regarded as the last word
from his mother to him. She
died at her home 11 Arnold
street, Wednesday of last
week. Her funeral took place
from Ebenezer Baptist Church
on Sunday.

Boston, Mass.
Oct. 3 — They
say that every
man's life has
material for at
least one good
book. There is
certainly a drama
in the career of
the colored tenor
singer, Roland
Hayes.

He returns in
a few days
this city from his
third and most
successful Euro-
pean tour to new
honors.

He has sung

for the first time
only Negro
Royalty. (a) folk songs, but
the Plan. The more I see Roland
getting along, the more pleased
I'll be.

His first appearance here will
be as soloist of the Boston Sym-
phony Orchestra, a distinction
never before achieved by a col-
ored musician.

When Hayes reaches Boston he
will hurry to the home of his
mother, Fannie Hayes, who, much
against the wishes of the son,
takes in washing and ironing at
her house on Arnold street, owns
through her own labor a 10-acre
lot in Georgia, fears only God,
and remembers well the brutal
beatings given her by her master
when she was a slave.

Doesn't Want To Loaf
"I'm helping him," she said to
her visitor, "that's what I'm doing
right here. I don't want to loaf
and I'm ready any day the Lord
calls me."
"If I went over there with him,"
same's he wants me I should be
idle and no happier than I am
right here."

The Mother's Message
And when her son wrote her
of the royal "command" to appear
at Buckingham Palace, Fanny
Hayes replied, "Remember where
you are and where you came from
and give credit where it belongs."
She stopped her ironing to show
some new photographs of Roland
whom she calls "Rollin'" and a
picture of a bust just done of him
by a sculptress in Dublin.

"The only thing I don't want
him to worry," she said. "He's
always asking about my health's
all right. I haven't been feeling
so awful good lately, but I'm not
going to doctors about it, though
I do laundry for several of them."

"The only thing the trouble
with my health's old age, and I
haven't heard of any cure for
that. I've passed the three score
and ten mark," says a
man's life-time, and I'm going to
get every day and hour that is in-
tended for me. I'm not worrying
and I don't want him to."

Wants Him To Marry
"I do wish Roland would get
married. When a man's young
and successful he's popular, and
if he's popular he's going to have
temptations. The Lord says to in-
crease and multiply. When I said
that to Roland he said he thought
the Lord intended him to remain
single and do his work."

"Heckon he was fooling. Don't
know though. Anyway his life's
his own. Everybody's life is
meant just especially for them,
and they've got to live it."

"Of course, the good Lord
made us women just especially
worried about our own particular
children. I've lost five, and don't
see why they should go and me

stay as long as I have. But the
more I see Roland
getting along, the more pleased
I'll be.
"But if he'll just believe half as
much as I do, I won't have one
mortal worry when I go."
She stood erect. Her eyes flash-
ed and glittered.
That is the mother of Roland
Hayes.

Tenor's Early Days

Roland and his brother Robert,
who also live in Boston today,
went to school three or four
months in a year, between har-
vesting and planting time, in Cur-
rysville, Ga.

That was their birthplace. At
Chattanooga they alternated in
studying and working, one work-
ing a year and earning money,
while the other studied, then turn
about, as in the manner of air
play.

Robert remembers that at
school Roland, when called on to
get up and speak his piece, used
to get so nervous beforehand that
he would put his head down on
his desk and cry.

"And it was the same thing at
Sunday-school," said his sister-
in-law, Margaret Hayes. "It's
funny to think of, isn't it? Ro-
land stands up now to any audi-
ence without a quiver, but in those
days I guess you'd have said he
could never hope to stand up to
an audience anywhere."

At the Chattanooga school a
certain number of the pupils were
trained each year to sing. The
brother of one of the teachers was
Arthur Calhoun of Oberlin Con-
servatory. Roland accepted his
offer to teach him singing with a
degree of indifference but—he be-
gan to sing.

Foreman In Foundry

He became foreman in an iron
foundry, read at night school and
continued his singing lessons. Af-
ter nine months had gone by he
became "aroused," to use his own
word, about singing.

With \$50 in his pocket he set
out for Oberlin, planning to pay
his way by singing. In Nashua
every concert he gave was a nat-
ural failure. His \$50 was gone, but
meanwhile he had learned about
Fiske University in Nashua. He
presented himself there, sang "be-
yond the Gates of Paradise," a
song he now sings as an encore
after practically all of his pro-
grammes to the woman who
questioned him there, and was
given a month's probation at a
student, to find out whether he
was serious at the university.

No one showed any particular
interest or favoritism, but he was
given his chance. He waited on
table for board and lodging and
sang whenever the university re-
quired it, in return for tuition in
literature and music. He was ac-
cepted as a student and remained
at Fiske four years. Then he
went to Louisville where he be-
came a waiter at a rich man's
club, and was heard there by H.
H. Putnam of Boston.

A band of Fiske University sing-

ers brought Hayes to Boston with
them to take part in a spectacle
"The World in Boston," given in
Mechanics Hall in 1911. When
the other singers left, Boston
Hayes remained.

An audition was arranged for
him, when he sang before Arthur
Foote Morris Parker and Arthur
Hubbard.

After this test Mr. Putnam told
Hayes that he would pay for his
singing lessons.

Symphony Hall Debut

Hayes became a pupil of Ar-
thur Hubbard, and worked at the
Republican Club as a messenger
while studying. He gained em-
ployment at the office of the late
D. H. Sutherland and brought his
mother from the South the next
year. It was while he was techni-
cally on leave of absence as mes-
senger from Sutherland's office that
he gave his first concert attended
by 800 of the officers and clerks
of his company in Symphony Hall,
Nov. 15, 1917.

"I cannot tell to save my life,"
Hayes has said, describing
that event, "how I felt that night.
The only thing I remember is that
as the usher opened the door to
me and I saw that vast audience,
the stage absolutely jammed,
aisles, everything, and I was told
500 people were turned away—I
felt like nothing."

"I didn't realize the effect of
anything I did. I was so en-
veloped, taken away with the
magnitude of the whole thing that
when I saw the reports the next
day in the papers I could hardly
believe them to be true, for I felt
I had actually failed miserably."

"I have never forgotten that
was my first real shove-off. From
that time things have gone very
very well. It might be said the
end of the first epoch."

First European Tour

Nevertheless, it was not wholly
smooth running.
In 1920 Hayes went to Europe.
At first in London, he had poor
luck. The critics had not expect-
ed serious things of a colored sing-
er and it was a time before they
would take him as an artist at
of substantial aims. Hayes had
invested all his available funds in
his trip and his concerts. He
faced not only failure but abso-
lute need.

On this he had wagered every-
thing, even shortening his food
supply and giving up every lux-
ury, and mortally in fear of a
default when the concert was over.
As a final blow, there was a coal
shortage—a matter which New
Englanders will understand—be-
cause the Welsh coal miners, and
city authorities had ordered that
public halls should be closed.
What would become of Hayes con-
cert?

He was sitting brooding over all
this in his hotel room fairly sick
with physical strain and worry
when the telephone rang. He
feared he was being dunned, but
picked up the receiver. It was a
summons, a "convulsion" to sing
for the King and Queen.

They got most into the singer.
To add to this encouragement,
Lloyd George succeeded in ending
the coal miners' strike so that the
concert took place as per schedule
in Wigmore Hall. That night
Hayes finally persuaded the London
critics of his worth and his musi-
cal position was well secured in
the capital although at that time
no one knew of the command to
sing to royalty.

Arriving at Buckingham Palace,
where he was to appear for exact-
ly 20 minutes before the King
and Queen, Mr. Hayes and his ac-
companist, a colored boy named
Lawrence Brown, had an amusing
experience in being instructed, ac-
cording to the official custom and
precaution, in their behavior be-
fore the royal pair. Questions were
to be answered, "Yes Your Mage-
sty," and "No, Your Majesty," and
"Would it please Your Majesty,"
and when Majesty entered they
were to bow as low as possible
from the waist down, "like the
English soldiers."

At 5.30 to the minute their
Majesties were announced. Hayes
and company began bowing like
mad. What did the British mon-
arch do? He glanced at them in
a worried manner and said, "That
isn't necessary."

The half hour went into two
hours. Hayes says that the King
seemed more interested in what
he had to say in conversation than
in his singing. He told the King
then, as he has told it since, to
others of his desire to express the
serious music and illustrate the
creature genius of his race in the
musical art.

Wipes Dishes At Home

"When Roland comes back to
Boston," said his sister-in-law,
Mrs. Robert Hayes, "he'll come in
here the same old way, just like
brother and sister. If I'm wash-
ing dishes he'll get a towel and
wipe them. If I've to go down
cellar for coal he'll grab the
bucket himself. If I try to get
him up a good meal he'll get mad,
say, 'Sis, I call him 'Buddy' and
he calls me 'Sis'. If you make
one more of fuss about me I'll be
going.'"

Hayes had meant it. He won't do
all that for show. And if he goes
to the cupboard to get a glass to
fill with water he'll likely as not
take a Jelly glass instead of one
of the fine glasses he'll say, "Jelly
glass is just as good, isn't it?"

"That's Roland. Reason we're
so proud of him isn't just his sing-
ing. It's the fact that he's never
got a swelled head. A little suc-
cess is hard to stand, you know,
especially with a fellow like him
who hasn't had many advantages
growing up. But Roland's got a
head on him, and—well, you bet-
ter go over and talk to Roland's
mother."

MUSIC COMPOSED BY NEGROES—SIX FAMOUS COLORED COMPOSERS AND A LIST OF THEIR PRODUCTIONS

The Negro
(From the Community Service, 315 Fourth Avenue, New York City)

Musical people in America are divided into two classes as to the potentialities of Negro and Indian music as a basis for an exclusively American style of composition. Many believe that such a characteristic style cannot be evolved from the existing music of those racial groups. Others, particularly certain composers, just as ardently maintain the contrary view and strive to back it up with compositions based upon such thematic material. Irrespective of what may be the right or wrong in this controversy the Negro and Indian music is of great interest in itself.

Many persons in speaking of Negro music are inclined to think of it as consisting solely of Negro spirituals. They are possibly ignorant of the wealth of composition by Negro composers, both those which are based upon the spirituals and other Negro themes and music which is not Negroid in character or in any way connected with or expressive of racial feeling or idiom. For that reason it is hoped that this compendium of music by Negro composers may be enlightening not only to many of the colored groups which are not familiar with all of the music that their race has produced, but also to Americans in general who may be unacquainted with the treasures that are contained in the storehouse of Negro music. It is hoped that such better acquaintance with this music will lead to the performance of it by both the colored groups, which are the best interpreters of the distinctively Negro music, and by the white groups, which may perform many of such works with goodly effect. In the latter case it is well for such groups to bear in mind a warning given by those who are best acquainted with the inner spirit of the Negro spirituals. The best way for a white group to sing Negro compositions is to sing them naturally and without any attempt to imitate the spontaneous performance of such music by the colored people themselves.

selves.

Use by Churches and Clubs

For the past eight years there has been a steady increase in the number of services by church choirs given over to sacred compositions of Negro composers for vocal solo, chorus, pipe organ and violin. Many of the women's clubs have devoted a few minutes of certain sessions to the performance of religious compositions by Negro composers, especially the simpler choral works. An effective representation is thereby given to the religious aspirations of the colored people through the contributions made by the Negro composers.

Examples of Special Programs

Certain of the colored groups operating locally under Community Service auspices have presented special programs of Negro music that may serve as guides in the modeling of other such programs. For example, a "Festival of Negro Music" was presented in New Haven, Conn., by a community chorus with a visiting soloist. The numbers listed were the following: 1. "America" (audience participating). "The Viking Song," S. Coleridge-Taylor; "Dig My Grave," H. T. Burleigh. 2. "I Couldn't Hear Nobody Pray," Community Chorus. 3. "A Thousand Years Ago," R. Nathaniel Dett; "A Little Gray Road of Love," Turner J. Layton; "Oh My Love," H. T. Burleigh, soprano solo. 4. "Listen to the Lambs," R. Nathaniel Dett, Community Chorus. 5. "I Want to Be Ready," Community Chorus.

Part II.—1. "Every Time I Feel the Spirit," Carl R. Dixon. 2. "Kashmir Song," H. T. Burleigh; "An Explanation," S. Coleridge-Taylor; "Ah, Wonderful Morn'g," Creamer and Layton (manuscript), soprano solo. 3. "Swing Along," Will Marion Cook, Community Chorus. 4. "Music in the Mine," R. Nathaniel Dett, Community Chorus. 5. "Swing Low, Sweet Chariot," Frederick J. Work; "Steal Away," Frederick J. Work; "Star Spangled Banner" (audience participating), Community Chorus.

Another such program was presented in Augusta, Ga., as part of a May Festival. It was not made up entirely, however, of music by Negro

composers. The program was as follows: 1. "Lift Every Voice and Sing" (a national anthem), J. Rosamond Johnson, chorus. 2. "Every Time I Feel the Spirit," "Couldn't Hear Nobody Pray," chorus. 3. "Bamboola," S. Coleridge-Taylor, solo. 4. "Unfold Ye Portals," Gounod, chorus. 5. "It's Me, It's Me, O Lord," "Walk Together, Children," chorus. 6. "By the Waters of Babylon," Howell, solo. 7. "Lord, I Want to Be a Christian," "Swing Low, Sweet Chariot," chorus. 8. "Swing Along," Cook, chorus.

Emotional Significance of the Spirituals

No one can hear the Negro spirituals, authentically performed, without feeling the deep spiritual significance of these folk songs which reveal so tellingly the religious nature and experience of the people from whom they have sprung. As Henry T. Burleigh, one of the leading Negro musicians and editors of the spirituals, has pointed out, "More than ever today the spirituals ought to be sung because they supply a note of spiritual exaltation that we need in the midst of thence interpretation of the spirituals. Therefore, is one in which this motif of exaltation is preserved."

Collections of Negro Spirituals

the post-war materialism." The groups desiring to take up the study and the performance of Negro spirituals may best utilize existing collections of this type of music. For instance, an inexpensive paper-bound volume of spirituals is "National Jubilee Melodies," published by the National Baptist Publishing Board, 523 Second Avenue, Nashville, Tenn. The spirituals are also found in the following books: "Negro Folk Songs for Mixed Voices," volumes 1 and 2, published by Work Brothers, Nashville, Tenn.; "New Jubilee Songs as Sung by Fisk Jubilee Singers of Fisk University," collected and arranged by Frederick J. Work, Fisk University, Nashville, Tenn.; "Religious Folk Songs of the Negro as Sung on the Plantation," arranged by the musical directors of the Hampton Normal and Agricultural Institute, and published by The Institute Press, Hampton, Va.; "Jubilee and Plantation Songs," characteristic favorites sung by Hampton students, jubilee singers, Fisk University students and other concert companies, Oliver Ditson Company, Boston, Mass.; "Negro Folk Songs," recorded by Natalie Curtis Burlin, books 1 and 2, spirituals, books 3 and 4, work and play songs, G. Schirmer, Inc., 3 East 43rd Street, New York City. The music of several of the spirituals is found in "Folk Song of the American Negro," by John Wesley

Work, published by the press of Fisk University, Nashville, Tenn. In this book Professor Work traces the stories of some of the most of the beloved of the spirituals. Another book which illustrates the history and spiritual content of these folk songs is "Afro-American Folk Songs," a study in racial and national music, H. E. Krehbiel, G. Schirmer, Inc., 3 East 43rd Street, New York City.

Many of the spirituals appear in the form of special arrangements. In the succeeding list of compositions by some of the leading Negro composers these arrangements cover both the form of solo songs and that of editions for choral groups.

The composers are listed in alphabetical order and under each name are given the various sub-division of musical form into which his composition fall. One of the composers, Coleridge-Taylor, is an English Negro; the others are Americans.

The compendium which follows in this bulletin is not to be taken in any sense as being complete, either as to the composers or to the compositions from this group. It does represent, however, compositions of leaders in the musical world from this group and suggests a fund of material available.

Harry T. Burleigh

Songs for solo voice—

G. Ricordi & Co.: Adoration; Before Meeting; By the Pool at the Third Crosses; Come with Me; A Corn Song; The Dove and the Lily; Down by the Sea; Dreams Tell Me Truly; Elysium; Ethiopia Saluting the Colors; Exile; Five Songs of Laurence Hope; Fragments; The Glory of the Day; The Gray Wolf; Have You Been to Love's Hearts; He Met Her in the Meadow; Her Eyes Twin Pools; He Sent Me You; His Word Is Love; The Hour Glass; In Summer; In the Great Somewhere; In the Wood of Pinvara; I Remember All; I Want to Die While You Love Me; Just You; Listen to You; Garden Angel; Little Mother of Mine; Love Watches; Oh, My Love, One Year; On Inishmaan; Isles of Aran; The Prayer; The Prayer I Make for You; Promise Land; Sailor's Wife; A Racer Song; The Soldier; Tell Me Once More; Three Shadows; Till I Wake; Two Poems; Under a Blazing Star; The Victor; Were I a Star; The Young Warrior; Your Eyes So Deep; arrangements of thirty-five spirituals published in separate sheet music form.

Theodore Presser Co.: Jean

G. Schirmer, Inc.: A Birthday Song; If You but Knew; Life; Thy Heart; Ring, My Bawler, Ring; You'll Get Dar in da Mornin'.

Choral music (mixed voices)—

G. Ricordi & Co.: N. Y. 107, Ethiopia's Part of Exaltation; 116566, Go Down, Moses; N. Y. 122, Heav'n, Heav'n; N. Y. 234, He Met Her in the Meadow; 116463, O Southland; 116470, Sinner, Please Doan' Let Dis Harves' Pass; N. Y. 22, Southern Lullaby.

G. Schirmer, Inc.: 5815, Dig My Grave and Deep River; 5505, Didn't My Lord Deliver Daniel; 6508, Father Abraham; 6504, So Sad.

Theodore Presser Co.: 20206, O Perfect Love.

Male voices—

G. Ricordi & Co.: 116323, Deep River; N. Y. 210, De Gospel Train; N. Y. 51, Go Down, Moses; N. Y. 224, Heav'n, Heav'n; N. Y. 223, He Met Her in the Meadow; N. Y. 149, Just You; N. Y. 123, Little Mother of Mine; 116033, Mother o' Mine; 116511, Oh, Peter, Go Ring Dem Bells; 116034, O Southland; 116459, Promise Land; 116010, Swing Low, Sweet Chariot; N. Y. 229, De Creation and Scandalize My Name.

Female voices—

G. Ricordi & Co.: 114199, Balm in Gilead; 116456, By an' By; N. Y. 169, De Gospel Train; 116382, Deep River; 116453, Go Down, Moses; N. Y. 108, Hard Trials; N. Y. 170, Heav'n, Heav'n; N. Y. 233, He Met Her in the Meadow; 116454, I Want to Be Ready; 116561, I Don't Feel No Ways Tired; 116476, Little Mother of Mine; 116477, My Way's Cloudy; 116452, Nobody Knows de Trouble I've Seen; 116552, Oh, Didn't It Re-in; 116457, Sinner, Please Doan' Let Dis Harves' Pass; 116463, Swing Low, Sweet Chariot; 116543, Sometimes I Feel Like a Motherless Child; 116455, Weepin' Mary.

Theodore Presser Co.: 20205, O Perfect Love.

Piano and violin—

G. Ricordi & Co.: Southland Sketches, four separate pieces, for violin and piano.

Will Marion Cook

G. Schirmer, Inc.: Brownskin Baby Mine; Down de Lover's Lane; Exhortation; An Explanation; My Lady; My Lady's Lips Am Like de Honey; Rain Song; Spring me, Swing Along (also published with orchestral accompaniment); Wid de Moon, Moon, Moon.

Choral music (mixed voices)—

G. Schirmer, Inc.: 6559, Swing Along; 6221, My Lady's Lips Am Like de Honey.

Male voices—

6593, Exhortation (A Negro Sermon); 6634, Rain Song; 6596, Swing Along.

S. Coleridge-Taylor

Songs for solo voice—

H. W. Gray Co.: Eleanor's Onaway Awake Beloved; Great Is He Who Fused the Light; You'll Love Me Yet; The Song of Hiawatha; A Blood Red Sun Shone on the Moon; Can't

Spring Song (Hiawatha).
Theodore Presser Co.: Genevieve;
I Could Love Thee; Love's Passing;
My Algonquin; Thou Art; A Vision;
Violet Bank.
Oliver Ditson Co.: The Gift Rose;
O Mistress Mine; Once Only; She
Roasted by the Broken Brook; Until;
Viking Song.
Choral music (mixed voices)—
H. W. Gray Co.: A415, Break Forth
Into Joy; A614, By the Waters of
Babylon; A385, In Thee, O Lord; A499,
Lift Up Your Hands; A695, Now Late
on the Sabbath Day; A398, The Lord
Is My Strength; 803, Epilogue to Meg
Blane, Lord, Harken to Me.
Theodore Presser Co.: 10713, What
Thou Hast Given Me, Lord, Here I
Tender.
Violin and piano—
Oliver Ditson Co.: Deep River; No-
body Knows the Trouble I've Seen
(both arranged by Maud Powell).
H. W. Gray Co.: Ballad for soprano,
tenor and chorus, Meg Blane, \$2. Or-
chestral parts for hire.
Cantatas for mixed voices—
H. W. Gray Co.: Hiawatha, complete
work, \$3.50; Part I, Hiawatha's Wed-
ding Feast, \$1.50; Part II, Death of
Minnehaha, \$1.50; Part III, Hiawatha's
Departure, \$2.
Piano solo: A Tale of Old Japan,
\$2.50.
G. Schirmer, Inc.: Scenes from an
Imaginary Ballet.
Orchestra—
G. Schirmer, Inc.: Scenes from an
Imaginary Ballet. 5-19-1923.
R. Nathaniel Dett
Songs for solo voice—
John Church Co.: I Am So Glad
Trouble Don't Last Always; Follow
Me; Somebody's Knocking at Your
Door; A Thousand Years Ago or
More; Magic Moon of Molten Gold;
Poor Me; Zion Hallelujah; O, the
Land I Am Bound For.
Choral Music, mixed voices—
G. Schirmer, Inc.: 5956, Listen to
the Lambs; 6579, O, Holy Lord; 6590,
Music in the Mind.
J. Fischer & Bro.: 7 Bible House,
New York City; 4434, Weeping Mary;
4435, I'll Never Turn Back No More;
4582, America the Beautiful.
John Church Co.: 318 W. 46th Street,
New York City; 2681, Don't Be Weary,
Traveler; Metet, The Chariot Jubilee
(with orchestra).
C. C. Birchard & Co.: 221 Columbus
Avenue, Boston, Mass.; O, Mary,
Don't You Weep.
Female voices—
John Church Co.: 2610, I'm So Glad
Trouble Don't Last Always; 2611,
Done Paid My Vow to the Lord; 2680,
There's a Meetin' Here Tonight.
Piano music—
John Church Co.: Enchantment
Incantation, Song of the
Dance of Desire, Beyond the

Clayton Summy Company: Mag-
nolia Suite; Magnolias; The Deserted
Cabin; To My Lady Love; Mammy,
the Place Where the Rainbow Ends;
In the Bottoms Suite; Prelude, His
Song, Humoresque, Barcarolle, Juba.
Violin and piano—
Boston Music Co.: Ramah.
Carl R. Diton
Songs for solo voice—
Theodore Presser Co.: Swing Low,
Sweet Chariot.
Choral music, mixed voices—
Theodore Presser Co.: Swing Low,
Sweet Chariot.
G. Schirmer, Inc.: 6101, Every Time
I Feel the Spirit; 6099, Deep River;
6100, Little David, Play on Your Harp;
5957, Pilgrim's Song; 6882, Roll, Jor-
dan, Roll; 6883, At the Beautiful Gate;
6884, Poor Mourner's Got a Home at
Last; 6885, An' He Never Spoke a
Mumbelin' Word.
Pipe organ—
G. Schirmer, Inc.: Swing Low,
Sweet Chariot; Keep Me From Sink-
ing Down.
J. Rosamond Johnson
Songs for solo voice—
Oliver Ditson Co.: Nobody Knows
the Trouble I See; Walk Together,
Children; De Little Pickaninny's Gone
to Sleep; For Thee.
G. Schirmer, Inc.: I Told My Love to
the Roses; Morning, Noon and Night.
Choral music, mixed voices—
Oliver Ditson Co.: 13191, Walk To-
gether, Children; 12049, Little Picka-
ninny's Gone to Sleep.
G. Schirmer, Inc.: 3 East 43rd
Street, New York City; 6541, O,
Southland.
G. Ricordi & Co.: 116261.
Male voices—
Oliver Ditson Co.: 12064, Little
Pickaninny's Gone to Sleep.
G. Ricordi & Co.: 14 East 43rd
Street, New York City; 116278, Since
You Went Away.
Female voices—
Oliver Ditson Co.: 12065, Little
Pickaninny's Gone to Sleep.
G. Ricordi & Co.: 14 East 43rd
Street, New York City; 116017, Since
You Went Away.
Clarence Cameron White
Songs for solo voice—
Carl Fischer: Nobody Knows de
Trouble I've Seen; I'm Going Home;
Bear de Burden; Down by the River
Side.
C. W. Thompson: Cradle Song.
Piano—
C. W. Thompson: Improvisation;
Kashmira (Oriental Sketch); Dance
Caprice.
Violin and piano—
Carl Fischer: Bandanna Sketches;
Negro Chant; Negro Lament; Slave
Song, Negro Dance; From the Cot-
ton Fields; Cabin Song; On the
Bayou; Spiritual; Twilight; Caprice;
Serenade; Valse Coquette.

C. W. Thompson: Cradle Song.
Orchestra—
Carl Fischer: Bandanna Sketches.
Military Band—
Carl Fischer: Bandanna Sketches.
The addresses of the publishers
mentioned above are the following: C.
C. Birchard & Co., 221 Columbus Ave.,
Boston, Mass.; Oliver Ditson Co.,
Boston, Mass.; John Church Co., 318
W. 46th St., New York City; Carl
Fischer, 46 Cooper Square, New York
City; J. Fischer & Bro., 7 Bible House,
New York City; H. W. Gray Co., 159
E. 48th Street, New York City; Theo-
dore Presser Co., 1730 Chestnut Street,
Philadelphia, Pa.; G. Ricordi & Co.,
14 East 43rd Street, New York City;
G. Schirmer, Inc., 3 East 43rd Street,
New York City; Clayton Summy Co.,
S. Wabash Ave., Chicago, Ill.; C. W.
Thompson, 2B Park St., Boston,
Mass.
Negro Musicians Organized
An organized effort is being made
to advance the cause of the colored
musicians, both creative and execu-
tive, by the National Association of
Negro Musicians. Clarence Cameron
White, the violinist and composer, is
the president of the association. The
object of this body is to foster Negro
musical talent through laboring for
both the economic and educational
betterment of the musicians of the
race. There are local branches organ-
ized in many sections of the country.
Additional information on the mat-
ters mentioned herein can be ob-
tained through the Bureau of Com-
munity Music, or the Bureau of Col-
ored Work, Community Service, main-
tained by the Playground and Recre-
ation Association of America, 318
Fourth Avenue, New York City.
Price, 10 cents.
National Association
Of Negro Musicians
Re-Elects Officers
Pittsburgh, Pa.
(By The Associated Negro Press)
CHICAGO, Ill., Aug. 17.—The Fifth
Annual Convention of the National As-
sociation of Negro Musicians ended
here this week with the re-election of
all the officers of the preceding year.
These included Clarence Cameron
White, president; J. Wesley Jones,
Chicago, vice president; Alice Carter
Simmons, Tuskegee, secretary-treasurer; Henry G. Grant, Washington,
executive secretary; Lillian M. Le-
Mon, assistant secretary.
Nightly concerts by delegates and
members of the convention were a fea-
ture of the week here. Great stress
at the convention was placed upon the
advisability of local branches carrying
forward "echo" meetings of the na-

tion convention, such as were suc-
cessfully conducted in Philadelphia
last year.
**Oppressed Races Contribute Best
Music, Negro Song Writer Asserts**
ST. PAUL FARMERS DISPATCH
JULY 6, 1923
Author of "Under the Bamboo Tree," at St. Paul Theater Tells
Why American Indians Failed as Musicians; Denies Colored
Players Excel Over Whites in Interpreting Jazz.
"The American people have got to
come to us for the foundations of
their folk lore and folk music."
So insists J. R. Johnson, one of the
foremost of colored composers, who is
at a St. Paul theater this week.
The annals of popular music of the
past fifteen years or so record Mr.
Johnson's authorship of numerous
Williams and Walker song hits, not
to mention those which he produced
when he was part of the equally fa-
mous Cole and Johnson combination.
Perhaps "Under the Bamboo Tree"
is the most generally remembered of
these. He has, however, had much
more grounding in the academic es-
sentials of music than have many of
his colleagues of the theater.
"I'll tell you one reason," he went
on. "It is only people who have been
oppressed who originate worth-while
music. Look at the Russians; look
at the Irish; look at the Negroes.
You will find, too, that all of these
oppressed people express their songs
in the pentatonic scale—the scale
which is never resolved into the
sureness of the fourth or the sev-
enth. It is always the unanswered
cry. Indian music, well, that's dif-
ferent again. The Indians weren't
exactly oppressed; they were a race
that was simply put out of business.
And vengeance is the inspiring note
in their songs."
Misled About Superiority.
Questioned about the seeming su-
periority of colored musicians when
it comes to exploitation of jazz in
any form, Mr. Johnson modified the
proposition itself.
"People are apt to be misled," he
said, "into thinking that Negroes are
necessarily superior to white musi-
cians in this respect. That is be-
cause only a few proficient ones
among us ever get a hearing, and
you hear so many wretched failures
among your own people. Plenty of
white musicians accomplish jazz
just as skillfully as we do."
"Still, I know what you mean when
you point out the difference. It is
true that the Negro has developed a
kind of rhythmic counterpoint that
can be compared with melodic coun-
terpoint. It is a triple-rhythm af-
fair, and had its origin in the simple
pastimes of plantation days. One
man would play his banjo as he tap-
ped time with his foot; a bystander
would clap the hands and a picka-
ninny would do the shuffle. There are
the three basic elements.
Free From Exaggeration.
"Perhaps another reason why our
performance may seem better is

that it is free from the exaggeration
which white performers usually in-
dulge in when they do any sort of
Negro imitations—including black-
face comedy. I have never heard
Negroes speak with the blatant ac-
cent that these imitators use. In
fact, I say without hesitation, that
Negroes speak English with a mus-
ical fluency and softness and charm
that is not equalled by anybody else.
They do just what the French do—
drop syllables and consonants when-
ever these interfere with the soft-
ness and smoothness of the phrase."
"Art Originated in Africa."
Mr. Johnson asserts that all art
and all devotion to beauty had their
origin in Africa, in the Nile valley,
and adds "I'm proud to belong to
King Tut's family."
He is willing, furthermore, to of-
fer what he believes to be proof that
both Christ and Moses were of Afri-
can extraction; and approaching
modern times, he quotes the late
Coleridge-Taylor, the English Negro
composer, as authority for the state-
ment that Beethoven was half-Negro
in him.
**African Bush Music
Hit by Teachers of
Dancing**
By Universal Service.
NEW YORK, August 26.—"Give
us music which shall savor more
of the ball rooms of the Nineteenth
century and less of the African
bush."
This is the appeal broadcasted
Monday night by the convention
of the American Society of Teach-
ers of Dancing to the composers
who make the dance music of the
people.
What is needed is music more
melodious and dreamy and less
jazzy and "Hottentotish," say the
dancing teachers.
Louis Chalf, head of one of New
York's most select dancing schools,
said Monday night:
"It's the music that makes peo-
ple dance indecently. There's an old
saying that 'The way the fiddler
fiddles, that way the dancer will
dance! And that is quite true. It's
the music that inspires people to
dance, and with the grade of music
we get now what can you expect?"
The dancing teachers believe
that a new rhythm is needed for
dancing, and the society has of-
fered a prize of \$500 to any per-
son who can produce one.

In The Realm of Music

By Lucien H. White

Negro Musicians Meet In Four-Day Annual Convention

The New York N.Y. Age
Clarence Cameron White Is Reelected President—Several Splendid Recitals Mark the Yearly Assembling—New York Local Did Not Send Its Representative.

8-11-23

The fifth annual convention of the National Association of Negro Musicians has come and gone. It was held July 24 to 27 in the Metropolitan Community Center, 3118-3122 Giles avenue, Chicago, the same being the religious institution familiarly known as the People's Church of which the Rev. Dr. W. D. Cook is pastor.

That is, the business sessions were held at the Community Center, but an elaborate program which was sent me by the thoughtful President, Clarence Cameron White, shows that a number of interesting musical programs were rendered in various other auditoriums, the talent participating being both local and from among the visitors.

The favorite auditorium appeared to be the Wendell Phillips High School, as two recitals were given there, with the Grace Presbyterian and St. Mark M. E. Churches representing the facilities afforded by the religious institutions. But it was to the Aryan Grotto Temple that the most important of the programs was taken, this being the recital staged by some of the artists who are given a place in the front rank of musical achievement. Then there was, on the social side, a reception given the visitors and delegates at the National University of Music, 3672 Michigan avenue.

The program for the business sessions covered a wide range of musical interest, but diligent endeavor has not availed to secure information as to just how far the program was carried out. It is hardly probable that all the subjects embraced in the four days' schedule, as contained in the advance program, were considered, for it is a practical certainty that some of the people given place in the deliberations were not present in person.

The New York City Local, according to developments, did not send its accredited delegate, although individual members of that body had contributed to a special expense fund for that purpose. But, without giving a reason for the dereliction, Secretary Bean returned the donations received from members, an accompanying

note stating simply that as the delegate did not attend the Chicago meeting, the subscriptions were being returned.

The Chicago papers, carrying accounts of the sessions, emphasized the various recital programs but paid scant heed to the business side of the meeting. It was disclosed, however, that the body reelected Mr. White to the presidency, and that J. Wesley Jones, president of the Chicago local organization, was again named as vice-president. It seems a logical conclusion, therefore, that the remainder of the officers were also given approval through a re-election. These include Miss Alice Carter Simmons of Tuskegee Institute, secretary-treasurer; Henry L. Grant of Washington, executive secretary; Lillian M. Lemon of Indianapolis, assistant secretary; and a long roster of directors, advisory board and chairmen of committees.

In the absence of concrete information as to what the convention has accomplished it would be unwise to attempt any critical comment. It is to be hoped, of course, that there has been something of tangible essence developed, otherwise there can be no particular reason for such a gathering.

In fact, unless there is solid advising and wise counselling on the many matters that are of vital import to the colored musician, both performer and teacher, and including, naturally, the composer as well, the annual assembling of the group would resolve itself into a joy junket.

Knowing the serious and conscientious attitude of President Clarence C. White toward his profession, it is not necessary for me to speculate as to accomplishments with which he has to do. He has won for himself a conspicuous place in musical letters, and he has not gained his present eminence through any catering to popular musical taste or subservience to vitiated ideals. It is a reasonable certainty that Mr. White made it his constant endeavor that the best interest of the Negro musician was in the forefront of the convention's consideration.

With regard to the musical recitals, the opening affair was one in which local talent participated. Lemmyon Ameureux, Goldie Guy, Clara L. Hutchinson, Thos. P. Bryant, Bertha Dickerson Tyree, Harrison Emanuel, Lawrence Lomax, Mary E. Jones, and Irene Howard made up the imposing list of artists on the program. They appeared in the high school auditorium on Tuesday night, and on Wednesday afternoon, at 2 o'clock, at the same place, was given a children's matinee, the performers ranging, according to the program, from 6 to 16 years of age. Of course, as there were names to which no definite age was attached, some may have been older. Hazel Thompson Davis, remembered in New York as a protegee of the late Aida Overton Walker, now a teacher of interpretative dancing in Chicago, was the only instructor named as presenting pupils. Harold B. Maryott, Department of Public School Music, Chicago Musical College, was down for an address.

The Wednesday evening program, by visiting artists, was given at Grace Presbyterian Church, with numbers by Van S. Whitted, organist, of Philadelphia; Mrs. Charles E. Herriot, colo-

atura soprano, of St. Louis; Harrison Ferrell, Jr., violinist, of Chicago; Miss Mattie Loretta Stovall, soprano, with Lillian LeMon at piano; Thelma O. Simons, pianist, of Chicago; Alpha D. Bratton, soprano, of Chicago; Walter E. Gossette, organist, of Chicago.

The musical event of the week was, of course, the recital on Thursday night at Aryan Grotto Temple, at which time, in addition to artists of national fame who appeared, there was heard also the National Chorus under the baton of James A. Mundy, conductor, and the Ferrell Symphony Orchestra. The chorus sang Nathaniel Dett's "The Chariot Jubilee" and Rosamond Johnson's "O Southland!" and the orchestra, in addition to the von Weber "Jubel" overture, played the McDowell Concerto in A Minor for piano and orchestra, with Miss Cleo Mae Dickerson at the keyboard. Miss Dickerson has just received her degree as master of music from Chicago Musical College.

Maude Roberts George of Chicago, soprano, sang a group including the Tosca aria "Vissi d'arte"; Florence Gale Talbert of New York (the program indicated Detroit) sang the "Bell Song" from "Lakme" (Où va la jeune Hindoue) by Delibes; R. Nathaniel Dett of Hampton Institute, played the "Song of the Shrine" and "Dance of Desire" from his "Enchantment Suite"; and Mrs. Lucretia Knox Mitchell of Indianapolis, soprano, sang four songs by Woodman, Saar, Korsakoff and Gilberte, with Lillian LeMon playing the accompaniment.

Another program was rendered on Friday afternoon at St. Mark M. E. Church, the participants being representatives of local in all sections of the country, as far as they were represented.

Propaganda by Whites To Take Credit From Negro For Musical Originality *The New York Age 8-18-23* **Work of W. C. Handy, Originator of the "Blues" Form of Music, Making a Fight to Retain His Hard Won Place in the World of Musical Endeavor.** *New York N.Y.*

One of the editors of the Atlanta Journal, posing as an authority on the question of Negro music, attempts to take from the race all credit for having originated what the real authorities have long since united in classifying as the "Only Real American Music." He tries to argue that the Negro came in contact with the English and Scotch village songs and thus derived familiarity with counterpoint, the oposing of tone to tone in harmonious relations.

In his effort to establish a false conclusion upon an unsound premise the writer found it necessary to ascribe to the music of the southern whites the most extraordinary qualities. The most pronounced quality of the southern white man is his gift of oratory, his power to sawy the multitudes with the magic of his argument. But if there have come out of the South any great musicians or poets or any other of the art professions, the record is decidedly lacking in keeping count of that fact.

There is no relation whatever in the foundation strains of the heart songs poured out from the soul of the Negro under the stress of impulse or emotion to any music ever evoked from the consciousness of the white man, either of the Occident or the Orient. And this has been confirmed by the researches of the English authority, Sharpe, and of America's own Henry E. Krehbiel and Natalie

Curtis Burlin, who, in their lifetime, delved into the innermost recesses of musical lore of the American people, white, black and red, and of the peoples of the tropic islands as well.

It is not my purpose, however, to take up at length the thin and tenuous argument of the Atlanta writer. My attention is called to it by the coincidence of a letter from William C. Handy, the Negro musician, who, while living in Memphis, created and brought into being a new school of dance music—the "Blues." He refers to a letter received from a southern white woman, now in London, who had written him frequently upon the subject of his "Blues" music, in which she tells of pernicious propaganda being conducted in England in an effort to turn the credit for creating the "Blues" music to persons who would rob the Negro originator of his birthright.

Some of these people have, within the past three years, used and exploited Negro musicians in an effort to discredit Handy, but the fact remains that the intelligent student of musical history will not easily be misled by these false assumptions. These influences, it appears, have been trying to drive Handy from the field he opened up and thereby deprive him of his legitimate credit and emolument. And it is deplorable that there should be found members of the race so shortsighted, or else so venal, as to cooperate in any such unfair procedure.

Mr. Handy has submitted an account of his effort along this line and it is of such interest, possessing so unusual a quality of straightforwardness, that it is being presented to readers of this column practically just as he wrote it. In this connection, it might be noted that there have been many musical honors paid to Mr. Handy by organizations and corporations of high standing in the musical and commercial world.

The Story of W. C. Handy

Twelve years ago, W. C. Handy wrote and published "The Memphis Blues," and at a time when he was struggling for recognition with his wonderful organization in Memphis, Tenn.

Many, who had studied music looked with contempt on his published "Blues." Those who liked "Blues" could not read his music, therefore, it was a difficult matter to find a market for his product.

Mr. Theron C. Bennet of Denver, Colo., bought "The Memphis Blues" outright; came to New York, made a small fortune, and Mr. Handy made a name.

Mr. Handy organized the Pace and Handy Music Co., Inc., which company subsequently published "St. Louis Blues," "Jogo Blues," "Loveless Love Blues," "Beale Street Blues," "Aunt Hagar's Children Blues" and others, yielding in royalties from the phonograph and player roll companies many thousands of dollars.

The Columbia Graphophone Company engaged his band for one year's exclusive service, made the week of February 14, 1919 "Handy Week" all over the United States. This is without question the greatest honor that has ever been conferred on any Negro bandmaster by any phonograph company. It was largely through the efforts of Mr. Harry H. Pace, who was then president of Pace and Handy Music Company, Inc., that this contract was consummated.

It was in New York then that he saw great possibilities for publishing music and in the summer of 1918 established his firm in the Gaiety Theatre Building, 1545 Broadway, where there are now six Negro publishing firms. He was refused quarters on account of his color,

are glad of the opportunity to make money out of the product of his creation.

Mr. Handy wants your patronage because he has done more to promote the music that the colored man loves than any other person in a similar capacity. He has served our race for more than thirty years. He believes that when you know the true story of his life's work and struggles; when you know of his ability to serve you, you will give him your patronage.

Handy Brothers Music Co., Inc., of which Mr. C. E. Handy is President has a store in Harlem, 2573-8th avenue, where their songs may be had in records, rolls and in sheet music, also music of other publishers, and they have professional offices at 1545 Broadway, where they would be pleased to see their many friends in and out of the profession.

W. C. HANDY GREATEST FINANCIAL SUCCESS IN HISTORY OF SYNCOPATED MUSIC

The Louisville Courier-Journal

W. C. Handy, who will come here with his famous band, Tuesday night, August 28th, for a concert at the Jackson Park, with Sara Martin, the colored phonograph star, has to his credit more popular hits than any other composer of the last decade, and perhaps in the history of popular music. A map of Handy's compositions would fill a book. He started the whole thing, down in Memphis when he wrote the now-famous "Memphis Blues," which has been sung and danced perhaps on every stage in America, in one form or another, and has been recorded by every phonograph company in the United States. Immediately on the heels of his first big hit, came "St. Louis Blues," a doleful and rhythmic bit which scored a phenomenal hit with white music-lovers as well as colored. It was taken up immediately by practically every popular star of both races and sung season in and season out. Then came his "Beale Street Blues" dedicated to his "Home Street" in Memphis. He followed this with "Harlem Blues," "John Henry Blues," "Yellow Dog Blues," "Loveless Love," "Sundown Blues," "Dark town Revellie," "Hesitating Blues," "Jogo Blues," and now "Aunt Hagar Blues," a current hit which bids fare to outrival his earlier successes for no less than fourteen phonograph laboratories have recently recorded this number. Handy is said to have amassed a fortune out of his royalties alone and his concerts have brought him added popularity with

MR. HANDY IS A PIONEER:

He is the originator of the Blues. The first "Blues" publishing company to locate on Broadway. The first to have a "Laughing Trombone" on the record. The first to publish the songs and to advertise the first colored girl to sing on the records, Mamie Smith. The first to show the commercial possibilities in "Blues" for which more than sixteen phonograph companies in America are clamoring. The first to give colored pianists, colored stenographers, colored bookkeepers, colored arrangers, colored auditors, colored pluggers, employment in a "Blues" institution. He spent thousands of dollars to make the "Blues" popular when other publishers repudiated "Blues." He encouraged Negro singers, musicians and writers, went out of his way to find employment for them, always upholding the dignity of the "Blues," showing their commercial possibilities. His files contain arguments against "Blues" by many who are now trying to imitate his style, and of others who

and a much enlarged band

The National Ass'n Negro Musicians Re-elect All Officers Of Past Year

Associated Negro Press.
CHICAGO, Ill., Aug. 1.—The Fifth Annual Convention of the National Association of Negro Musicians and all the officers of the preceding year.

These included Clarence Cameron White, president; J. Wesley Jones, Chicago, vice-president; Alice Carter Simmons, Tuskegee, secretary-treasurer; Henry G. Grant, Washington, executive secretary; Lillian M. Lemon, asst. secretary.

Nightly concerts by delegates and members of the convention were a feature of the week here. Great stress at the convention was placed upon the advisability of local branches carrying forward "echo" meetings of the national convention, such as were successfully conducted in Philadelphia last year.

DELEGATES ARRIVE FOR MEETING OF NAT'L MUSICIANS

Chicago, Defender Vanguard to Annual Convention Already in Chicago for

Next Week's Activities
Chicago, Ill.,
7-21-23

Clarence Cameron White, Oberlin, Ohio; Alice C. Simmons, Tuskegee; Henry L. Grant, Washington, D. C.; Lillian Lemon, Indianapolis, Ind.; R. Augustus Lawson, Hartford, Conn.; J. W. Work, Nashville, Tenn.; Fred Work, New York; Mabel Story, St. Louis; David Martin, New York City; R. Nathaniel Dett, Hampton Institute; Carl Diton, Philadelphia, and Kemper Herreld, Atlanta, Ga., are the national officers who are arriving in the city for the national meeting. The local chairmen of committees of the convention are: Miss Estella Bond, housing and reception; Mrs. Martha B. Anderson, hospitality; Miss Marie Burton, badges; Mrs. Martha Mitchell, program; Mrs. Wilma Mason Brown, finance; Dr. I.

H. Holloway, reception; Maude R. George, publicity; Chas. Reese, sight-seeing tour. The local has received excellent co-operation from the preachers, business men and citizens. Prominent among these are: Rev. L. Draine, Dr. W. D. Cook, Dr. John B. Redmond, Dr. C. M. Clark, Dr. Joseph A. Winters, Dr. M. H. Jackson, Rev. T. L. Scott, Dr. J. M. Tanner, Dr. I. A. Thomas, Editor R. S. Abbott, Dr. D. W. Johnson, Rev. W. S. Bradden, Dr. E. I. Martin.

Prominent Speakers

Among the most prominent speakers who are to appear upon the programs will be Chas. E. Fauser, director of community and public school music of Northwestern university, at the session Thursday morning at the Community center. Dr. Mann of the Unitarian church and Harold B. Maryott, department of public school music at the Chicago Musical college, will be the speakers on institute day at 2 o'clock at Wendell Phillips high school. Upon this program the winners of the children's contest will appear, being children between the ages of 8 and 16, and dancing pupils of Hazel Thompson Davis. Miss Ruth Johnson, supervisor of music in Cincinnati, will speak on Thursday at 2 o'clock. John B. Redmond of St. Mark's church will speak Wednesday morning at Community center.

The evening programs are open to the public and have been made with very careful effort by the local chairman of the program committee. Tuesday night, which is local night, when Chicago is expected to turn out en masse, has some of the leading artists of the city listed. Harrison H. Ferrell, artist violinist, will direct his orchestra. This orchestra has given two concerts in the Loop and their appearance is a popular anticipation. The following well known artists will appear: Mme. Bertha Tyree, Clara Hutchison, Miss Mary Jones, sopranos; Miss Goldie Guy, pianist; Lawrence Lomax, tenor; Theo. P. Bryant, baritone; Harrison Emanuel, violinist, and Irene Howard, cornetist. Tuesday, July 24, at 8 p. m. at Wendell Phillips high school.

Many Musical Treats

Wednesday night's program will be held at Grace Presbyterian church at 8 p. m. The following artists will appear: Mrs. Charles E. Herriot, soprano of St. Louis; Miss Alpha Bratton, well known local soprano; Mattie L. Stovall, contralto of Indianapolis; Thelma O. Simms, pianist, who was recently heard in recital; Kemper Herreld, violinist, Atlanta, Ga., and Walter E. Gossette, organist of well known ability.

Thursday night is the national artists' concert at Aryan Grotto. This program is arranged by the national officers. The following well known artists will appear: R. Nathaniel Dett, Hampton Institute; J. Harold Brown, Nashville, Tenn.; Cleo M. Dickerson, pianist; Florence Cole Talbert, Detroit, and Maude Roberts George, Chicago, sopranos; Wesley Howard, violinist, Washington, D. C.

and the national chorus of 200 voices under the direction of James A. Mundy, Chicago. Tickets for this event will be on sale at the box office Monday, July 23. Many boxes have already been sold. Exchange tickets may be purchased at the Metropolitan Community center, Y. M. C. A. and the Y. W. C. A.

Friday afternoon at St. Mark's church there will be a recital by delegates from the locals. This will be the closing program of the convention. The following out-of-town artists will appear: Sopranos, Mrs. Inez Holmes, Columbus, Ohio; Grace Willis Thompson, Cleveland; Creeda R. Bartlett, Parkersburg, W. Va.; Viola Hill, Philadelphia; Nell Hunter, Durham, N. C.; John W. Work, Nashville, tenor; David Martin, New York; Kemper Herreld, Atlanta, violinists; Lucille Levy Hutton, pianist, and Estelle A. Forster, organist. Large audiences are expected at all of these programs and persons expecting to obtain desirable seats must arrive early. The hour is 2:15. Information concerning all of the programs and location of delegates may be obtained at convention headquarters, Victory 9784. All morning sessions will be held at Community Center July 24, 25, 26 and 27, unless that you may know what takes place each day and where. It is suggested that you cut out this article and place it in a conspicuous place for your convenience and to aid the publicity of these meetings.

ETHIOPIA

ETHIOPIA

Sad were the days—
Those ancient days—
When thou wert imprisoned by wicked hands
Men hid thy fame
Blasted thy name
Scorched thy home and chained thy blessed hands

ETHIOPIA

Thy sturdy men
And fair women
Are scattered across the distant seas
The alien herd
Hath split thy blood
And snatched from thee civilization's keys
Capitol and U. S. Open

ETHIOPIA

Open thine eyes—
Thy sleepy eyes—
And thine own self control—
Behold the light—
The God sent Light—
Which leads to Freedom's goal

ETHIOPIA

We have heard thy call
And now thy flag unfurl
Shake up thyself we are coming!
We have seen the Light
The future is bright,
Be faithless not we are coming!

ETHIOPIA

Raise up thy head
From Sorrows' bed,
Hear thy loins, be slow but sure!
Hear God's command,
"Stretch forth thy hand"
Let there be joy weep no more!

J. R. RALPH CARMICHAEL

LOVE AND SERVE

Those who are ever kind and true
'Tis a pleasure for me to love
Those who are grateful for a helping hand,
I'm ever ready to serve

J. R. RALPH CARMICHAEL

Nebulous Dawn.

(This poem was published in The Age of September 1, but the omission of a line and transposition of another destroyed its sense. It is republished in corrected form.)

In the shadowy darkness, we viewed the silent caravan
Unafraid—and happy in the hope which possessed our being,
O hoary creation! how in travail thou must groan
To free thy children from rude remnants of eons past!
It is dawning! For God who glitters in the sunlight,
Who whispers wondrous messages in field and forest,
Who guides the faltering steps of those who pass beyond,
Yet, waking to new consciousness in every babe,
Thou, in Thy eternal scheme, will be triumphant!
And we, Thy beneficiaries, yet unfinished, shall be transformed

By Thy subtle ways to something not unlike Thyself!
The hooded intruders o' the night
Shall vanquished be—yet conquerors all.
For they shall have found the grander and nobler purpose of Life.

HELEN ADELE WHITING

NEW YORK CITY TIMES
DECEMBER 2, 1923

NEGRO WINS PRIZE IN POETRY CONTEST

N. Y. U. Student Takes Second
Honors Among Undergradu-
ates of 63 Colleges.

IS SON OF PASTOR HERE

"The Ballad of the Brown Girl"
His Second Success—Chicago
Youth Is First.

Countess P. Cullen, a negro student at New York University, has won second prize in the Witter Bynner undergrad-uate poetry contest, according to an announcement from the Poetry Society of America, under whose auspices the contest was held. Cullen was one of the 700 undergraduates, representing sixty-three colleges and universities, entered in the competition. The judges were Carl Sandburg, Alice Corbin and Mr. Bynner. Cullen received one vote, while the other two chose Maurice Leseman's "In the Range Country" as the winning poem. Leseman represented the University of Chicago.

Cullen's topic was "The Ballad of the Brown Girl." The poem is 200 lines in length. Its theme is:

Oh, lovers, never barter love
For gold or fertile lands,
For love is meat and love is drink,
And love heeds love's commands.

And love is shelter from the rain
And scowling stormy skies:
Who casts off love must break his heart
And rue it till he dies.

Cullen is the son of the Rev. Frederick A. Cullen of 33 West 121st Street, pastor of the Salem Methodist Church. He is 20 years old and a student in the junior class of the College of Arts and Pure Science. Many of his contributions have been printed in various magazines. His writing first attracted attention when he was a student at De Witt Clinton High School, where he won the poetry prize offered by the Federation of Women's Clubs. His effort for that contest took the form of a parody on Alan Seeger's "I Have a Rendezvous With Death," which Cullen called "I Have a Rendezvous With Life." This poem follows:

I have a rendezvous with Life,
In days I hope will come
Ere youth has sped and strength of mind,
Ere voices sweet grow dumb:
I have a rendezvous with Life
When Spring's first heralds hum.

Sure, some would cry it better far
To crown their days in sleep,
Than face the wind, the road and rain,
To heed the calling deep.
Though wet, nor blow, nor space, I fear,
Yet fear I deeply too,
Lest death should greet and claim me ere
I keep Life's rendezvous.

Cullen says he is interested in poetry for poetry's sake and not for propa-ganda purposes. "In spite of myself," he adds, "however, I find that I am actuated by a strong sense of race consciousness. This grows upon me, I find, as I grow older; and although I struggle against it, it colors my writing. I fear in spite of everything I can do. There have been many things in my life that have hurt me, and I find that the surest relief from these hurts is in writing."

Cullen, who has another year at New York University before receiving his degree, plans a teaching career after graduation.

BALTIMORE MD. FIVE SUN
NOVEMBER 10, 1923

Georgia Negro Writes Poetry And Prose

[Miss Emily Clark, who reviews this book, is editor of the Richmond (Va.) "Review," the distinguished literary quarterly which H. L. Mencken termed "a volume in the Sahara."]

CANE, by Jean Toomer (Boni and Liveright).

THESE scraps of prose poetry and poetic prose from the cane-brakes of Georgia and the brown quarter of Washington range all the way from ecstatic revival music to jazz. In my slight experience with the literature of Africa I have encountered nothing else in the least resembling "Cane." Utterly free as it is from the bitterness of "Dark Water," or from any impulse to propaganda one almost feels that even a lynching might have its alleviating aspects to Jean Toomer since it furnished him material for two flaming red and black pages in the sketch called "Blood-Burning Moon." Perhaps this goes a bit far, but in literal truth this short story is told with as much detachment as if the teller had not been born in either black or white America. For no cause is presented here or anywhere.

There is a sense of inevitability in every line of the book—the inevitability which is the special requisite of any form of art. It is the first negro writing which, to me, seems as spontaneous as negro music. No brief is held by Toomer for black or white; he shows less bias, in fact, than is displayed by Waldo Frank in his introduction. And he has the lovely gift of rhythmic prose, for his sound is as vivid as his color.

The Georgia pieces are superior to the bits of brown Washington, although the jazz time of "Seventh Street" is like an echo from a dance hall in that quarter. "Blood-Burning Moon," "Esther," and "Fern," all out of darkest Georgia, are the culminating expression of this young negro. He is only 27 and this is his first book, composed partly of contributions to some of the more advanced magazines; "little maga-

dines," in the main.

Barlo's impromptu sermon in "Esther" has some of the swing of Ecclesiastes and of Judges, and all through the Georgia pieces dark figures stealing through the cane-brake and over the sandy roads reveal themselves as direct descendants of even darker figures gliding through the jungle.

Meanwhile the men with vestiges of pomp,

Race memories of king and caravan,
High priests, an ostrich and a juju-man
Go singing through the footpaths of the swamp.

And go singing through the ears of any one—or at least of any Southerner—who reads "Cane."

EMILY CLARK

"A Rendezvous With Life"

HANK VERNON, Central Islip, N. Y.—Following is the poem, "I Have a Rendezvous With Life," by Countess P. Cullen, requested by "H. U. J." in your issue of Nov. 23:

I have a rendezvous with life
In days I hope will come,
Ere youth has sped and strength of mind,
Ere voices sweet grow dumb:
I have a rendezvous with life,
When Spring's first heralds hum.
I may be I shall greet her soon,
Shall riot at her behest;
I may be I shall seek in vain
The peace of her downy breast;
Yet I would keep this rendezvous
And deem all hardships sweet,
If at the end of the long white way
There life and I shall meet.

sure some will cry it better far
To crown their days in sleep,
Than face the wind, the road, the rain,
To heed the calling deep:
Though wet, nor blow, nor space I fear,
Yet fear I deeply too,
Lest death shall strike and claim me ere
I keep life's rendezvous.

Poetry - 1923

DISCOVERING THE NEGRO ACTOR

By J. A. Jackson
(For A. N. P.)

Every now and then the Negro actor and actress is again discovered by the general public and its Press, each time with expressions of fresh surprise at the finding of so much talent among us. For some unexplained reason, they always prefer to ignore any history that has preceded the particular occasion under discussion.

The most recent exhibitions of the sort has been the criticisms that were written about "Salome," the production that was presented in Chicago under most favorable social auspices at the Avenue Theater. The comment was unusually favorable. But why in the world did each and every one who wrote on the subject treat the thing as a new something under the sun. When every one of them knew better. Is it a part of the editorial practices of all American journalism to ignore as far as possible the achievements of the Race on the stage?

In this case, even the excellent history of the very artists commended was ignored. Practically every member of that cast was an actor who had passed through tedious and painstaking experiences in commercial, dramatic, stock, and motion picture productions that have in earlier days inspired the same style of commendation. No reference was made to these accomplishments. The same has been true of a recent story in a Motion Picture magazine that discussed the merits of one producing company with the implication that there were no others.

If every achievement of the colored artist is to be regarded as the beginning of things, the race will never have a theatrical history. The work of Ira Aldridge, Redpath's Sam Lucas and Tyers sisters company, The Pekin Stock Company, the Lafayette Players, and all the others who have contributed to the steady advance of the profession will have been in vain; and precisely as they are being relegated into oblivion, just so will those praised today be ignored at the next advance.

Picture these players and Gilpin being ignored in the publicity that may accrue to the next venture that may happen upon some approval from the critics.

The most unhappy part of the whole thing is the fact that the colored papers have taken these comments for reprint in their pages just as they were written. Few took the pains to augment the information with the knowledge of previous histrionic achievements of the performers nor to correct the assertions that conveyed the erroneous impressions that these were "first happenings."

While they are not many, let us co-operate with the struggling Negro artist to preserve the traditions of our stage. Let not one iota of its hard earned progress be ignored. The Negro is in absolutely every phase of the show business, and those who become distinguished, do so because they are assisted by that fact. We can honor our new Stars without disparaging and ignoring those who have gone before, and whose work are the foundation upon which rests such glories as may come to pass today or in the future.

NEGRO ACTORS PLAY 'SALOME'

Colored Art Theatre, Under
White Direction, Gives
Moliere and Expression-
ist Drama. 3-14-23

By Kenneth MacGowan

Of the New York Globe.

CHICAGO, March 12.—Here, in what might be called artistically speaking, the home-town of Mary Garden, greatest of Salomes, a Negress has assumed whatever mantle Oscar Wilde's famous and much-banned heroine may be found to boast. A cabaret dancer out of

the "black belt" has played Moliere's immortal rogue, Scapin. And a company of colored actors, under the direction of a white man, have rediscovered and produced a German drama by the "father of expressionism" which makes "Roger Bloomer" look very, very commonplace.

As I write, this remarkable experiment is preparing to move east. By easy stages and the hard road of much rehearsal and many performances it may ultimately reach New York—probably next fall.

The company played in one of the houses of south Chicago under the name of the Negro Folk Theatre. The results of presenting Wilde, Moliere, and expressionism to the Negro population of Chicago seem to have been largely artistic. Its support has come from the white audience that has packed the various little theatres and community playhouses of Chicago.

The Negro Folk Theatre has

been the ambitious undertaking of Raymond O'Neill, a director who worked for some years at the head of the Cleveland Playhouse, an amateur producing theatre. After a visit to Europe, he returned to America, and gradually came to the opinion that he could get more vigor and expressiveness out of the ill-trained actors of the colored race than out of ill-trained white amateurs and professionals liberally supplied with inhibitions.

O'Neill brought back from Germany the script of a play called "George." It was written some thirty years ago by Buechner, a playwright so far ahead of his time that his plays were very little acted in his lifetime, and he himself is now hailed as the "father of German expressionism." One of his dramas, "Danton's Death," was produced in Reinhardt's great circus theatre in Berlin, and may be given here next fall when the German director comes over at the invitation of Morris Gest. "George" is a play in twenty scenes that fade in and out of one another, as in "Johannes Kreisler" and "Roger Bloomer."

The company which O'Neill got together in the Negro Folk Theatre came, like most Negro companies, from all manner of occupations. Some of the actors were professionals. A couple had even toured Europe in plays. Others were cabaret dancers. One had been a barber and one delivered wash to at least one patron of the theatre a week or two before the opening.

Opinions vary considerably as to the artistic quality of the performances; but a good many Chicagoans assert that "The Rogueries of Scapin" became an extraordinarily amusing entertainment with the cabaret dancer skipping about the stage and some of the company freely improvising their lines as they went along. Copeau, says one enthusiast, never did the play more amusingly in Paris.

I saw a special matinee of "Salome," which was given along with a comedy of Negro life, "The Chip Woman's Fortune." The latter, written by a Negro, Willis Richardson, had me of the naive and pungent folk quality of Lady Gregory's Irish plays. Excellently acted by Evelyn Preer, Sidney Kiddpatrick, and the rest of the cast, it was as wholly delightful as the plays by Ridgely Torrence which Robert Edmond Jones and his colored players produced at the Garden Theatre some seven or eight years ago.

"Salome" was another matter. The illusion of Syria was intermittent. At times, however, you could ask for no better performance. When the voice of Jokanaan (Solo-

mon Bruce) soared up from his prison it was magnificent, and always there was this marvellous vocal quality to the performance. Evelyn Preer, so excellently negroid in "The Chip Woman's Fortune," came out in "Salome" with a performance such as any Broadway actress might have felt satisfied to have given and she threw in a dance, which, within the proprieties, might almost have satisfied the demands of Herod. In spite of the generally exceptional diction, mispronunciations and unconsciously comic bits wandered into the performance, but, by and large, it did a great deal more than justice to this interminably wordy and precious play.

I'M GLAD I'M A NEGRO

When sorrow's darkest hours enshroud,
Our faces hid, our heads are bowed,
Let's not despise our fellowman
But try to smile when'er we can
Denounce not with a trait'rous sigh,
Think of our heroes brave and wise,
Their tolls are o'er their work is done:
If those men were Negroes
I'm glad I am one.

Let's think of Crispus Attucks brave
Who gave his life this land to save,
He led the Boston massacre,
And gave his life for liberty.
Yes, many a Negro patriot fought,
And to the world a lesson taught,
Their labors o'er, their life's work done
If these men were Negroes
I'm glad I am one.

Look back to days of Civil war,
The Negro marched to death's dark
door,
Fought on and on his flag to save,
Pillow and Wagner were his grave
Such records, who would be ashamed,
A record stamped in blood and flame,
They died like men their vic'ries won,
If those men were Negroes
I'm glad I am one.

At San Juan and El Caney
The Negro soldier in array
Marched and fought through blood and
flame
(A credit to this country's name)
Old glory rose to mountain heights
For freedom and for Cuba's rights,
I say, with thoughts of battle won,
If those men were Negroes
I'm glad I am one.

When Huns the world would over-ride
And trample Europe in a tide,
The terror stricken nations called
For aid, to save them from the pall.
The Blackman sped to lend his aid
And thus the hand of Hun was stayed.
His deeds are told from sun to sun,
If those men were Negroes
I'm glad I am one.

O, brethren, see our men of peace,
From North, from South, from East,
from West,
See Allen and the faithful few
Who taught us to be Christians true,
At rest are Douglass and Dunbar,
With Washington the rest afar,
With thoughts of what these men have
done:
If those men were Negroes
I'm glad I am one.

When Huns the world would over-ride
And trample Europe in a tide,
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For aid, to save them from the pall.
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done:
If those men were Negroes
I'm glad I am one.

Robert P. Edwards—A. N. P.

CLAUDE MCKAY GETS PRAISE OF RUSSIANS

(Special Correspondence for
The Associated Negro Press)
MOSCOW, Russia, Mar. 16.—Claude McKay, colored poet, born in Jamaica, but for several years a resident of the United States, has been making quite an impression here, and is being given unusual recognition. In the land of Alexander Pushkin, the great Russian colored poet, his ability is being recognized on merit.

The papers give him much publicity and the Pravda recently published two of his poems. One was some verse McKay read before a Senatorial committee which investigated the race riots in Illinois some years ago. McKay came here in November as a delegate to the Third Internationale, representing the American Workers party, affiliated with the Communists. He is remaining to study the Soviet system to write a book for colored America on the Russian revolution.

Black Nurses Good as White, Brazil Decides

RIO DE JANEIRO.—The effect of cough syrup is the same whether administered by a white nurse or a black one, the Minister of Justice decided in passing on the legality of actions of the Inspector of tuberculosis in dismissing Negro nurses in favor of white women. 3-17-23

In Brazil, the minister declared, all colors are equal in the eyes of the law and there is no sound scientific reason why a Negro woman should not make just as capable a nurse of tubercular patients as her paler sisters.

"The inspector—Dr. Placido Barbo-

SAMBO'S SONGS.

A church hymn dealing with war is sweeping into popularity in southern negro churches. Maybe it's an old one, born after the Civil War and now resurrected after a long sleep. Anyway, it's timely. And negro congregations are singing (or chanting) it with such vehemence and enthusiasm that it's obvious there's one element of the world's population that's "fed up" on war, regardless of what Europe may be thinking and doing.

The hymn sounds like this:

BRIDGEPORT CONN POST
FEBRUARY 11, 1923

I'm gonna lay down mah war tools, down by de ribber side,

Down by de ribber side, down by de ribber side.

I'm gonna lay down mah war tools, down by de ribber side.

Ain't a-gonna study war no more.

CHORUS:

Study war no mo', study war no mo', study war no mo';

Study war no mo', study war no mo', study study war no mo'.

Too bad we cannot get Europe singing this hymn.

Negro music, with its seductive rhythm and none-such melody, stands out unique among all other music. It reflects the primeval spirit of the jungle.

The white man, beginning shortly before the war, sank to the jungle state. Probably that is why the white man has been almost deliriously obsessed by jungle-jazz.

Some authorities tell you that jazz is a comparatively new creation, originated in Buenos Aires and New Orleans some 10 years ago. But for 100 per cent. jazz, consider this old-time negro slave song:

Old guinea niggah, wid a head full o' knowledge,

Redder go to free school dan any othah college;

Little chunk ash cake, little piece fat, an' De w'ite folks grudge 'im ef he git enough o' dat.

Old Jonah, lak er fool, got as stubborn as er mule,

So de wha-ale made 'im disappeah; jonah swope 'is razor out, cut de whale in two,

An' he floated into sho' on his ear.

Before it is too late, some one should collect and publish for posterity the best of the negro folk-lore songs.

And while we're on the subject, the psychological condition of a nation is always reflected in the songs its people are singing. Sobering up

from the war, we are getting away from a jungle state of mind, so jazz is fading out of popularity. While the future may be a sealed book, you can get advance information on the "national drift" by watching the kind of music that comes to replace jazz. We may be in for another wave of religious revival. Watch the songs. They'll tell!

NATIVISM IN ART

REVOLUTION, in whatever phase of human society, may be explained as a series of rapid reforms toward a conceived goal of ideal perfection—a leap forward as it were, yet, as paradoxical as it may seem, revolution is a turning back, a tendency toward a "state of nature." The Renaissance was a revival of Greek learning and Greek standards of perfection; the great French revolution found intellectual and moral guidance in Jean Rousseau's philosophy-pleading for man's return to a "state of nature."

AND WHAT IS IT TODAY that the social revolutionist or communist is advocating if it is not for the revolutionizing of society on a basis of common ownership of the natural resources and the means or tools of their exploitation? A somewhat harking back to tribal organizations. Yet, these phenomena are marked stages in man's social progress. Civilization comes as a natural growth, irrespective of moral truth; and more, modern or western civilization in its progress and tendency is the very antithesis of man's native impulse toward morality and truth.

BUT THERE HAS ARISEN everywhere within this modern civilization a new spirit, of self-orientation—the questioning of the logicalness of institutions, standards, forms, and values, and finding its most manifest expression in art, literature, politics, and religion. In America the new spirit is most manifest in the novel and drama. It is a new kind of nativism that turns with penetrative search to the social life and traditions of our people. There are those among white artists, and their number is growing, who have come to recognize the Negro's life in America as yet an untouched field for the creative artist.

THIS ARTIST GENRE comes among us seeking new material and new truths. They know we are closer to nature, therefore to truth and simplicity. Our life is colorful, full of warmth and imagination. Certainly no racial group in America could be more stimulative to the true artist's vision than are we. Mr. Ridgeby Terrence, Miss Gertrude Sanborn, Mr. Raymond O'Neill and Mr. Sherwood Anderson are outstanding figures among this group of white artists who in their creative impulses have turned to Negro life for new material and added beauty.

YET, HOWEVER SINCERE and adroit these individuals may be in their creations, the true interpretation of the deeper and spiritual life of the Negro will only find expression through the native feeling and vision of the Negro artist, poet, or novelist. And there is among us, in rapid development, a group of creative writers and artists right now battling loyally for recognition and that place in the sun to which they are justly entitled.

NEGROES PROPOSE TO FORM SYMPHONY

S. Coleridge-Taylor Musical Society Active—Hear Fisk Singers

By Cleveland G. Allen

The S. Coleridge-Taylor Musical Society, formed about a year ago, already

COLORED ARTISTS OF CHICAGO ORGANIZE STOCK COMPANY. By A. N. P. Chicago, Ill., Feb. 1.—Chicago has again set the pace for other cities in establishing a stock company of colored artists to develop racial dramatic and musical talent. 2-3-23

Fun, joyous laughter and richness of color and fantasy are listed as features of a series of plays to be given by the new stock company recently formed by a group of prominent white and colored people of the city. The opening performance of the company was "Salome," and was given on Monday evening, Jan. 29, at the avenue theatre, Indiana Avenue and East 31st street.

Professionals Engaged.

The company is composed of colored professional actors of New York and Chicago and has been formed for the purpose of bringing to audiences great stores of beauty inherent in the dramatic possibilities of the race. The title role in "Salome" is played by Miss Evelyn Preer, a professional actress. One member has recently come from London, where he took part in a play in which Mrs. Patrick Campbell starred.

"We believe with many distinguished writers, musicians, and critics that the Negro is capable of making vital contributions to American culture, not only in the dance and in music, but in the drama as well," said Raymond O'Neill, treasurer of the company. "The association sponsoring this movement will give to the colored people practical means for the development of their dramatic abilities."

Mr. O'Neill has had many years of experience in directing plays in America and Europe. Among prominent Chicagoans interested in the work are Alexander Jackson, Prof. Frederick Starr, Mrs. Arthur H. Aldis, Dr. George Cleveland Hall, and Sherwood Anderson. Following the production of "Salome," there will be given a "Comedy of Errors," "Everyman," and other plays vividly staged.

has a membership of 1000, and hopes to present in public concert in New York at an early date a symphony orchestra of 100 players and a chorus of 100 voices. This society, which was instituted to perpetuate the memory of Samuel Coleridge-Taylor, aims to foster the works of the famous Negro composer, to encourage Negro artists by assisting them to obtain engagements, to promote and preserve Negro art and to encourage orchestral playing and choral singing. It plans to keep a lookout for all promising young musical aspirants among the Negroes and to assist them in furthering their musical education by providing

scholarships. One of its activities will be to promote Sunday afternoon concerts, at which artists from various parts of the country will appear.

It is the aim of the organization to have 10,000 members and to rank as one of the leading musical associations among colored people in the world. Gwendolyn Taylor, daughter of Samuel Coleridge-Taylor, has written from England that she is very much interested in the movement started in America to honor the memory of her father.

The founder and president of the society is David A. Donald, a young Negro musician who has been influenced by the works of Coleridge-Taylor. Mr. Donald, who is a violinist, has been a resident of New York for fourteen years. He began his musical career under David I. Martin and later took up the study of the violin under Jean Munkacsy. He is now a pupil of Carl Tollefsen. Mr. Donald has interested many Negro musicians in the society, and, to further its work, is editing a magazine, *Musical Activities*, which is devoted to the developments of Negro music.

The other officers of the society are: G. R. Falconer, vice-president; Gertrude Mae Hill, second vice-president; Dr. Alma Haskins, treasurer; Cornelia Fishburn, assistant treasurer; Beatrice Jempson, recording secretary; Carrie Evelyn Williams, corresponding secretary; W. Arthur Calhoun, musical director; P. R. Waples, assistant director; Rudolf Grant, choral leader; E. Gilbert Anderson, orchestra leader; James E. Mallit, assistant orchestral leader; Cecilia de Silva, chairman reception committee, and Blanch Deas-Harris, chairman program committee.

The Fisk University Singers gave a New York concert recently at the Children's Theater for the benefit of the children's fund, and a large audience, including many closely associated with Fisk University in its education of Negroes, gave the singers an enthusiastic greeting. The program included many of the Negro folk-songs, of which Fisk University is a leading exponent, and the sympathetic interpretation of these melodies delighted the audience.

A descriptive talk by the Rev. J. A. Meyers, explanatory of the origin of the songs, added to the interest of the evening.

He said that the songs of the Negroes contained no bitterness or resentment, but expressed faith, hope, joy, courage, sorrow and optimism. He also gave several readings from the works of Paul Lawrence Dunbar. The Fisk Quintet consists of the Rev. J. A. Meyers, tenor and leader; Mrs. J. A. Meyers, contralto; Carr J. Barbour, tenor; Horatio W. O'Bannon, baritone, and Ludie D. Collins, bass.

Negro students, members of the Douglas Society of the College of the City of New York, presented Negro artists in concert in the Great Hall of the College recently. A large audience, including many members of the faculty, gave a cordial welcome to the participants, who were Andrades Lindsay, Leviticus Lyons, Louis Hooper, Eugene Mars Martin, Jessie Andrew Zackery, Allie Ross, Gar-

Douglas Society aims to foster a spirit of good will among the races through its musical programs. Dean Frederick Robinson presided. The field Warren Tarrant, Augustus G. Dill, David I. Martin, Jr., and Carrie Yates.

Art-1923

BOROUGH OF BRONX NEWS
JANUARY 28, 1923

Harlem Youth Depicts the Rise of Negro in Poetry

Another Negro poet has come out of the South to depict the rise of the Negro in verse.

He is George Washington Hodge and resides at 166 W. 129th St.

Hodge was born in Greenville, Ga., but was taken to Atlanta, by his parents, when a small boy. He received his elementary and high school education at Clark University in which he finished the college department.

George W. Hodge

It was while a student at Atlanta University that he attracted attention as a writer, and for three years he traveled with the university quartet, giving readings from some of his poems. He has given recitals throughout the South and New England, of his own poems, together with those of other Negro poets.

He took courses in elocution at Hartford and Boston after which he returned South and engaged in educational work in Rome, Ga. He resigned that work and came to Columbia University where he has taken up the study of law. He first attracted attention at Columbia University when one of his songs were used at the commencement program in 1920.

WHITE CHORAL CLUB TO SING

COLORED MUSICIAN'S

MASTERPIECE.

Lauravik review

250-Voice Chorus to render

Coleridge Taylor's Hiawatha's
Wedding Feast.

1-6-23

Colored Folks Welcome at Kosair
Auditorium Tomorrow Night.

The unique spectacle of a great Choral Club of white people singing a Colored writer's masterpiece, will be seen tomorrow night (Sunday, Jan. 7), at Kosair Auditorium. At that time the K. C. Choral Club, under direction of Joseph A. Panther, with 250 voices and a orchestra of 30 pieces will render a Holiday Concert. The main soloist will be Riccardo Martini, of the Chicago Grand Opera Company. The principal work of the Choral Club will be the beautiful and diffi-

cult "Hiawatha's Wedding Feast," by S. Coleridge Taylor, the Great Negro Composer. The concert starts at 8:15 Sunday night. Prices range from 55 cents to \$2.20. Colored lovers of music are invited. The program is enough to draw all music lovers, but should appeal directly to Colored people.

ROLAND HAYES IN PARIS.

Lauravik review

(By Associated Negro Press.)

Paris, France, Jan. 4.—Roland Hayes made public debut in Paris under the auspices of the Association Artistique des Concerts, Colonne, one of the oldest and finest musical associations in Europe.

The concert was given at the theater du Chatelet, in the old Latin Quarter of Paris. 1-6-23

Mr. Hayes appeared in connection with the celebrated Colonne Orchestra under the direction of M. Gabriel Pierné, and was the only soloist of the evening. He sang five selections. "Ald de Semale," by Handel; "Prelied," by Richard Wagner, and three spirituals, "Steal Away," arranged by Lawrence Brown; "By and By" and "Go Down Moses," by Burleigh.

The spirituals were sung with orchestra accompaniment without piano, the first Mr. Hayes has rendered in Europe. After the singing of his group of spirituals the house, which was completely filled, simply became a storm of applause. Mr. Hayes was called from his reception room five times. His success in Paris is one of the most brilliant which he has achieved in Europe.

EMANCIPATION AND THE FREED IN AMERICAN SCULPTURE

A Study in Interpretation

Washington Tribune By *Washington Post*
FREEMAN HENRY MORRIS MURRAY

2-24-23

(Continued from last week)

NOTES

The following are notes which are references to the last two subjects which has already appeared in this article.—Ed.

Note 5—The statement regarding the "Freedman," quoted by Tuckerman, which says, "Here is the simple figure of a semi-nude Negro, sitting, it may be on the steps of the Capitol," probably formed the basis of a curious mistake which has had wide currency. The mistake locates "this" statuette "on the steps of the Capitol at Washington." This error occurs in Clement and Hutton's "Artists of the Nineteenth Century" and in many other places.

Of course no copy of the statuette is on the steps of the Capitol nor anywhere in or about the building. No copy of it is on public view in Washington, and almost certainly none ever was.

It would, however, be a fine thing if what appears to be the last remaining copy which is for sale (by the Gorham Company, New York City), could be secured to be placed on public view at the National Capital—the beautiful Carnegie Library building at Howard University suggests itself as a suitable place.

The "Freedman" was on exhibition among the sculptures at the recent Panama-Pacific Exposition. Moreover, it drew favorable notice from Mr. Laurvik in his review of American sculpture in the Catalogue of the Exposition already referred to. With fine appreciation, he says of it:

"Few productions of contemporary art have been received as so fully expressing the fervor of a great national movement as the Freedman, though it was never executed larger than statuette."

Note 6—For the information that

Edmonia Lewis attended Oberlin College, I am indebted to Mrs. Mary B. Talbert of Buffalo, N. Y. The information is confirmed by the College catalogues, 1859 to 1863, and by a letter from Doctor King, president of the College.

Note 8—The Detroit monument was one of the very earliest of the War Monuments to be dedicated; earlier even than the Lincoln Memorial at Springfield.

In view of the fact that Black Folk were relatively few in Michigan, it is notable that the projectors of this fine memorial should have suggested the placing of one of the race in such an honored place, or even have permitted it, possibly at the artists suggestion.

However, the colored people of Michigan, though few, were of exceptionally high character and attainments. Moreover, Sojourner Truth, at that time certainly, the most distinguished woman of Negro blood in America, was then residing in Michigan. Francis H. Warren, Esq., refers to her (in a letter) as: "Michigan's first distinguished woman, whose anti-slavery work no doubt mothered the thought to place the figure of a Negro woman on our soldiers Monument in Detroit."

Note 9—It may be of interest to note that Frederick Douglass was not pleased with the attitude and expression of the "kneeling slave" in Ball's group. Mr. Douglass delivered the principal address at the unveiling of the group in Washington in 1876. His address and the remarks of others made on the occasion are printed in pamphlet.

Referring to the address as published in the pamphlet, Mr. John W. Cromwell writes to me as follows:

"I have before me the oration of Mr. Douglass on the occasion of the unveiling of the monument in Lincoln Park, Washington, April 14, 1876.

"I find, however, no criticism of the

group in the published address; evidently it was an extempore utterance brought out by the occasion and the environment. He did, however, make the criticism and I was about fifteen feet—not more—from him during the entire address. He was very clear and emphatic in saying that he did not like the attitude; it showed the Negro on his knees, when a more manly attitude would have been more indicative of freedom."

Note 10—Mr. Ball informs us in his book that the Association paid \$17,000 for the enlargement and the casting of the bronze group, which he indicates was a low figure. He says Congress appropriated the money for the pedestal.

Note 11—Following what is quoted on Pages 29 and 30, [these pages refer to Mr. Murray's book.—Ed.] the description of the group is continued, in the booklet mentioned, as follows:

"The original was also changed by introducing, instead of an ideal slave, the figure of a living man,—the last slave ever taken up in Missouri under the fugitive slave law, and who was rescued from his captors (who had transcended their legal authority) under orders of the provost-marshal of St. Louis. His name was Archer Alexander, and his condition of servitude legally continued until emancipation was proclaimed and became the law of the land. A photographic picture was sent to Mr. Ball, who has given both the face and manly bearing of the negro. The ideal group is thus converted into the literal truth of history without losing anything of its artistic conception or effect."

This description appears to have been copied almost verbatim from the pamphlet which contains the addresses at the unveiling of the group in Washington. The description is a part of the remarks of Mr. James E. Yeatman who represented the Western Sanitary Commission, which was the organization that initiated the movement to organize the Freedmen for the purpose of erecting the memorial.

I have already pointed out (page 31) that the description appears to be more a statement of intentions and desires, than of actual accomplishments so far as relates to the alterations enumerated heretofore.

It will be noted that one of the alterations enumerated in the part

here quoted is the introduction of the figure of a living man in the place of "an ideal slave." The expression, "an ideal slave," while perhaps not technically incorrect, is apt to disconcert the ordinary reader. "The ideal [imaginary] figure of a slave," would perhaps be less objectionable in form and probably clearer also. But, be that as it may, it is worth noting that the figure of the slave in the original group was modeled by the sculptor after his own body viewed in a mirror—as he informs us in his book—no other "model" being at the time available.

It is very probable that the alterations that were based on the photograph included no changes other than in facial features. Hence what we see in this group is probably no more the literal truth of history than is usual in such cases: perhaps less than is usual.

These matters, of course, have no bearing on the merits of the group as a work of art, nor have they any considerable interpretative importance. They may be, however, of some historic interest.

Another matter of some historic interest and perhaps also of some interpretative importance, is mentioned by Mr. Ball in his book. He informs us that Wendell Phillips was displeased with his Boston statues. He says (p.298): "He [Phillips] sent me away with his exceedingly vulgar tirade against me and the Boston statues ringing in my ears." Whether or not this occurred after the Emancipation group was in place, is not certain; but seemingly it did. The account which Mr. Ball gives of the occurrence is inexplicit and vague—even more vague than is his wont.

Note 12—I have put a query after the word "marble," for the reason that, although the description in the booklet, quoted on pages 29 and 30, says that the original was in marble, Mr. Ball's book indicates that it was cast in bronze. He says: "The first copy of this little group was ordered in bronze before it was finished in the clay, by Mr. — of Boston." Of course, a marble copy may have been made, also. This matter is of no importance here, except as bearing on the question of the general reliability of the statements in the description quoted.

EMANCIPATION AND THE FREED IN AMERICAN SCULPTURE

Washington Tribune
A Study in Interpretation

2-17-23

By

FREEMAN HENRY MORRIS MURRAY

Washington D.C.

(Continued from last week)

Editor's Note: Notes pertaining to this article will be published next week.

"EMANCIPATION," GROUP WASHINGTON AND BOSTON

By Thomas Ball

A group by Thomas Ball calls for particular consideration and analysis. Mr. Ball was well known through several fine works—one, an equestrian statue of General Washington in Boston—when, in 1865, he made a striking half-life-size group showing "Lincoln and a Kneeling Slave." Later this was "expanded" into the "Emancipation" group in Lincoln Park, Washington, set up in 1876. This enlarged group was paid for with money contributed by former slaves. A replica of this large group was made for and set up in Boston, a gift to the city by the Hon. Moses Kimball, one of the citizens.

The popularity of intelligence and sympathy, who felt that it is repeatedly what he was doing." used in an illustrative and pictorial way as the very exemplification and symbol of "the Emancipation"—is this as they are set forth in his book, of the need of an "My Three-score and one" vision, "Years and Ten," and and of greater circumspection and care in analysis and interpretation.

Mr. Taft enthuses over this group. He says:

"His [Ball's] conception of Lincoln is a lofty one . . . One of the inspired works of American sculpture; a great theme expressed with emo-

the light of its original purpose and its time—all tend to prove that Mr. Ball, indeed, "felt what he was doing." And yet from what has gone before, it need occasion no surprise for me to say that I regard this group, as far less adequate that it has been popularly regarded.

We may concede with Mr. Taft that the conception of Lincoln in certain respects is lofty, but the group as a whole is an unsatisfactory representation—repeating and insisting that we are now considering it under its adopted name, "Emancipation."

The sculptor has given to the figures in this group attitudes and expressions which are too strongly suggestive of the conventional representations of Jesus and the Magdalene. In fact, Ball has come perilously near making Mr. Lincoln appear to be saying: "Go, and sin no more," or, "Thy sins be forgiven thee."

As for the kneeling—or is it crouching?—figure, his attitude and expression indicate no elevated emotion, or any apparent appreciation of the duties and responsibilities of his new position and little if any conception of the dignity and power of his own personality and manhood, now first recognized and respected by others. He seems to have a hazy idea that he is more or less, or maybe is about to be made, free, but it appears probable that introspectively, he is yet a "kneeling slave." In his attitude he more exemplifies a man who perhaps has escaped extreme punishment by commutation of sentence (see Note A.) than a man who feels that he is one of those who, as the Declaration of Independence expresses it, "are, and of right ought to be free!" If he should speak, he would probably mur-

mur, dubiously and querulously, "O Mr. Lincoln! am I—?" Whereas, Ward's "Freedman" plainly and somewhat resolutely says: "Well Sir; you see I am."

It should be borne in mind, however, that this group by Ball was not mo-

doled originally as an "Emancipation" group, but was called, as has been stated, "Lincoln and a Kneeling Slave." (see Note B.) Ball's chief fault, if fault it was, consisted in his consent to its use as a representation or symbol of Emancipation. However, in his book before mentioned, Mr. Ball indicates that his part in the matter was merely to enlarge the original half-life-size group to its present size—about nine feet high—on the order of the Freedmen's Memorial Association which planned to erect it as a memorial to Mr. Lincoln.

In a booklet which relates the occurrences and ceremonies attendant on the presentation and dedication of the Boston replica, there is a statement, descriptive and interpretative of the group. The author of the statement is not named, nor are the sources of the information stated. However, internal evidences indicate that not all of it, if any, was derived directly from the sculptor himself. We read:

"The work was conceived and executed by Mr. Ball under the first influence of the news of Mr. Lincoln's assassination.

"The original group was in Italian marble, and differs in some respects from the bronze group. In the original the kneeling slave is represented as perfectly passive, receiving the boon of freedom from the hand of the great liberator. But the artist has justly changed all this, to bring the presentation nearer to the historical fact, by making the emancipated slave an agent in his own deliverance. He is represented as exerting his own strength, with strained muscles, in breaking the chain which had bound him. A greater degree of dignity and vigor, as well as of historical accuracy, is thus imparted."

The booklet from which I have quoted was loaned to me by Miss Helen F. Kimball whose father presented the group to the city of Boston in 1879, three years after the Washington group was put in place.

There is no gainsaying Mr. Kimball's noble motives, for he was a high-minded patriot and a consistent friend of the Freed people. In his proffer of the group to the city, he refers to it as one "emblematical of Emancipation"; the same group which had been erected in Washington by the ex-slaves' organization as a memorial to

Mr. Lincoln.

Of course, there is no inherent reason why a group, properly designed, might not answer for both the purposes named. But the above quotation clearly indicates that at the time the original group was being "expanded," its inadequacy, even as incidentally a symbolization of Emancipation, had been recognized. But it must be admitted that the group, at least in its altered form, regarded merely as a memorial to Mr. Lincoln, is much less open to objections. Yet, considered simply as a memorial, it would have been improved perhaps by removing the naked slave altogether.

Coming back to the description above quoted, it would appear to be more nearly a statement of intentions and desires than of actual accomplishments, so far as the enumerated alterations are concerned. I have not been able to see a picture of the original marble(?) group so cannot determine to what extent it was changed. But whatever alterations were actually made, viewing the group as it now stands, it requires a pretty strong pull on the imagination to find warrant for the claim that the slave is "exerting his own strength with strained muscles." If, indeed, such action or its results, were obvious, or, we may say, a little more obvious, visually, the acceptability of the group would be greatly enhanced.

There still remains unmentioned, certain objections to the group, but these have little to do with interpretation. To mention these supposed faults here might tend to make all my criticisms seem captious if not presumptuous; and probably they will be so regarded by some persons. As it is, I have tried within reasonable limits to justify the criticisms that I have thought should be made, for it would be little less than presumption if I were dogmatically to assume to rule out wholly these admittedly striking and appealing groups in Washington and Boston, which so many of my fellow-citizens and fellow-sufferers have so highly regarded if not revered.

Art—1923.

BROOKLYN N. Y. CITIZEN
APRIL 8, 1923

BROOKLYN N. Y. EAGLE
MAY 20, 1923

MUSEUM TO SHOW UNUSUAL STUDIES AT AFRICAN NEGRO ART EXHIBITION

One of the most profound studies of the native artistry of the human race and one of the most extraordinary studies of new forms of design and color combinations, can be obtained at the exhibition of primitive African Negro art, which will open in the west gallery of the Brooklyn Museum on April 17. A special program has been provided for the opening day, with a concert by Muller's Orchestra as one of the features.

Among the remarkable objects of art which will be put on view at the exhibition will be small carved figures of a wild beauty which our cultivated sensibilities are incapable of creating. There is a small ivory carving of a nude figure which puts many highly prized examples of ancient academy sculpture to shame, because of its superior proportion, fidelity and beauty of conception. There can be seen heads and symbols betraying Libyan, Egyptian, Coptic, and Abyssinian influences. But overshadowing all is the untutored expression of the flower of artistry which the savage felt when he sat down to carve the object.

Other exhibits of interest will be the spear heads, carved tusks and implements. One of the most important branches of the exhibition will be the display of printed cloths and apparel which will suggest marvelous new color combinations derived from the primitive Negro. Mostly in angular patterns with queer convolutions, and repeated intricate designs, it will not be surprising if the exhibition has an immediate appeal to the fashion creators who without fail crowd to the Brooklyn Museum for inspiration. It is more than likely that the summer and the fall will see the motifs on view at the Museum repeated ad infinitum in the fashions for women.

The primitive Negro exhibition is under the supervision of Curator Stuart Culin, of the Ethnological Department, who also arranged the costume exhibition of February and the other epoch-making costume displays of the past few years.

Under the direction of Director William Fox, Curator Culin and the other able men who are in charge of the borough's cultural center, the Brooklyn Museum is rapidly becoming the fore-

most outpost for the inculcation of the artistic spirit in business and the life of the people not only renowned in the city, but throughout the world.

Other exhibitions which the Brooklyn Museum is planning, are included in the announcement issued recently. On Tuesday, April 24, an exhibition of photographs of Hawaiian racial types and other prints will be opened in the Print Galleries on the ground floor; on Tuesday, May 1, the newly installed lacquer room on the first floor east wing, will be opened for the first time to display the Museum's permanent collection and Mrs. Rockefeller McCormick's lacers.

BAN ON NEGRESS ARTIST IS CRITICISED IN FRANCE

They Would Accept Her at Fontainebleau, but the American

Committee Objects.

New York Times
Copyright, 1923, by The New York Times Company.
Special Cable to The New York Times.

PARIS, May 17.—Among French the authorities of the Fontainebleau School of Fine Arts there is no objection to inclusion among the American students of Augusta Savage, a young American negress, whose application has been rejected by the American committee.

Both M. Prignaud, head of the school, and other faculty members today expressed indignation that any promising student should be barred for such a cause. At the same time they feel that the case is entirely for decision by the American committee. For colored students of French nationality there is no ban in the school.

Mr. Alfred W. Martin of 989 Madison Avenue, New York City, a prominent member of the Ethical Culture Society, is here just now and working on behalf of the Savage girl. He is trying to enlist the sympathies of Whitney Warren, who is now in the south of France, in the hope that Mr. Warren, as head of the Executive Committee of the school in America, may reverse the decision of the committee.

Real African Art Works Unknown Here, Says Native; Royalty at Bororo Exhibit

African royalty attended the exhibition of Negro art at the Brooklyn Museum last week, the visitors including the grandson of the late King Ogan Jarmye of the Nupe Tribe of Nigeria, and his wife, a member of the royal family of the Eboe Tribe. Ostensibly, however, the two tall and handsome Africans appeared as the Rev. and Mrs. M. Norman Wilson, and none who saw them in their conventional garb of a clergyman of the Protestant Episcopal Church and his wife realized that the blood of African chieftains for hundreds of years flows in their veins.

Old King Ogan Jarmye of Nigeria renounced his throne to his brother when he accepted Christianity in order to work for the Anglo-Catholic faith. His son, the Rev. Mr. Wilson's father, is archdeacon of the diocese of Sierra Leone, the oldest British colony on the West Coast. Old King Ogan's grandson has been rector of the Chapel of the Messiah, 205 E. 95th st. Manhattan, for the past six years. He is a tall, splendidly built fellow, who is here to study conditions with a view to the betterment of his race when he returns shortly to Sierra Leone.

Mrs. Wilson is a member of the Fine Arts classes at Teachers' College, Columbia. On Sundays she is the organist in her husband's church. Seated in the church vestry yesterday afternoon, wearing a smart gown of black crepe de chine with silver embroidery, a hand-beaten silver ornament on a black cord about her throat, she chatted about conditions in Africa.

"In the first place all true Africans have a great deal of pride of race and don't care for intermarriage," said Mrs. Wilson. "Many people seem to think that all Africans believe in mixed marriages, but nothing could be more erroneous."

Christianity in Africa in 7th Century

"Africa is a wonderful continent, filled with mystery and of great age. Few people realize that Christianity existed in Northern Africa before the 7th century and has existed there ever since among the Africans, despite the spread of Mohammedanism. At heart the Africans have always, in the better class of tribes, believed and practised brotherly love. It is a very easy thing to spread Christianity in Africa."

"The Masonic Order originated, not in Egypt, as is sometimes claimed, but the African West Coast. The poro, which is all that the Masonic Order is and much more, with even higher degrees than the others, is

found throughout the world.

"In the African hinterland today you find the kings, the queens, the royal families, living according to the customs of thousands of years ago. They are untouched by the Europeans. Here the poro, that beautiful old institution, still flourishes. So do the pundu, a similar organization for women, and the yassi, for the two sexes."

"Europeans never see anything of this side of African life. They see only the lower aspects, the life along the water fronts, where the Europeans have introduced gin and the vices of Europe."

"We want the whites to come to Africa, particularly Americans. We want your dollars, your go-gettiveness, your stick-to-itiveness. But we want you to know and appreciate the real Africa, the untouched Africa that is really us."

"In Sierra Leone, with its English Governor General, there are approximately 1,000 whites and 2,000,000 Africans. Most of the positions in the government are held by Africans. We have great roads, motor cars, hotels, picturesque old castles along the ocean left by the Portuguese settlers—and we have wealth of minerals and other natural resources waiting for the Americans to come."

"Do you realize that Solomon's temple was built with gold and precious stones from the Gold Coast, south of Sierra Leone? We have diamonds, gold, treasure untouched. But we have also a wonderful people whom we want America to know."

"Take this exhibition of Negro art in Brooklyn—it is good as may be expected, but it is not the art of Africa—for the Africans treasure their art, the wonderful carvings, the bronzes, the silks which the royal families have handed down to them. The world is enthusiastic over the discoveries in Egypt—but the world would be more enthusiastic yet if it knew of the art treasures of the ancient royal tribes of Africa."

Tells of African Arts

"Nowhere in the world does the silk worm spin such filaments as it does in Africa. Silks are woven there such as are found nowhere else in the world. In Nigeria the greatest bronze ornaments in the world are to be found—yet none are in America. Rugs, silks, cloths—these are, all here. And the dyes they obtain are unequalled. The things in this country from Africa are really inferior things. They do not represent my people."

The Rev. Mr. Wilson and his wife both speak excellent English. They were educated at Fourah College in Freetown, which is affiliated with Durham University, England.

Mrs. Wilson said that there were "no old maids" in Africa. "African women are essentially normal," she declared. "In fact, it is true that they not only live to be 100 or 125 years of age, but they bear children when they are 80 and 90 years of age."

Mr. Wilson stated that the climate of Africa varies greatly, but that the effects complained of by Europeans are largely due to the habit of drinking and to wearing European clothing.

"Freetown is directly on the ocean and the excessive heat such as we have experienced in Manhattan in the past few summers is unknown there," he said. "Neither do we get the excessive cold you experience here. Africa has been very much maligned. It is a wonderful country. All it asks is co-operation and fair play. But we do not want to be exploited to lose all that we have. In order that the world may learn that African civilization is the oldest civilization in the world."

PRIMITIVE NEGRO SCULPTURE

Congo Work, First Publicity Shown
in 1914, Inspired Modern Artists.

(Press Service N. A. A. C. P.)

A Review by Herbert J. Seligman.

Primitive Negro wood carving from Africa, together with cloth woven by the Bamanga tribe, is on view at the Brooklyn Museum of Art, together with ivory carvings, utensils, spears and knives and other African handicraft work. The sculpture comprises figures used as fetiches, to ward off evil, and wooden masks used in ceremonial dances together with staves and scepters.

(Early African Negro sculpture, of the sort now being shown not only in the Brooklyn Museum, but in the studio of Mrs. H. P. Whitney, of New York, is held by competent critics to constitute an achievement unique in the history of the world's art, from which modern artists derived inspiration. Among these modern artists may be mentioned more especially the sculptor Brancusi, and the painters Henri Matisse and Pablo Picasso.)

Primitive Negro statutory was first introduced to the world as art in an exhibition held in New York in November 1914, at the Galleries of the Photo-Secession, 291 Fifth Avenue. At that time Mazlus De to New York from Paris, credited Zayas, who brought the collection the painter, Picasso, with being the

introducing its principles into European art. Mr. De Zayas claimed that the Negro art had shown new possibilities for finding forms to express the inner life, beneath the knowledge imposed by education.

According to the art critic, Chas. H. Coffin, nothing was known of the date of the earliest and finest productions of Negro statuary, as they had passed from the races of the primitive sculptors into the hands of natives having contact with white civilization, who had lost the traditions of the art.

Many of the finest carvings are religious, an expression of the faith of the people who produced them. Some, it is thought, date back to the 17th century and originated in the regions about the Ivory Coast.

According to Stewart Culin, ethnologist of the Brooklyn Museum, the varieties of masks include: "War masks, dance masks, and the masks of the feticheur, that curious personage who combines the attributes of high priest, magistrate and physician. Whatever may be their uses they all are more or less directly connected with the medicine man and are religious rather than festal." Mr. Culin regards Negro art as the most vital of all the strange arts from which the word is seeking stimulation.

Most of the fine primitive Negro sculpture is no longer to be had, as it has been bought by private collectors or is housed in large European museums. Use of simple and bold forms is characteristic of the African carving, pegs being used to represent eyes in the masks, and features accentuated to communicate the veneration or terror experienced by minds living in the jungle of the "Land of Fright." So-called "cubism," the employment of simple geometrical forms as the basis of drawings and paintings is held to be related to these African carvings. Many of the carvings are beautifully sensitive in the treatment of surfaces, and suggest the work of the sculptor Brancusi.

The present vogue for African carving in New York, coinciding with the success of Negroes in the theatre is leading new interest to the cultural background of the race

NEGRO SCULPTURE ON VIEW IN NEW YORK ART MUSEUM

(By Herbert J. Seligmann)

Primitive Negro wood carving from Africa, together with cloth woven by the Bashongo tribe, is on view at the Brooklyn, N. Y. Museum of Art, together with ivory, metal, glass, spears and knives and other African handicraft work. The sculpture comprises wooden figures used as fetiches, to ward off evil, and wooden masks used in ceremonial dances, together with staves and scepters.

Early African Negro sculpture, of the sort now being shown only in the Brooklyn Museum, but in the studio of Mrs. H. P. Whitney of New York, is held by competent critics to constitute an achievement unique in the world's art, from which modern artists derived inspiration. Among these modern artists may be mentioned especially the sculptor, Brancusi, and the painters, Henri Matisse and Pablo Picasso.

Primitive Negro statuary was first introduced to the world as art in an exhibition held in New York, in November, 1914, at the Galleries of the Photo-Secession, 219 Fifth avenue. At that time Marius De Zayas, who brought the collection to New York from Paris, credited the painter, Picasso, with being the discoverer of Negro art, and with introducing its principles into European art. Mr. De Zayas claimed that the Negro art had shown new possibilities for finding forms to express the inner life, beneath the knowledge imposed by education.

According to the art critic, Charles H. Coffin, (Camera Work, 1916, No. 48, page 13, nothing was known of the date of the earliest and finest productions of Negro statuary, as they had passed from the races of the primitive sculptors into the hands of natives having contact with white civilization, who had lost the traditions of the art.

Many of the finest carvings are religious, an expression of the faith of the people who produced them. Some, it is thought, date back to the 17th century and originated in the regions about the Ivory Coast.

According to Stewart Culin, ethnologist of the Brooklyn Museum, the varieties of masks include: "War masks, dance masks, and the masks

of the feticheur, that curious personage who combined the attributes of high priest, magistrate and physician. Whatever may be their uses they all are more or less directly connected with the medicine man and are religious rather than festal." Mr. Culin regards Negro art as the most vital of all the strange arts from which the world is seeking stimulation.

Most of the fine primitive Negro sculpture is no longer to be had, as it has been bought by private collectors or is housed in large European museums. Use of simple and bold forms is characteristic of the African carving, pegs being used to represent eyes in the masks, and features accentuated to communicate the veneration of terror experienced by minds living in the jungles of the "Land of Fright." So-called "cubism," the employment of simple geometrical forms as the basis of drawings and paintings is held to be related to these African carvings. Many of the carvings are beautifully sensitive in the treatment of surfaces, and suggest the work of the sculptor Brancusi.

The present vogue for African carving in New York, coinciding with the success of Negroes in the theatre, is leading new interest to the cultural background of the race.

TO ERECT MONUMENT TO B. T. WASHINGTON

Fla. Amsterdam
(Preston News Service)

KANSAS CITY, Mo., May 14.—The bust of the statue of the late Booker T. Washington, made last summer by Robert E. Bell, 2146 E. 24th street, Negro painter and sculptor, who knew and admired Washington, has been exhibited to view. 5-16-23.

The statue itself, with a base, will be eight feet high. The plaster of paris model will be taken by Mr. Bell to New York City very soon, where it will be cast in bronze. A movement started by Mrs. Louis Austin, 1311 Woodland avenue, to place the statue on a pedestal in the sunken gardens at 18th street and the Paseo, has been endorsed by most of the colored churches and organizations here.

Bust of Booker T. Washington
Plan Statue of

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NEGRO PAINTER COPIES FAMOUS OIL PAINTINGS
St. Louis
(Preston News Service)

KANSAS CITY, Mo., Aug. 9.—Officials and workers in the union station here are for a moment their eyes when they behold a copy of a famous oil painting produced by Albert Jackson, a Negro janitor at the station. Going about in his usual quiet manner, slinging the mop over the spacious floors, his co-workers and other denizens about the station little thought that Jackson was fit for anything more than to mop the floors of the station.

Jackson just finished, and put on display in the office of V. I. Bell, station master, a copy of one of Correggio's best known paintings, "Birth of Christ." In his surprise at the prevailing blue tone of the painting by Jackson, the visitor is likely to overlook the fact that the janitor-painter has done a very commendable job of copying.

What actually was done to copy a reproduction of a steel engraving. The engraving was done presumably from the original, by A. Lefevre. And that accounts for the blue color scheme. The painting shows the mother Mary, Saint Joseph, a heavenly host hovering above, and of course, the Christ-child.

The unusual thing about the work of Jackson is that the light is made to radiate from the child gently and tenderly rather than from an earthly source. The copy is about 42 by 4 inches, and three months were required for its production. With this unusual in the profession, Jackson has set down the figures in the matter and finds that the paint used cost him exactly \$11.56.

AFRICAN ART IN COSMETIC ARTS

INVENTED ART OF BEAUTY, LOTIONS AND PERFECTED IT—SECRET OF SKIN PRESERVATION IN MUMMIES BEYOND MODERN SCIENCE.

(Helen Rubinstein in Arts and Decoration)

The natives of Africa who are, perhaps as little advanced towards civilization as any, have various compounds used by medicine men to make women beautiful. Through inordinate bribes to my native guide, I obtained many of these "cosmetics," and found that they saved themselves from the matter—showing that the "bread-pills" of our modern medicos are not original with our own civilization. The second was made from roots and might quite possibly have been beneficial to the system. The third was of the "dead men's bones" order and in watching its compounding I was only too conscious that had it been known that a forbidden eye was taking in all the gruesome details, why, I might quite well have qualified myself as its essential ingredient. No white woman has shared my distinction of having witnessed these rites. I trust, for their peace of mind and sleep of nights, they never will.

Skin Preservation.

The Egyptians made the most exhaustive researches into the care and preservation of the skin. Their success in arresting the decomposition of its tissues as evinced by the mummies of their pre-Christian era kings defies modern science. Just as the secret of mixing of paints of the old Italian painters has never been duplicated by present-day artists, and their mastery of color remains supreme, so the embalming processes of the old Egyptians died with them.

Someone has very well said that morals are only a question of Locality! How true this is of Beauty! The nose-ring as a principle of beauty is out of favor with us, while, strangely enough, the ear-ring has been a well-liked inheritance for each generation. The ancient Egyptians painted their eyes with a long green line, and behaved very strongly in applying to the eyes mead'empt, which was considered to have the soothing and healing properties of Kohl—which is still used by Eastern peoples—where, incidentally, ophthalmia is very prevalent. We have changed the green eye shadow for discreet shades of brown and black, or, for artificial light, of blue.

The final stage has been the gradual coming out of the use of cosmetics from under the ban where our Puritan instincts had placed it, and the recognition of exterior decoration as a science in itself, an art commendable and justifiable as a means to spreading the gospel of beauty.

Art - 1923

PRIMITIVE NEGRO ART AT MUSEUM

BROOKLYN N. Y. EAGLE

APRIL 18, 1923

The exhibition of Primitive Negro Art at the Brooklyn Museum was opened with a reception and concert yesterday afternoon.

This remarkable collection which has been assembled and arranged by Stewart Culin, adds another unusual exhibition to this already long list of stimulating exhibitions which have made the Brooklyn Museum unique in the annals of Museum history.

Negro sculpture has been the greatest influence in modern art. This, however, is the first comprehensive exhibition of negro sculpture to have been held in this country. It contains carved wooden images, carved war-masks, spears, horns, furniture and textiles. The exhibition is shown from the art standpoint, not from the point of view of ethnology. Professor Culin's genius for arrangement is again evidenced in the present exhibition. Negro sculpture, which is the work of primitive negro tribes untouched by civilization, has a curiously stimulating effect upon people's creative abilities. It started the modern art movement in Paris. It has already started a new type of design in this country. Shown together with the original textiles are modern textiles and dresses inspired by the original Congo designs.

Among those present at the reception were: Mr. and Mrs. William H. Fox, Mr. and Mrs. Stewart Culin, Baron E. de Cartier de Marchienne, the Belgian Ambassador, Mrs. Edward G. Blum, Mrs. Frederic B. Pratt, Dr. Christian Brinton, Mr. and Mrs. William Putnam, Walter Crittendon, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Pennell and Mrs. William Howard Good.

Ancient Negro Art Shown at Local Museum

N. Y. EVE WORLD

APRIL 20, 1923

By W. G. Bowdoin.

The Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway, has opened a most remarkable exhibition of primitive Negro art, derived chiefly from the Belgian Congo by Stewart Culin, curator of the department of ethnology. The catalog contains 1,454 numbers.

The objects in the present showing consist of sculpture in wood and ivory, textiles, basketry and metal work, masks and fetiches used in religious ceremonies, musical instruments, game boards, tobacco pipes,

Example of Primitive Negro Sculpture to Be Shown at
Coming Exhibition of Primitive Negro Art at Brooklyn Museum



BROOKLYN N. Y. EAGLE
APRIL 8, 1923

MAN WITH SWORD

weapons, furniture and utensils, with clothing and objects of personal adornment.

The collection is enriched and adorned with a gallery of water color fantasies, executed with infinite skill and unusual sophistication, by Alice Mumford Culin in which the African flora and fauna, with native ceremonials, introducing certain of the museum exhibition units, are admirably pictured.

With the wealth of material assembled by Mr. Culin, it is most difficult to sort out individual specimens for detailed description. The art of the primitive Negro as revealed to the astonished visitors cannot but be overwhelming unless the visitor has chanced to have specialized upon this particular form of art. The urge toward a creative impulse that is revealed in the multiple objects shown is simply wonderful. It has exercised a tremendous influence upon Caucasian art, which can be observed even by the casual investigator.

The art of the Negro as displayed in the Brooklyn Museum collection is homogeneous in a marked degree, and is singularly free from foreign influence. This is not from the lack of opportunity for outside influence, for the Arabs and Portuguese traders have been in contact with the Negro artists for several centuries. But African minds when approaching art subjects seem to be influenced by national or tribal instincts that repel foreign invasion. The result is that

native traditions survive and native forms of expression are but slightly modified.

Negro artists have places for wild animals and certain birds and reptiles, but plants are passed over as of no appeal. This fact is brought out with much force in the museum exhibit. In the same manner it will be seen by a careful study of the present showing that the art of wood carving is highly esteemed among the Bushongo, and sculptors in wood hold deservedly high places among the native craftsmen.

Besides wood, there are sculptured pieces in ivory, horn and stone. The human figure seems to exercise a strong appeal to the Negro artist, and many portrait statues are produced, besides the masks and fetish-images and other objects in which the human form is represented.

Even tobacco pipes are carved elaborately in human likeness. Ceremonial canes and staves surmounted with human figures often recur and many examples of these art forms are given places in the Brooklyn Museum. A curious feature of the African use of the lines and devices of the can fetiches is that when white people are represented, they are always represented as clothed, while the black themselves are carved in the nude.

Some of the images in the exhibition bristle with old nails and pieces of iron. This is accounted for by the custom of the natives of the coast region of driving such objects into their images when they make a vow.

An interesting collection of African masks enters into the museum showing. These are ceremonial and largely religious rather than festal. One of

the spectacular objects is a carved deer from Northern Nigeria with chiefs' sceptres on either side. The carved figures, in low relief, are pre-eminently typical.

Dr. Culin has introduced a variety of mats into the museum showing. These mats were used for sleeping purposes and for wrapping the dead. One of the shown mats was ornamented with figures of men and an antelope reduced to geometrical terms. The Bushongo are skilled basket makers and their handicraft in basketry finds a well deserved place in the exhibition. The native textiles, consisting of bark cloth beaten out with mallets of wood, date from the eight century.

More elaborate textiles have since been introduced. In this class belongs the royal costume of King Behazin of Dahomey (1894). The cap of the costume is ornamented with a design based upon the head of an ox. With this costume as an inspiration, Edward L. Mayer, Inc., of New York City has produced a modern costume that is quite up to date and extremely fashionable, but which makes charming use of the lines and devices of the King's habit.

Other modern fabrics in the exhibition show how the primitive fabrics can be adapted for present-day use.

NEGRO ART ON VIEW
AT BROOKLYN SHOW

African Exhibits Were Obtained

by Stewart Culin of Museum Staff.

INCLUDES TRIBAL COSTUMES

Handiwork Embraces Basketry,
Textiles and Sculpture in
Wood and Ivory.

The Brooklyn Museum opens an exhibition on April 17 of the arts and industries of the negro tribes of Central Africa. The collection is the property of the Brooklyn Museum and was obtained by Stewart Culin of the museum's staff in 1921 and 1922.

The collection, derived in greater part from the Belgian Congo, says Mr. Culin, consists chiefly of the work of the Bushongo, a great tribe, with many subdivisions, living in West Central Africa between the Sanguru and Kasai Rivers and between 4 and 6 degrees south of the Equator. The Bushongo have a high artistic sense and are the most advanced in the arts, especially those of wood carving and weaving of all the African natives.

The objects comprise sculpture in wood and ivory, textiles, basketry and metal work and masks and fetiches used in religious ceremonies, musical instruments, game boards, tobacco pipes, weapons, furniture and utensils, with clothing and objects of personal adornment.

The entire collection, whatever may have been its original uses, is shown under the classification of art, as representing a creative impulse, and not for the purpose of illustrating the customs

...of the negro people. As art is a reflection of the life of the people, it is not surprising that it is inspired by fresh and direct observation of nature. It is this which gives it much of its peculiar interest and value and may explain the influence negro art is having upon our own art as manifested in the work of many recent painters and sculptors.

Of all the exotic arts, indeed, from which our world is seeking stimulation, I regard it as the most vital, far outclassing that of Polynesia, with which it had affinities. The first notable appreciation of the aesthetic value of negro sculpture, the form in which this art finds its most obvious expression, occurred some seventeen years ago in Paris among a small society of amateurs, collectors, sculptors and painters. From Paris the interest extended to Germany, and subsequently, through the efforts of one or two individuals, to America.

The expression of this appreciation has been confined to artists. Apart from private exhibitions, designated as artistic, the objects of negro art which are displayed publicly form part of museum collections of African ethnology and receive no special attention at the hands of ethnologists. The most notable collection is in the Museum of the Congo at Tervuren, Brussels, Belgium. Enormous collections exist also in the museums of ethnology of Berlin and other German cities, in London in the British Museum, in Paris at the Trocadero and in America at Washington, Philadelphia, Chicago, and in New York, where the Museum of Natural History contains a vast hall of African ethnology in part derived from the Belgian Congo and presented by the King of the Belgians. In the majority of these collections their artistic significance is obscured by the wealth of material and lost, not infrequently, in the efforts made for its elucidation.

The existing publications dealing directly with the subject of negro art have all proceeded from the little group of amateurs and artists. They occupy a place apart from the scientific literature of African ethnology and travel to which the most important contribution has been made by the Museum of the Congo at Tervuren.

The art of the negro as displayed in the present and other similar collections is remarkably homogeneous and free from evidences of foreign influence. Although the Arabs and Portuguese have penetrated the country for several centuries and many objects exist which may be accredited to them, the native form of expression has been little modified.

The art of the negro has no chronology nor can we say whether the objects here exhibited be new or old. While their patterns seem to date from the beginning of time, it may be assumed that for the most part the things themselves are of very recent manufacture. Whatever may be their age, it is obvious they are the product of a living art, an exceptional, amazing, living art, with nothing that is mortuary, and all instinct with life, with human life, too, for its elemental forms are almost exclusively anthropomorphic. Wild animals occur, and rarely birds and reptiles, but plants never.

Bust by Negro Girl

PRESENTED TO LIBRARY



Mr. Brown was good enough to be accepted in one of the regiment which saw service in France during the war, but it seems that his sister is not good enough to be a guest of the country for which he fought," thus spoke Miss Augusta Savage, 23, 228 N. 13th street, New York City, who is a student in sculpture at Cooper Union, having gone there two years ago from the State Normal School at Florida.

Miss Savage's application for entrance to the French School of Fine Arts, in France, was turned down by the American committee of eight in charge of applications on the ground that her presence would not meet the approval of the southern whites studying there.

The course is given every summer and is open to Americans. Miss Savage's friends subscribed \$500 to defray her expenses. She returned the money, but her friends are protesting to the French government and she may go after all.

BUST OF DR. W. E. B. DUBOIS
by MISS AUGUSTA SAVAGE
By World Staff Photographer Yesterday

NEGRO DIVINE RAPS BAN ON GIRL ARTIST

France Will Welcome Sculptor
Barred by U. S. Committee,
Says Rev. J. W. Brown.

The action of the committee of eight eminent American architects, painters and sculptors in denying Augusta Savage permission to accompany a party of American students to France and attend the Fontainebleau School of Fine Arts under the patronage of the French Government on account of color, was denounced from the pulpit yesterday morning by the Rev. J. W. Brown

pastor of Mother A. M. E. Zion Church, No. 153 West 126th Street.

In asserting that a great injustice had been done to Miss Savage, Mr. Brown said he is confident, when the facts are placed before the French Government, its officials will make known that France does not countenance such discrimination.

"Miss Savage's brother fought with the American Expeditionary Forces overseas. It would be a slap at all talk about making the world safe for democracy if this young woman is denied the right to attend the Fontainebleau School of Fine Arts; it would be too obvious an incongruity," Mr. Brown said.

Mother A. M. E. Zion Church is one of the largest Negro churches in the United States and the first church established by the A. M. E. Zion group.

It has been suggested in Harlem to raise a fund to send Miss Savage to France to finish her education as a sculptor if she is not permitted to go with the party to the Fontainebleau School of Fine Arts. Among those taking the initiative in the movement are Dr. Gertrude Curfiss McPherson, the first Negro woman dentist in the State, and Capt. M. V. Boutte, an officer of Charles Young Post, American Legion.

Miss Savage has been making busts of prominent Negroes. A bust of Dr. W. E. B. DuBois was presented to the 135th Street Branch of the New York Public Library.

N Y C POST
APRIL 21, 1923



Examples of African negro art in an exhibition at the Brooklyn Museum, arranged by Stewart Culin, curator of ethnology. Above—Wooden figure representing a sorcerer from the Bushongo tribe in the Belgian Congo. At right—A town gate with carvings representing a king and his followers from Northern Nigeria. Below—A female figure, hollow, with removable head, for a snuff box, from the Bushongo tribe. This exhibition was opened Tuesday by the Belgian Ambassador, Baron de Cartier. Most of these objects are more than a hundred years old and display negro art unaffected by recent influences from white occupation.

Photo by Apeda.



At right—Vailima, the home of Robert Louis Stevenson in Samoa, one of a series of paintings by John W. Bentley, first artist to paint the haunts of Stevenson in the South Seas, on view at the Artists' Galleries.

Photo by Peter A. Julry & Son.

Aug - 1923.

I.

EMANCIPATION AND THE FREED IN AMERICAN SCULPTURE

A Study in Interpretation

By

FREEMAN HENRY MORRIS MURKAY

(Continued from last week)

FAITHFUL SLAVES MONUMENTS

At various times for several years past, there have been propositions and discussions in the newspapers and elsewhere looking to the erection, by the people of the South, of a Memorial to commemorate the faithfulness of the slaves who remained on the plantations and in the homes of their masters during the period of the Civil War. (It has also been proposed to erect a memorial to the Negro "mammys" of the South.)

Although the great memorial which the proponents have had in mind has not yet materialized, several lesser ones have been erected. Seemingly, many of these have been the tributes of individuals or families to one or a certain few ex-slaves; but a few of these memorials are of broader scope.

One of the most important of these which appears to be the first one erected—is located at Fort Mill, South Carolina. It is the only one of which I have been able to obtain a complete description and picture.

For the picture shown herein and for the description, I am indebted to Mr. C. S. Link, City Clerk of Fort Mill. He writes:

"The 'Faithful Slaves' monument was erected in Confederate Park here in 1895 by Captain Samuel Elliott White, and is thus the first monument erected throughout the country to commemorate the fidelity of the slaves who remained at home during the years of the War between the Sections and protected the lives and property left behind by those who went to the front. I make this statement since it is a fact that claim has been made by other towns in the South to the distinction of being the first to erect such a monument but in each case it has been found that the claims are not

valid.

"The monument is a simple and dignified shaft of marble on the west side of which is carved a negro 'mammy' sitting upon the steps of the 'big house' and holding a white baby in her arms; on the east side is carved an old negro man resting upon a log in the edge of a field of grain with his blade resting beside him. 8-4-23

"On the south side is carved:

"1860

"Dedicated to the Faithful Slaves who, loyal to a sacred trust toiled for the support of the army with matchless devotion, and with sterling fidelity guarded our defenseless homes, women, and children during the struggle for the principles of the Confederate States of America.

"1865

"On the north side appears:

"1895

"Erected by Samuel E. White in grateful memory of earlier days with approval of the Jefferson Davis Memorial Association. Among the many faithful: Nelson White

(and six others)"

Whatever the merits or demerits of this monument as a work of art—as to which I am not in a position to judge—there is no gainsaying the praiseworthy motives which prompted its erection and the very laudatory character of the tribute inscribed on it. This tribute, it seems, was not intended to be restricted to the persons whose names are cited but was a tribute to faithful slaves, generally.

Concerning the community which has sanctioned, and which takes pride in, such a memorial, we may well believe—as Mr. Link states, and cites certain facts to prove—

"The spirit of good fellowship which existed in this community be-

tween the master and the slave in former days still exists to this day between the races."



FAITHFUL SLAVES MONUMENT
Fort Mill, S. C.

THE CREATIVE ART OF NEGROES.

The Negro and Negro artists are different concepts and the confusion of the two, so characteristic of current thinking, tends to obscure both the profound significance of pure creative art of Negroes where it exists, and the severe cultural handicaps under which Negro artists labor in expressing themselves through the developed forms of alien culture. For the present day art of Negroes in America, either follow very closely the patterns of a culture which is, in a sense, alien to Negroes, as they are by common judgment classed, or adapts this pattern to special exigencies of their American status.

This bewildering confusion pushes deep into present day relations. Negroes are everywhere judged by the level of culture of their African forbears and expected to reflect it. Actually they are a part of the American scene of culture, tradition, education and history, though not a large part. But it is all they have or know anything about. Judgment, however, has been passed upon the civilization of African tribes. They have none. And because none has been known to exist, the policy follows that none could exist.

This is not strange. What is known of native African life has been passed along and down by travellers. Much of this is to the effect that they eat each other, and kill their infants; that they have developed none of the familiar instruments of civilization; wear little clothing, worship idols, work little, and are possessed with queer and childish fears of supernatural forces. Although this has aided the beliefs which now dominate the behavior of the world towards the darker races, the historians are not wholly to be blamed. As late as 1870 the vast expanse of the "dark continent" was regarded as an almost insoluble riddle. The Encyclopedia Britannica says: "Africa, with the exception of the lower Nile valley and what is known as Roman Africa is as far as its native inhabitants are concerned a continent practically without a history and possessing no records from which such a history might be reconstructed."

But art is an evidence of culture and civilization, even though the civilization follows a different and unfamiliar direction dictated by a different environment and by technical limitations. Very little attention in this country has been given to the pure and uninfluenced art of Negroes. Although recognized and highly valuable in certain European countries, the wide range of creative expression so realistic and so different from our own, the unquestionably virile and delicately beautiful forms, the unexpected sensitiveness of their modelings and the unbelievable intellectual development of geometrical figures, have not until recently penetrated the consciousness of

Americans into whose categories of Negro traits these exotic forms cannot be made to fit. It means little that the Museum of Natural History in New York has a collection of African Negro Art valued at a half-million dollars, the gift of the Belgian government. The Smithsonian Institute in Washington has an equally fine collection which has attracted as little interest. These are tagged and catalogued precisely enough, but meaninglessly. They are curiosities rather than art, relics of a dead past rather than symbols of the life of a living race. Without meaning they inspire nothing, without life they remain a dull and uninterested mystery. It remained for Mr. Stewart Culin, curator of the Brooklyn Museum, to invest the objects of African Negro Art with life and meaning. In doing it he not only gave fresh vigor to current fashions worn dull through the endless repetition of conventionalized patterns, but invested the concept of the creative ability of the Negro mind with new prestige. The collection displayed was procured by Mr. Culin in Europe during 1921 and 1922. It represents, to a great extent, the art and industries of the Negro tribes of Central Africa. There are sculptures in word and story, textiles, basketry and metal work; masks and fetiches for religious ceremonial, musical instruments, game boards, tobacco pipes, weapons, furniture and utensils, clothing and personal ornaments. The exhibit, which was held recently in the Brooklyn Museum, marks the first employment of African ideas in industrial arts, according to Mr. Culin.

Curiosity is aroused immediately about the first discovery and appreciation of the exotic art. About twenty years ago a group of young radical painters chanced upon certain objects of rare stimulative effect in the pawnshops of Paris. The interest extended promptly. These strangely fascinating idea patterns formed the basis of the evolution of cubism with its elaborative working out of abstractions and geometric figures. Then it spread to Germany. Interests has been confined to the artists. On account of the route by which these objects were assembled in the Brooklyn Museum is given by Mr. Culin in THE ARTS for May.

My own appreciation of the beauty of Negro sculpture was excited first by a mask from the Congo which I saw in 1920 in the private collections of Mr. Louis C. Clarke in London. The plan of the present collection took form at that time, when, after a discussion with Mr. Clarke of the possibilities of a display in London, an exhibition in New York was decided upon and I set about assembling the materials which are now shown in the Brooklyn Museum. As a preliminary I visited many of the principal museums in Europe outside Germany, in which African collections in Lisbon, Budapest, Vienna, and many other cities to return at last to Paris and receive fresh inspiration for my effort from Paul Guillaume.

8-16-23
I had secured a number of beautiful objects, but even with the promise of generous cooperation, my material was inadequate for the comprehensive display which I had planned. It was only subsequently in Brussels, through the friendly aid of Baron d'Hauville, the Director, and Dr. Joseph Maes, the Director of the Museum of the Congo at Tervueren, that I succeeded in acquiring for the Brooklyn Museum the collection from the Belgian Congo which forms the foundation of our exhibition. This collection consists of the work of the Bushongo, a great tribe with many subdivisions, living in West Central Africa, between the Sankuru and Kassal rivers, and between four and five degrees south of the equator. The Bushongo have a high artistic sense and are the most advanced in the arts, especially those of wood carving and weaving, of all the African natives. Furthermore the Bushongo have a traditional history which extends over a hundred generations of sovereigns as well as historical memorials in the portrait statues of their kings, of which remarkable examples exist both in the British Museum and at Tervueren.

The Bushongo tribe, from whom the principle objects of art are taken, are characteristic of all the others. They live in West Africa, between the Sankuru and the Kassal rivers, just south of the equator, which section is, by the way, indisputably Negro country, and not adapted for the habitation of white men. The Bushongo people are known as "Sons of

Lightning," a name derived from their skill in hurling a peculiar re-viving knife of their own invention with such violence and accuracy as to suggest the death-dealing proclivities of lightning. Incidentally this weapon, unlike anything by man for defensive purposes, and ancient in origin, suggest further the early mastery of iron working arts.

The age of these objects is still a question of speculation, but authorities are generally of the opinion that they were developed during the past two hundred years. In the very concise foreword to the catalog, Mr. Culin says: "Whatever may be their age, it is obvious they are the product of a living art, an exceptional, amazing living art, with nothing that is mortuary, and all instilled with life with human life, too, for its elemental forms are a most exclusively anthropomorphic. Wild animals occur, and rarely birds and reptiles, but plants never."

Textiles.

The cloth is made by a peculiar process. From certain trees in Central Africa, the tough bark is skinned and pounded into thinness and pliability and painted with bright colors. The patterns thus created have an amazing artistic effect. One of the most striking developments of the Congo culture was the invention of mats woven from long, aquatic grasses into regular designs. The ingenuity of these natives in interlacing strands of different colors has produced fabrics of rare beauty. The use of fibrous substance from the raffia palm, perhaps, developed later, but the patterns, for the most part, geometrical forms, sustain a high character.

These are the forms that stimulated first the American manufacturers of textiles for women's dresses, and later, the upholstery manufacturers, rug and carpet makers, and creators of linoleums.

Bonwit-Teller and Company of New York produced patterns directly inspired by the native art and made them into smart gowns with remarkable success. A reviewer in ARTS AND DECORATION for June writes: "We have need of a new and vigorous note in contrast to the over-elaboration of the European periods which have dominated our textile art for the past fifty years. Fabric creators

are finding much to admire in the extraordinary character of these masks. A prominent art patron held a private exhibit recently of masks designed by an American artist. To provide atmosphere for the exhibit she requested and received from Mr. Culin a loan of several African masks. The artist's mask was completely overshadowed and the private exhibit a distinct and embarrassing failure. There is being arranged at present an exhibition of masks of all nations at the Brooklyn Museum to be held in the fall. Several of the African masks will be included.

Sculpture.

Although wood is the principal material to which the native artists applied their skill, there is also pieces done in ivory, horn and stone. The favorite motive is always the human figure, but further ornamentation is given by applying textile patterns. Their portrait statues of Bushongo kings have a distinguishing characteristic from the unearthed Egyptian statues. They are endowed with the qualities of life. In these figures we get a most illuminating slant at their social customs. Boxes for containing toilet preparations, cups for drinking palm wine, are delicately carved in wood, some in high relief, with figures in human likeness. Human figures are used as supports for tools and pillows and as ornamental touches to ceremonial canes, staves and musical instruments. Carvings in ivory are confined largely to trum-pets and small fetiches and articles of personal adornment.

Most of the wood carvings are original in their general outline and form. On one rug of a chair, for example, is a boy feeding a small monkey from a coconut and on another a blacksmith working at his forge. The chairs bear a resemblance to European models, but the stools are entirely unusual and are carved out of solid blocks of wood. These patterns have recently been copied by a furniture manufacturer and attractive benches are being made and sold.

Masks and Fetiches.

African masks are among the finest examples of this type of art. They are of three classes: war masks, dance masks, and masks of the fetichneur. Usually these are carved of wood, representing a deformed and grotesque human face. There are also animal masks. Mr. Culin relates an incident which indicates the ex-

traordinary character of these masks. A prominent art patron held a private exhibit recently of masks designed by an American artist. To provide atmosphere for the exhibit she requested and received from Mr. Culin a loan of several African masks. The artist's mask was completely overshadowed and the private exhibit a distinct and embarrassing failure. There is being arranged at present an exhibition of masks of all nations at the Brooklyn Museum to be held in the fall. Several of the African masks will be included.

Fetiches are the instruments of religion. These divide into three classes: those which cause sickness and trouble and belong to the chief or sorcerer, then the familiars, protectors of the house and person, and those whose activities extend to all the inhabitants of a village. The material from which these are made may be wood, ivory, horn, stone, or clay and upon these usually the greatest artistic fervor is displayed.

Metal Work.

Although the iron working arts of the Bushongo people are rapidly losing their importance with the introduction of cheaper European products, such goods are still made. These people are skillful metal workers, and their knowledge of smelting extends far back into their history. At one time iron was smelted in every village. It is known that as early as 1870 they were skillful in the art. The principal use of iron is in the making of weapons, the revolving knife, spears, harpoons, and tools. Copper is also used, being cast in sand and worked with the hammer. Brass was known long before the arrival of Europeans.

As to the use of these designs, Mr. M. C. D. Crawford in the ARTS AND DECORATIONS magazine suggests that a study of the incised motives displayed would be especially valuable to silversmiths and manufacturers of jewelry, especially those dealing with semi-precious stones; that the manufacturers of ornamental metal could also receive stimulation. The greatest gain from the exhibit, he thinks, will be to the fabric producers and costume designers. The carved snuff boxes and jewel chests lend themselves admirably as models for modern containers and smoking paraphernalia.

In giving credit to Mr. Culin for making possible this exhibit, his own estimate of the objects and their stimulative effect is given. He says: "When strange and beautiful things are seen for the first time they excite emotion. There is commonly a desire to possess them or to imitate them. In the artist they stimulate the desire to make something the instinct which exists in children is not to be confounded with the creative spirit of the artist. The art of the Negro exerts this stimulating influence and all of the exotic arts in which our world is now seeing inspiration. I regard it as the most vital, far surpassing that of the American Indian, and of the Polynesian with which it has affinities. It does more than merely excite imitation in us as do the arts of ancient Egypt and of the Far East. The art of the Negro may be considered as inspired by fresh and direct observation of nature. It is this which gives it much of its peculiar interest and value and it is this which may explain the influence it is having upon our own art those who come under its influence. First shown among the painters and sculptors of the new school in France, it stirs all who understand it. Direct evidence of this stimulation, not only of the pictorial arts, but of kindred activities, is to be found in the new textiles and furniture which graced the museum's exhibition.

of Polynesia, with which it has affinities. "The first notable appreciation of the aesthetic value of Negro sculpture, the form in which this art finds its most obvious expression, occurred seventeen years ago in Paris among a small society of amateurs, collectors, sculptors and painters. From Paris the interest extended to Germany, and subsequently, through the efforts of one or two individuals, to America.

"The art of the Negro has no chronology, nor can we say whether the objects exhibited be new or old. While their patterns seem to date from the beginning of time, it may be assumed that for the most part the things themselves are of recent manufacture. Whatever their age, it is obvious they are the product of a living art, an exceptional, amazing, living art, with nothing that is mortuary, and all instinct with life, with human life, too, for its elemental forms are almost exclusively anthropomorphic. Wild animals occur, and, rarely, birds and reptiles, but plants never.

Has Stimulating Influence "Direct confirmation of what is here asserted is to be found in the way in which this art excites the activities of those who come under its influence. First shown among the painters and sculptors of the new school in France, it stirs all who understand it. Direct evidence of this stimulation, not only of the pictorial arts, but of kindred activities, is to be found in the new textiles and furniture which graced the museum's exhibition.

"The art of wood carving is highly esteemed among the Bushongo, and sculptors in wood hold a higher place in the court than the representatives of the other crafts. An intimate relation exists between the textiles and carving industries, for not only is the form of many of the carved boxes borrowed from basketry, but the carved wood itself is ornamented with textile patterns.

"Wood is the material employed ordinarily by the Negro carver, but we find also sculpture in ivory, horn and stone, the human figure being a favorite motive. Objects of carved wood exist in the greatest variety and display their highest artistic perfection in the portrait statues, the masks and fetish images and other objects in which the human form is portrayed. Of these the portrait statues of the Bushongo kings, of which examples exist at Tervueren and in the British Museum, are the finest and most notable.

"Although their forms have been simplified and conventionalized unlike

the surviving Egyptian statues, which are mortuary, they have all the qualities of life. The fetish images, which are much further conventionalized, are represented with what are considered to be their vital organs, and are animated by the insertion of magic substances in a hole in the navel or the crown of the head.—N. Y. "Times."

MARYLAND GIRLS TO STUDY ART

Accepted because of her demonstration of exceptional ability in painting and magazine illustration, Miss Naomi Azalia Critchett, originally a Maryland girl, but now of Washington, D. C., will study art in Pratt Institute, N. Y., this fall.

Pratt Institute is the outstanding school of its kind in this country, and a considerable degree of preliminary work is required before entrance. For some time Miss Critchett has been a student under Miss M. Albertson, white, and Mrs. Mary E. Joyce at Whittier and Langford Buildings in Colorado Springs and has shown so much originality in her work that she was urged to enter a contest for entrance at Pratt. Her work attracted attention and she was admitted.

Miss Critchett plans to study applied art and devote her life to subjects setting forth the progress of the race. Her father, C. H. Critchett, lived originally in Salisbury, Md., but for several years has been in the employ of the Union Pacific Railway, where he holds a high clerical position in the paymaster's office.

AFRICAN MADE IN PARIS

EMERGENCY DONE BY NATIVE OF FRENCH COLONIES IN AFRICA TO BE USED BY DESIGNERS IN FRANCE NEXT YEAR

Paris, Dec. 5, 1923.—A savage not will be in evidence in next summer's cloaks and gowns and dancing slippers, owing to the enterprise of the French colonial office, which has organized a Louvre exposition of embroidery done by the African natives at their very hearthstones.

Dress designers have jumped at the opportunity to incorporate something novel in their products, and it appears that the colonial authorities may instruct the otherwise uneducated blacks to turn out all they can of ribbon and beadwork to be made into panels in the new costumes.

HENRY O. TANNER MADE MEMBER OF FRENCH LEGION

PARIS, France, Dec. 15.—Henry O. Tanner, American artist and one of the oldest members of the American art colony of Paris, was recently accorded the Legion of Honor by the French Government in recognition of his achievements in painting. Mr. Tanner has long been recognized in art circles as among the foremost American artists, his work having won numerous prizes in exhibitions in France, England and the United States. His work is represented in the Luxembourg in Paris, the Royal Galleries in London, and the Metropolitan Art Museum in New York City. Two of his most famous pictures, "The Three Marys at the Tomb" and "The Apostles at the Tomb," are in the permanent collection of the Art Institute of this city.

Mr. Tanner has specialized in the painting of biblical subjects and in this his own particular field, he is considered a master. His handling of lamp light in his paintings is especially noteworthy and is considered classic by the foremost art critics of America and Europe.

Painting Of Race Artist Shown Here

Henry O. Tanner's Famous "Christ Learning to Read" Exhibited at International Exhibition of Paintings.

By ALICE J. NEALE
Those who did not visit the Carnegie Art Collection during the International Exhibition of Paintings probably have not seen of just what they missed. Among the many beau-

tiful paintings of the United States was one by the colored artist Henry O. Tanner. His picture, "Christ Learning to Read," was given high praise by the jury who conducted the Carnegie Collection group last Friday night. I did not agree with her, however, when she said that "at first glance one might think it the picture of any ordinary mother and child in an intimate attitude. Viewing the picture for the first time from the far end of the gallery, I saw at once that there was something of unusual quality about it. That it seemed ethereal, radiating a wonderful light. Later this was explained by the fact that the artist had so painted the picture that the side upon which Christ stood appeared illuminated. Taken as a whole, the beauty of the picture is so great that it fairly grips one by the throat."

AFRICAN ART

Noted Collector Calls It the Most Vital

Attention in Paris has long been attracted by African art, and now collectors everywhere are procuring specimens of it. The Brooklyn Museum exhibited a collection which represented the arts and industries of the Negro tribes of Central Africa. Stewart Culin, of the museum's staff, gathered the objects in Europe.

"Of all the exotic arts," says Mr. Culin, "which we Negroes in the last quarter of the Brooklyn Museum, from which our world is seeking stimulation, the writer regards it as the most vital, far outclassing that



ONE OF THE LATEST AMERICANS TO RECEIVE THE
RIBBON OF THE LEGION OF HONOR.

HENRY CASSAWA TANNER

Born in Pittsburgh and a Pupil of Benjamin Constant. Several of

His Canvases
Have Been
Bought by the
French Govern-
ment, and He Is
Soon to Leave
Paris to Hold Ex-
hibitions in His
Native Country.

PAINTING BY RACE ARTIST AT- TRACTS GREAT ATTENTION

NEW YORK, June 29th.—On the wall of the 135th St. branch library there were recently exhibited 10 remarkable etchings of famous persons of color by Albert A. Smith, one of our younger artists here.

Among the subjects are Toussaint L'Ouverture, Booker T. Washington, Frederick Douglass, Paul Lawrence Dunbar, Harriet Tubman and Richard Allen. The trained eye detects at a glance that Smith is a master in his art. There is a sense of individuality, a personal touch in each of the characters dealt with that is almost startling. Combined with this is a strength, a clearness of delineation, a spontaneity and an economy of effort that is winning. One does not hesitate to brand the author as an etcher of our subjects of the foremost rank today and one of the best in America.

Reflect Types of Race

Some of his other subjects are European scenes that reveal the same masterly art in their handling. In his "Plantation Melodies" scene and the scene in a French cabaret there is reflected the idealization of that joyousness, that abandon and freedom from all care that is peculiar to certain types in our group.

Albert Smith is a New Yorker by birth. Born in 1896 he early manifested a desire for art. At 15, while studying at the DeWitt Clinton high school he won a scholarship at the Ethical Culture Art School. Four years later he entered the National Academy of Design, where he won the Snyderam bronze medal for two consecutive years, the first for still life and the second for life.

The war interrupted his studies and he left with the American expeditionary forces for France in 1918. Discharged at the end of the war, Smith re-entered the Academy of Design, where he soon distinguished himself by winning the coveted John Armstrong Chaloner prize for a painting

from life. He then returned to France and entered the Academy of Beaux Arts.

At that institution, when the young artist showed his work, some done in Rome and Naples the secretary showed surprise.

Wins Tanner Art Medal

Some years ago at the Tanner Art league exhibition held in Washington Smith was awarded the gold medal for his etchings. His work of Rene Maran, winner of the Goncourt prize and his study of two Jewish girls are among two of his drawings that have been exhibited in leading Paris salons.

When in this country young Smith studied under some of the nation's leading artists, such as Douglas Volk and Charles C. Curran, painters; Auerbach Leng, portrait etcher, and Kenyon Cox, mural decorator.

A set of Smith's pictures are on exhibition for free viewing at the art gallery of Robert B. Mussmain, 144 West 57th St. To William M. Kelly, who has made a lifelong study of works of art by our people, Smith owes much of his success in securing his exhibitions and thus introduction to the public. Kelly, a newspaper man, is an art connoisseur. He urged the artist to make the exhibitions which have brought to Smith such favorable comments from the public and has assisted the young man in making a market for his working.

BROOKLYN N.Y. EAGLE
JUNE 3, 1923

NEGRO ART INVADES NEW YORK

*How Primitive
Ethiopian
Workers
Have
Influenced
The Latest
Styles in
Milady's
Clothes*

Snuff
Bottle
Portrait
Statue
of
Carved
Wood



Bench in Congo Style

By Charles Samuels

PERHAPS the most striking and unique exhibition of primitive art is the one recently acquired by the Brooklyn Museum. From Darkest Africa, from a people who have rejected our civilization, has come this remarkable collection of wood and ivory sculpture, dress textiles, mats, furniture and various other accoutrements of civilization such as tobacco pipes, masks and tools of all kinds. Curator Stewart Culin effected the skillful arrangement and presentation of the exhibition of primitive Ethiopian art by grouping the various articles so as to show the direct and very definite influence the crude yet beautiful Negro Art has had upon the fashions in women's hats and dresses as upon contemporary painting and sculpturing.

Mr. Culin says: "This exhibition marks the first employment of African ideas in industrial arts. Already sculptors and painters have felt the influence of the vigorous and novel wooden sculpture of the negro

and now the industrial world is being stirred and inspired in the same manner by negro arts and in a wider range of activity.

"Last year raffia cloth woven in the African way was introduced for women's sport hats. Now, under the influence of this exhibition, new textiles and new fabrics have been manufactured and are being widely used for women's dresses, upholstery and other employments.

"In this way the Brooklyn Museum, continuing the work it has undertaken in American industrial arts, has made a valuable and novel contribution. Every day the museum is visited by various manufacturers and designers for the purpose of turning the exhibition to account.

"Never before," continued Mr. Culin, "have so many rare and interesting ideas of this primitive people been shown together in a single exhibition. Visiting painters and sculptors, as well as the people of the industrial world, are stirred by the new and inspiring art of the natives of the Belgian Congo.

"As an illustration how this is re-

acting on the world of art, the ten or twelve water-colors hanging at the entrance of the Museum will serve. The artist has made intelligible and alive many of the figures of the exhibition."

It might be interesting to compare the work of these jungle savages with the so-called futuristic art of our own cultured civilization. In this we have cast aside art for art's sake, and the use we have put our art to is to puzzle and bewilder our well-ordered minds. Because it is impossible to ascertain exactly what the artist or painter meant, we have the delightful and extraordinary privilege of placing our own interpretation on his work. Thus each of us becomes his own painter or novelist.

But the work of the people of the Belgian Congo is far different. The figures of carved wood and metal, in spite of crudity, in spite of a certain grotesque-

ness, bear a close resemblance to life. They look like something we have seen before. We recognize the figures. How did these primitive artists expect to develop our faculty of guessing?



Carved Door (Northern Nigeria), Chief's Sceptres on Either Side



Wood
Carving
Man
With
Wine
Receptacle

The other day at the International Exhibition of Paintings in the Carnegie Library at Pittsburg the writer was approached by an elderly lady who wanted to know why some of the pictures were named so simply as "Autumn," "Love Story" and "At Home."

We answered that we supposed that the artist meant his picture to represent what he had titled it. We agreed with the old lady that something like "Souls for Sale" or the "Woman Who Dared" would be more interesting.

That old lady would most certainly complain upon noting the simplicity of the names given to the wood and metal carvings of this exhibition. For instance, "Man Squatting" is exactly that, though he squats in a novel manner.

The water-colors spoken of by the curator are by Mrs. Alice Mamford Culin. Though bizarre, they are quite intelligible and convincing.

The collection itself is the most complete and elaborate ever presented on this continent. Every day artists of nation-wide reputation can be seen studying and copying the work of these so-called barbarians.

Perhaps the most startling feature of all is that the most advanced women's styles of today are the direct results of the hand-woven textiles of the Ethiopians. One of New York's smartest stores has photographs of charming dresses, the motifs of which were borrowed from the textiles woven by the hands of women living in one of the earth's few spots where Fifth Avenue carries no meaning or significance.

For sheer beauty in color schemes and novel grouping of hues these textiles are distinguished. They are colorful yet not gaudy, and eminently above all else they are artistic.

There are huskies, some of which the natives use for headgear, and all types of spears from the magnificent weapon of some mighty chieftain down to the light, simple one of the lowliest warrior in the tribe.

There are fetiches of many varieties. Fetiches, believe the natives, can be applied to ward off sickness and disaster in one's family and may, in case of necessity, be applied to bring down disaster upon the heads of one's enemies. The fetiches are made of various materials, wood, ivory, horn, sometimes clay or stone. Often miniature houses are erected for the abode of the missionaries of the gods who are supposed to abide in the fetiches.

The negro exhibition has initiated what is known as Congo styles. Negro art, which, until its comparatively recent discovery in the pawnshops of Paris by a group of young radical painters, was only considered from the ethnological standpoint. These young and sensitive spirits felt at once that this art had a peculiarly stimulative effect upon their creative faculties.

The collection also includes ornaments, utensils, mats and dolls. The exotic-looking dolls that for some months have been the objects of much speculation and curiosity to the visitors of our best department stores are inferior imitations of these dolls of primitive manufacture.

To sum up the entire exhibition as interesting would be inadequate. There is a certain beauty in all these products of semi-barbaric life. Though the time of their creation is uncertain, to say the least, authorities are of the opinion that most of the objects were made during

the past two hundred years. But that is immaterial. The Exhibition of Primitive Negro Art represents the truest and purest creative impulse. Unknowingly as the forest nightingale sings the African negro has made something as real as life itself.

Negro Whittles Cane

Henry Ford in a few days will receive the most novel walking stick he ever saw. It was made by a negro, living at 121 Holt street, with an ordinary pocket knife.

The cane with many characters inscribed in the wood was made from hickory and despite the fact that more than two dozen characters were chiseled by Banks the stick is from one solid piece of wood.

The thoroughness with which Banks displays his art is shown in a round ball cut from the hickory and balanced in the cane. A Masonic emblem, a star, a rattlesnake, an arrow, a Ford sedan, a frog, a heart with Henry Ford's name and the year of 1923 chiseled.

Banks presented a cane to President Harding about a year ago. The Ford cane required only fourteen hours of whittling and is pronounced a piece of rare art by those who have seen it.